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ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES *No.* 15

and P and G to save rubbing!"

"Hello, is your mother at home?" we asked the small overalled figure who stood in the driveway of a pretty little house in a Philadelphia suburb.

A shy nod from a yellow head—then the small figure rushed up the drive, shouting, "Mother, mother, *come quick*—lady to see you-oo-oo!"

With such an informal introduction to Peter's mother, it was easy to explain that we were interested in knowing what kind of laundry soap the women in her town used.

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"We're *very* glad to know that," we said.

"You can see for yourself," she went on, indicating her small son who was now sliding down the porch steps, "that I have plenty of washing to do. He's a darling child, but he needs two clean outfits every day—socks included. So each morning he and I do a little washing. I rub out the things with P and G—and isn't it marvelous how *little* rubbing you need do with P and G? Then I rinse them and hang them—and Peter hands me the clothespins. It hardly takes us five minutes. And how much work it saves on Monday!

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THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE



She Thought, "He's So Sweet and Shy and Innocent, the Darling, and I Feel Old Enough to be His Mother"

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

BEFORE he got kissed by the enormously wealthy Miss Monteagle, Harrison Cope had been a source of considerable anxiety to his nice parents. Four years previously, while still an undergraduate at one of our oldest and therefore best American universities, he had given them a blow which foreshadowed his complete departure from the traditions of one of our oldest and therefore best American families. He had failed to make a club!

Mr. and Mrs. Cope were on the port deck of a steamer, returning from the Riviera—one of the nicest steamers—when the overwhelming news reached them by radiogram. Harrison did not send it himself. He was ashamed to do so, they assumed. His elder brother, Bob, broke it to the old people. Bob was already out of college and was selling bonds for an awfully nice house in Wall Street.

As it happened, the mighty Monteagle himself was on the same steamer. And as that affable and eminently solvent acquaintance's deck chair had been placed next to those occupied by Harrison's parents—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Harrison's parents had had their chairs placed next to Mr. Monteagle's—the great international banker could not forbear expressing solicitude for the shocked and horrified parents.

"No bad news, I hope," he said, though he knew that whatever it might be it was crushing the Copes.

"Oh, it's nothing," said Mr. Cope, because all the nicest people are reserved and prefer to suffer in silence.

"Harrison is a dear boy," said his mother, who loved him despite all. "But he chooses such queer friends."

They had sent him to the nicest day school in town and the nicest prep school in New England. And during holidays he had been encouraged to associate only with the nicest people in or from New York. He had seemed all right until he went to college.

Mr. Monteagle still did not know the nature of the bad news, nor was he curious to find out. But he hated to see people suffer. And he knew that it was bad to suffer in silence.



"You've Never Met Me Before. I Don't Play Around With Your Daughter's Crowd"

"Well, boys will be boys, you know. A few wild oats will do him no permanent harm. He'll turn out all right in the end, I am sure."

"Unfortunately," said Mr. Cope, "a catastrophe of this sort is likely to pursue him through life."

"Oh, has your youngster flunked out?"

"No, indeed," said the loyal mother. "Harrison stands high enough in his studies."

"Well," suggested the sympathetic banker, "even the best of them take to drinking a little at times."

"Harrison doesn't drink," Mr. Cope replied.

"If he's mixed up with some girl, you can probably fix it."

"But girls have nothing to do with it."

Mr. Monteagle wondered if the young man had been caught cheating at cards. Something of that sort was likely to pursue one through life.

"If he's run up some gambling debts, you'd better pay them and give him another chance."

"No—oh, no, it's nothing like that. Harrison usually keeps within his allowance."

From the reserved manner of these sorrowful parents, Mr. Monteagle began to suspect that their son had forged his father's name or burned down a dormitory. But he did not like to pry, and so he arose to leave the parents in their grief.

Then the truth came out. "Mr. Monteagle," said Mrs. Cope, dropping her eyes, "Harrison was not elected."

Mr. Monteagle was puzzled. "Elected?" he asked.

"To my college club," put in the father. "Not even to any of the new and unimportant ones." He, too, dropped his eyes, but smiled bravely to belittle the matter. His son was one of the Copes—and he had not even made one of the new and unimportant clubs. Could you believe it?

Mr. Monteagle, standing before them, looked down upon the two appalled parents who were accepting the inevitable with the smiling fortitude of true aristocracy.

"This is terrible," he said, and as if to steady his nerves from the shock, he made for the smoking room, where he had a drink and a laugh. "Thank God, I didn't go to college," he said to himself. "Thank God, I have no son to go."

But he had a daughter. She was eighteen at that time. Her epoch-making osculation had not yet occurred.

II

ONE rainy day, four years later, Mr. Monteagle, having forgotten all about this calamity to American snobbishness, was in his library trying to read. Even in fair weather, his daughter's house parties were bad enough; but when it rained, Mr. Monteagle felt as if he were the keeper of an insane asylum, except that keepers have more authority over the inmates. This madhouse he merely endowed. He had not even the privilege of a padded cell. He had sought the privacy of his library because it was in a remote wing of the house and the walls were muffled all the way up to the high ceiling with books. Not being a college graduate, he loved literature. He not only collected books but actually read them—loads of them. College graduates, as a rule, don't read. They don't have to—they are educated already. They have diplomas to prove it and can join the University Club. Mr. Monteagle was not eligible.

His daughter Evelyn, who was a delight to him when they were alone together and a scourge when she brought these new-found friends of hers to the house, had not gone to college and was not averse to books herself. But that was not why she had pursued him to this distant retreat. She and some of her noisy guests were playing bridge at the other end of the long room.

"Why can't they let me alone?" he complained to a volume of Montaigne. "There are plenty of other places they can gamble in."

It was only four o'clock in the afternoon and he thought of going to bed. Still, you never could tell—they might want to run upstairs and yell in the halls outside his bedroom.

He regretted now that he had not gone out to ride with his sister in the rain. A man ought always to follow a woman's instincts. She had told him that he could not stand it. It had given her a headache.

He wondered what Evelyn saw in these vociferous and rather vulgar young pseudosophisticates. As fathers go, he knew his daughter pretty well. He knew that under a recently acquired manner of scorn for most of the things that he and her forbears had revered, she had good sense and good taste. She was essentially sound and fine. He did not want her to believe in the superstitions on which he had been reared. God forbid! But it disturbed him to see her pleased and fooled by the postwar attempt to revert to savagery. It was a futile attempt, and he thought that by this time she should be convinced that she had arrived too late in the evolution of mankind to enjoy savagery, even if attainable. But he was too wise a father to forbid and prohibit. She would have to find out for herself. Her playmates were a mixed lot. He admired her for ignoring the old snobbish distinctions of birth and fashionability, but there were such things as breeding and courtesy, and she seemed to be doing her best to live them down.

"Who else is coming to the dance tonight?" asked one of the girls at the bridge table.

Evelyn made no reply because she was studying her hand, but it arrested her father's attention because it reminded him that there was to be a dance in his house. He wondered if he could hire a room at the country club. No use. There was to be a dance there too.

"Anybody interesting coming here this evening, Eve?" It was the same voice. Mr. Monteagle didn't know who owned it.

"Probably answers to the name of Peggy," he mused, still holding the open book in his hand, but looking into the fire. "So many of them seem to be named Peggy."

He knew scarcely any of his daughter's guests, though sometimes she introduced them to him, unless she forgot. But it did not matter. The girls all looked pretty much alike to him. Smooth and slim and showing too much of their legs—usually ugly. Why can't youth let age keep its illusions? They had different names and different voices, but they nearly all had the same drawl and the same manners—or lack of them.

"Harrison Cope is coming," said Evelyn, laying down a card. "That's our trick."

"Shorty Cope coming here?" This was a boy's voice. Surprise and amusement were in it. "So you're taking up highbrows now, are you, Eve?"

"I said anybody interesting!" the girl drawler repeated.

"Oh, but Harrison is still interesting, even though he has become a highbrow," Evelyn rejoined. "He's much wittier than you are, Cecil. I once loved him madly. We were both young then."

"She thinks she's old now," commented her father to his book—"nearly twenty-two!"

"And he's better-looking than ever, don't you think so, Cecil?"

"H'm—flirting with that detestable overgrown Cecil again."

"But he's never been kissed," said Cecil. He was tall and beautifully built, and had fascinating blond hair slicked back—not the wavy kind of fascination, but the straight kind, showing the comb marks in it. Cecil sold bonds in Wall Street.

"He's even better-looking than Cecil," Eve added.

"Impossible," said Cecil. "I leave it to Peggy."

"I told you her name was Peggy," Mr. Monteagle said to himself.

"Oh, much," said Peggy. "It's your deal, darling," she remarked to her partner—not knowing his name.

"You've never seen Harrison," said Evelyn.

"I've seen Cecil."

"And yet Cecil's been kissed so often," Evelyn remarked to the others. "I leave it to Peggy."

"How long, O Lord, how long?" Mr. Monteagle even read the Bible. "Three more days of this! What will become of me?" The holiday came on Monday. This was only Saturday.

"Did you invite him here to be kissed?" asked Peggy, with her fascinating drawl.

"My aunt invited him."

"To exert a good influence upon you?"

"His mother wants me to exert a good influence on him. She is afraid he will queer himself, working with those freaks in the laboratory. He actually likes to work—even on holidays. That's why he's not coming out until tonight."

"Shorty Cope always was a funny little cuss," said Cecil. "A friend of yours at college, wasn't he?"

Cecil inhaled a deep breath of cigarette smoke and shook his head. "But he was in my class."

"In your club?"

"Good Lord, no!"

"What was his club?" All these flappers were well educated in regard to college clubs and fraternities—that is, of the East. Western universities were impossible.

"He didn't make any club at all."

"Oh, a high-stand man—that sort of thing?"

"No, he didn't study much, except in a few subjects. Said most of the courses were bunk. That would not have hurt his chances anyway."

"Then what did the clubs have against him? His brother, his family—all the other Copes always landed in the best."

"Oh, they had nothing against him exactly—he just got in with the wrong bunch. He knocked athletics in one of the college magazines and said that all college life was bunk. He read a lot of history and literature—stuff that wasn't required for his degree—and got a lot of queer ideas. He used to go for walks and talks with the professors—those that interested him, I mean. He said most of the faculty were half-baked. He's awfully stuck on himself."

"Not at all," said Evelyn, shuffling the cards; "that's his defense mechanism. He has an inferiority complex because he's small. But I think he's just sweet."

"Instead of watching the teams practice," Cecil went on, "he used to go to the laboratory and work—when he didn't have to, I mean. He made no bones about it. He said it interested him. He helped one of the profs make some discovery or other about spiders or something."

"You see?" interjected Evelyn. "He couldn't be an athlete and he didn't make a club. So he rationalized all that and made a success in other lines. Better than letting his disappointments down him, as most failures do. That's why he's become so much cleverer than you, Cecil. You're afraid of his sarcastic tongue. So you call him a highbrow—and that's your defense mechanism, darling."

"Oh, I haven't any inferiority complex, Eve—you kissed me last night."

The middle-aged gentleman by the fireplace silently sprang to his feet and swiftly sneaked out of the room, with the surreptitious manner of a steamer passenger in need of fresh air. In the hall, Mr. Monteagle met his sister returning from her ride in the rain.

"What is it, Henry?" she cried in alarm. "Oh, what is it?"

"Slight attack of nausea. I'll soon be all right again."

He proceeded to the squash court and banged the ball with all his might, muttering under his breath with each stroke: "This is for Cecil"—swat! "Here comes Peggy"—swat!

Why couldn't he get rid of them? He could always eliminate those he did not like on the various boards of directors downtown. But this was different. Evelyn was always loyal to her friends, even when they weren't worthy of her. Besides, would it do any good? Probably not. Another collection of sponges would take their place. Would anything do any good? Probably not.

Evelyn did not notice her father's absence. For that matter, she had not noticed his presence. She seldom noticed him at all when her friends were about. She always seemed to lose her head. He then became merely the old man—the one who paid the bills.

And why not? What are parents for anyway? This one was extremely well qualified for the purpose for which parents were intended. It was said that when the next income-tax returns would be published the name of Monteagle would receive the highest distinction possible for an American. He would be listed among the fifty immortals who paid the highest income taxes in the most prosperous country in the world. And Evelyn, the tall, slender girl with the gorgeous eyes—even though her nose was just a little too Roman—Evelyn, with the golden-brown hair

(Continued on Page 51)



"What's That Noise in the Hedge?" "A Cat." "Are You Sure?"

FLAMING ALUMNI

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THOSE who have followed the public prints during the past few years have been aware of a peculiar change that has lately taken place in college undergraduates. To put it briefly, they are in revolt. Just what they are in revolt against is not made entirely clear by the headlines, magazine articles, books and statistics that deal so persistently with the revolt of youth in general and the revolt of college youth in particular; but the chief idea seems to be that college youth is in revolt against the past, the present and the future; against family, friends and each other; against nearly everything, in fact, except revolt.

One of the most prominent results of this revolt, unless the magazine articles and statistics have been entirely misunderstood, is the large amount of flaming done by undergraduates and the discovery of several unsuspected problems which confront them.

A careful perusal of the gloomier newspapers and magazines indicates clearly that problems surround the modern college student in somewhat the same degree that water surrounds a healthy fish. The persons who write about the problems seem to take it for granted that everyone knows exactly what they are, and it is barely possible that they are correct in so thinking. They also imply or state or insinuate that something ought to be done about it, and in this they may again be right. It is even barely possible that one of the first things to be done is to accumulate a few statistics on the problems of somebody else besides college undergraduates.



PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Senior Garden Party at Bryn Mawr in the Days of the Hatpin and Petticoat. In Oval—A Tense Moment in the Historic Bowl Fight at the University of Pennsylvania

Gathering Postgraduate Statistics

ONE of the greatest assets of our brisk modern civilization is the statistic. Statistics, prior to 1905, were little known and seldom used in this or any other country. Statistics, conferences, questionnaires and surveys, however, developed together during the early years of the twentieth century, and it is no more possible to determine which one preceded the other than it is to tell whether the egg preceded or followed the chicken. A survey, accompanied by statistics elicited by a few questionnaires, might help in solving this doubtful point to somebody's satisfaction; and then again it might not.

At any rate, as soon as statistics began to be fashionable, large numbers of hitherto useless facts were accumulated and preserved for future reference; and conclusions began to be drawn with extreme fluency. Any statistical hound, after counting the number of persons who passed a given street corner during a Thursday afternoon, and crossing this number with the percentage of American citizens who eat sausage and griddle cakes for breakfast on Tuesday morning, could toy lightly with the result and announce definitely how many people would be apt to enter an adjacent drug store on Sunday evening for the purpose of purchasing a bottle of eye wash.

No fact was thrown away, since nobody could tell when it was going to come in handy; and large numbers of amateur and professional statisticians went into statistic-collecting with eager enthusiasm. The collecting of statistics has now progressed to such a point that one can find somewhere a statistic or a set of statistics to prove or disprove anything at all.

Recently I have had occasion to visit a few of America's 900 universities and colleges in search of material that will be duly set forth in succeeding articles; and in the course of my wanderings I came across various alumni and members of the older set who were in a state of horrified excitement and virtuous resentment over the conditions that, according to many volunteer and amateur statisticians, exist in the colleges and universities with which they were more or less familiar in prewar and prestatistic days. In spite of the broadening influences that life in general has theoretically had on these alumni and members of the older set, and in spite of the poise and verbal felicity that are supposed to come with age and experience, I found their observations somewhat sketchy and vague, not to say soupy, because of the persistence with which, having introduced the distressing subject of the younger generation, they wandered to such personal matters as how best to make gin and what constitutes a good purchase on the stock exchange.

Irrational Reasons for Perturbation

BY HOLDING them firmly to the subject, however, and sternly driving them back onto the path whenever they stray from it, one gathers that the older generation of college graduates are chiefly perturbed by the present-day undergraduate for the following reasons:

1. College isn't what it used to be.
2. The undergraduates drink.
3. The football team used to be wonderful, but now it's terrible.
4. There isn't any college spirit any more.
5. Undergraduates are too standardized.
6. Undergraduates are too sophisticated; they know everything.
7. Undergraduates are rude to older people.
8. Undergraduates go to college to have a good time.



The Grandfather of the Triangle Show. The Princeton Dramatic Association Presents "The Hon. Julius Cæsar." Booth Tarkington is the Third From Right in the Second Row

9. Undergraduates don't think sufficiently about serious things.
10. Undergraduates live in fine dormitories and fraternity houses, and not only don't know the value of money but are totally unfitted for the living conditions they will find in the great world after graduation.

It should be remarked in passing that these matters are known to the deeper-thinking graduates as problems. They talk about the problem of the changing college, for example; the problem of undergraduate drinking; the problem of undergraduate standardization, and so on. Whether or not these are actual problems, however, is something to be considered with some care.

Now college and university undergraduates are what is technically known as meat for the statisticians, because they cannot elude statisticians who wish to question them, and because they are usually willing to give some sort of answer to almost any question. It may not be accurate; but the statistician will never know the difference. If the statistician is seeking an answer to the important question, "Do undergraduates drink?" the class souse is occasionally apt to answer, "Never," while the class prude is sometimes likely to reply, "Everything."

This, however, won't bother the statistician; nor should it, for his business, after all, is to get statistics. The fact remains that college statistics are too easy to get, and college students consequently become the natural prey of the statistician.

The Problem Grows More Numerous

COLLEGE graduates of long standing, however, are birds of another feather. Their feather, so to speak, is much harder and less yielding than that of the undergraduates, especially when attacked by statisticians. For that reason the statisticians have never seriously attempted to accumulate statistics on the older generation of college graduates. Yet it has seemed to me, after hearing a number of the older generation express themselves fretfully on the subject of undergraduate activity, that possibly there might be more reason in submitting a large collection of statistics on old graduates to the student body of any university than in submitting statistics on college students to a lot of old graduates.

It is moderately safe to say that if any statistician or group of statisticians could get a complete set of answers from old alumni to the same sort of questions that are habitually put to modern undergraduates, the world at large would be in danger of swelling up twice as large and twice as fast as it does over the flaming qualities of modern undergraduates, and of ultimately exploding with horror and amazement.

And in this connection it might not be out of place to remind the excitable older generation that if the behavior of college students has changed during recent years, there has been a similar change in the behavior of statisticians. If, for example, a statistician had propounded, twenty or thirty years ago, the questions that statisticians freely propound to undergraduates today, he would have been tarred and feathered, and thrown out of town on his ear.

What is to blame for this change? Is it flaming youth or is it the late war or is it prohibition? Can this be called the problem of the statisticians, or can it not; and if not, why not?

Another matter that should be called to the attention of those who listen with glistening eyes to the worst obtainable statistics on college students is the numerical increase in undergraduates in the past few years. In 1890 there were only 65,000 students in all the universities and colleges in America. In 1900 there were 110,000. In 1914 the total number of persons resident in the United States who had attended colleges for lengths of time ranging from a few months to five or six years was in the neighborhood of 800,000.

Ten years later, in 1924, the number of students, men and women, actually attending American universities and colleges was more than 726,000.

In 1890 there were 45,000 young men going to college. In 1926 there were 476,000 young men going to college. This ought to mean something to any serious-minded statistician. Judging from past records, it will mean whatever the statistician wants it to mean.

From the doleful conversation that is bandied about by thoughtful graduates in their more serious moments I gather that the essentially modern collegiate pastime known as petting or necking may properly be regarded as a primary undergraduate problem. The statistician, however, will be considerably handicapped in his study of this problem by the difficulty of locating the exact year in which petting came into existence.

For a number of years there was little or nothing said about this displeasing, in a manner of speaking, custom, due to the literary convention which held that the hero never kissed the heroine until five minutes before their marriage. Extensive researches among graduates of twenty-three colleges and universities, however, indicate that there was no little indulgence in this form of endeavor among undergraduates of our leading institutions of learning between the years 1890 and 1910—among, in short, the older generation, both male and female.



PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Undergraduates for a Day. Alumni High Jinks at Columbia



In Circle—A Funeral Pyre for Cornell's Hopes. University of Pennsylvania Undergraduates Celebrate a Thanksgiving Victory in the Traditional Manner



PHOTO. BY ROBERT NEFF LONGACRE, PHILADELPHIA

Plus-Fours and Collegiate Sideburns of Another Era. Class of '73, University of Pennsylvania, Pose for Their Senior Picture on the Steps of College Hall

Stalwart Petters of the Past

WHEN the statistician succeeds in winning the confidence of his subject he is apt to learn that prewar petting or necking, like that of the '90's, was made unpleasantly difficult by the restraints and conventions with which the maidens of the '90's and 1900's were hampered. More ingenuity was required on the part of the petters, it is claimed, than is the case today; and great astuteness was frequently displayed, not only in eluding the eye of the older generation, whose own experiences in their younger days apparently tended to make them suspicious, but also in turning down the gas without knocking any pictures or sea shells from the whatnot, dragging down a lambrequin or causing any other undue commotion.

A theory occasionally advanced by the older generation of petters is that the difficulties which they were obliged to surmount in order to pet has made them more self-reliant, resourceful and resolute than the modern undergraduate, who doesn't have to work so hard for his petting.

Whether or not the undergraduate petter of 1928 works less hard than the undergraduate petter of 1898 or 1908 could only be decided, of course, by a joint debate between representatives of the different eras. Such a method might be slightly unsatisfactory because of the habit common to old graduates of forgetting certain highly important details of their college days and magnifying others.

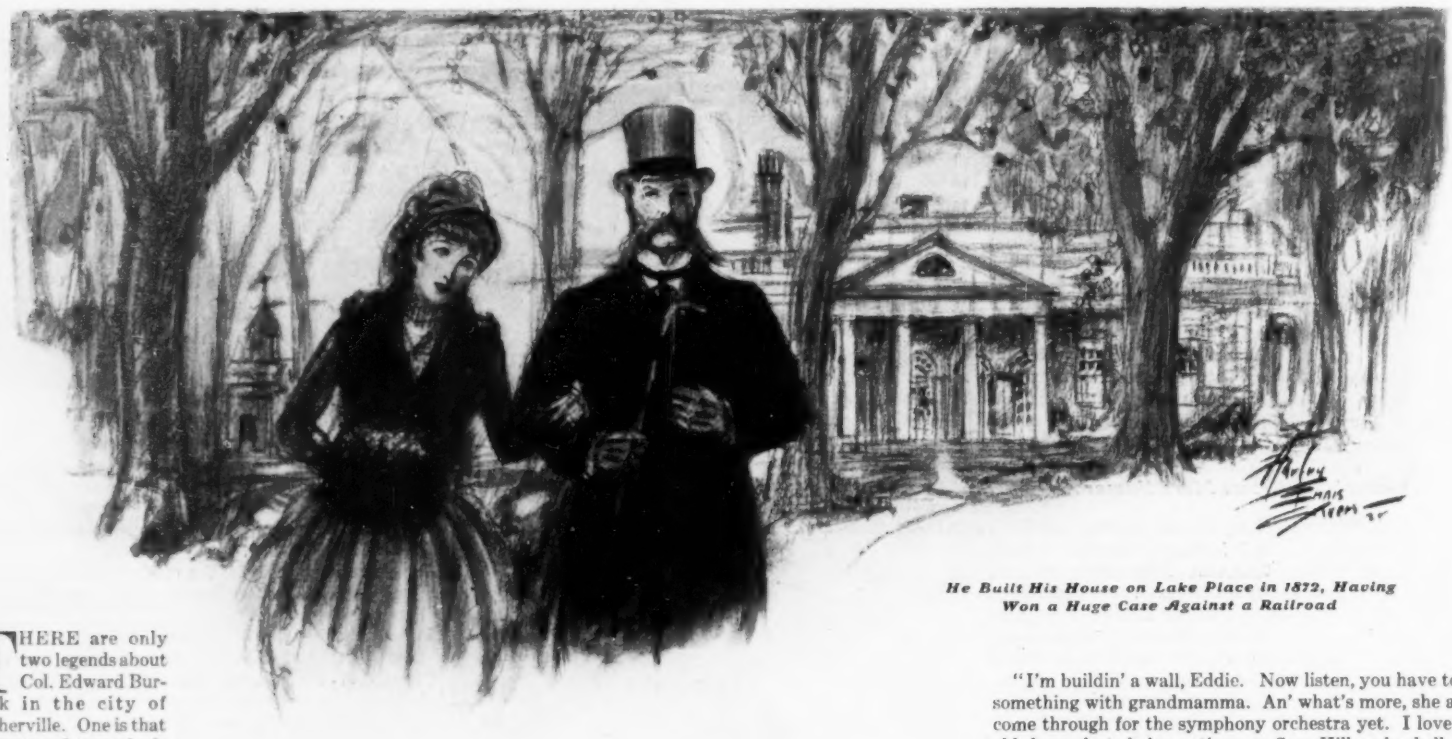
Statistics on this moot point should be something of a solace to old graduates who are in the habit of complaining bitterly—when they speak freely—that the present-day undergraduate has too easy a time. Did the old

(Continued on Page 139)

LOVE

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS



He Built His House on Lake Place in 1872, Having Won a Huge Case Against a Railroad

THERE are only two legends about Col. Edward Burdick in the city of Lutherville. One is that he wrote a letter of admiration to Stonewall Jackson's widow, after the astonishing soldier's death, and had it sent into the Confederate lines under a flag of truce. The other is that he saw his wife spreading jelly on a piece of bread, on their honeymoon, and slapped her face. He built his house on Lake Place in 1872, having won for his city a huge case against a raw railroad's vicious president, and took to foreign travels while his wife tinkled alongside him—she must have been very lovely—and learned to forget that she was a farmer's daughter from the village of Cashmere, outside Lutherville.

This pair returned each year from Europe, with trunks of clothes belonging to Mrs. Burdick and flat large crates belonging to Colonel Burdick. For this silent grandee liked paintings. Toward 1900 it was apparent that he had liked rather the right sort of paintings. Dealers, sometimes with interpreters, and excitable men in odd neckties who had often drunk red wine with Robert Louis Stevenson in Paris and called Mr. Whistler Jimmy, now roamed into Lutherville and tried to flatter or cajole Colonel Burdick's relict. The lady tinkled her arranged scale of laughter and gave them Russian cigarettes in her yellow reception room, where three tired ballet girls practiced in a haze of gaslight on one wall and some stiff women emerged from a sunlight made of trivial dots between the fireplace and the entrance.

Mrs. Burdick's laughter tinkled and the dealers or critics went away. New critics, new dealers, popped into town. The words "Collection Burdick" showed under photographs as more and more Frenchmen undertook to explain modern art to a piggish and besotted public. What was worse, grave Germans and impatient Englishmen explained, in studies of the Renascence, that a positive Mantegna and something either by Albrecht Dürer or one of his best pupils, and a historic drawing of Holbein were to be seen only if you penetrated the American interior as far as the crass city of Lutherville.

"Thirty-two paintings," said Sir James Fargus quite frantically in 1913, "every one deserving a place in the collections of a civilized country, hang in an atrocious mansion built of wood on the shores of a trivial lakelet in the care of a lady whose one interest in them seems to be that her husband bought them. Where his miraculous taste came from she never knew and cannot imagine."

But, as this rudeness of an eminent English amateur was printed in a New York paper's Sunday supplement, Americans now heard of the Burdick collection, and Mrs. Burdick tinkled her scales for young gentlemen who bored her by talking of æsthetics and the politics of Greenwich Village. Then, in 1922, Monsieur Stanislas Rezov and Monsieur Gustave Bollard, representing the Slavic and the Latin perceptions of beauty, had an awful scene in the lobby of the Pioneer Hotel over the authenticity of the Dürer and were separated by a corps of clerks and bell boys. After that, Mrs. Burdick, through her grandson, announced that Colonel Burdick's collection hereafter would be shown only to gentlemen presented by her personal friends. She was at once denounced by the editors of the Dryad, the most severely artistic of American magazines until its career, from 1921 to 1925, ceased when Mrs. Tilla Mankowitz, widow of Sol Mankowitz, tired of footing the Dryad's debts on behalf of her son, the art critic, Gerald Monk. But the ravings of the Dryad hurt Mrs. Burdick, and on Tuesdays and Saturdays her house opened its double front door of walnut carved with what seemed to be baked apples and wilted pears, and a dim lady, someone's needy widow, showed you through an intricacy of high rooms, past the thirty-two paintings.

"I dunno what becomes of 'em," Freddie Gross told me, on his front steps. "Ought to be an art museum here, of course. But I think the symphony comes first. Reaches more people."

"Hasn't young Burdick any influence with the old lady, Freddie?"

"Yeh. But she wouldn't let go of them while she's alive. Gosh! She's nearly eighty! Ed's twenty-five or six. He hasn't so damn much influence, at that. I've had him tackle her about her apartments downtown. They were modern when the colonel built 'em in 1880. They're fire traps, just like her house. But she's a regular mossback. She—— Hi, Ed!"

He bawled at Mr. Edward Burdick, III, who was exercising a smart mare along the heated pavement of Lake Place. The mare resented the roar from the giant on the baking steps and plunged. Young Burdick turned her into Freddie's gates and brought her nervously up to the boss of Lutherville.

"Have you seen grandmamma any more about the West Center Street property? The fire commissioner was bawlin' me about it last night."

"I can't do anything with her," said the nice young man. "And you're a fine sight for Sunday!"

The secular lord of Lutherville considered his filthy white trousers and undershirt, and brushed some drying mortar from one freckled biceps. Being very pink in winter, in summer he turns green in a coating of ugly freckles.



"Do Come In as You Please and See Colonel Burdick's Collection"

"I'm buildin' a wall, Eddie. Now listen, you have to do something with grandmamma. An' what's more, she ain't come through for the symphony orchestra yet. I love the old dame, but she's as stingy as Sam Hill and a hell of a poor citizen!"

"Her will isn't," said Burdick, patting the mare's black neck. "I've read it. You'll be a little surprised. I can't tell you, of course."

"Hint broadly, Eddie."

Mr. Burdick nodded his head southeasterly. We looked at a slant across leaf patterns and asphalt at the four bronze dogs and shapeless veranda of the Lovejoy house. Its great yard was almost empty, as some of the Lovejoys had loaded themselves into three fearful motors, all gifts from Freddie Gross, and had gone down to the Unitarian Church on East Pine Street.

But Richard Lovejoy, Jr., was pitching a ball to Valentine Joseph Lovejoy, or it may have been William James Lovejoy, and Miss Frederica Lovejoy was taking a complete bath in the iron fountain, with the freedom of a gentlewoman in her seventh year.

"Oh, good!" Freddie said. "I hope it's somethin' handsome. They need it. Golly, how they need it! Fourteen kids!"

"Doesn't Mr. Lovejoy make anything?" Burdick asked.

"My dear sir," I said, "conservative articles by minor historians in the conservative magazines represent months of research and maybe three hundred dollars apiece."

"Good Lord!" the banker said. "He doesn't turn out more than two a year, either!"

We watched the young Lovejoys for a time. I am always certain of Richard 2d, because his hair is singularly and violently red, although the first four or five of Mrs. Lovejoy's collection are generally dark. Some of the younger ones are fair or reddish. Samuel Norton Lovejoy, falling out of a small tree into his sister and twin's bath, flashed another red head before he splashed. Frederica's shriek ascended. We all came pelting across the street and Freddie beat Mr. Burdick's mare. His legs give him abominable advantages over human beings. He collided with Abigail Lovejoy, darting from the house, and knocked her endlong. I had the honor of rescuing Samuel Norton from his sister's fists.

"You meant to!"

"I didn't neever!"

"Y'di' too!" said Frederica, one leg over the fluted margin of the fountain and her fists screwed into balls of finger.

"Control it, kid," Richard 2d ordered.

"Snorty," she complained, "meant to!"

"Control it, baby," said the big lad very firmly, and made a forced peace with the words. All Polly Lovejoy's children were told to "control it" when anything happened. When the lady arrived from church, Samuel Norton and Frederica were both comfortable in the fountain and had resumed their natural fondness for each other. Three battered machines swung to the wide broiling steps of soft brownstone. Mrs. Lovejoy lazily brought her slim body out of a driving seat and tossed her hat from her white clipped hair, to either Joan or Elspeth, to be taken indoors. Delray Livingston Lovejoy drove that car off to the garage. Mary surrendered a wheel to Edward or Curtis, and Eustis, Bimmy and either Valentine Joe or William James—whichever one wasn't pitching to Richard 2d, you see—had an amiable fight about the direction of the last and oldest car.

"A rather thin sermon on domestic affection," said Mrs. Lovejoy, taking her sewing basket from Abigail. "It seems that people don't love each other as much as they ought to. Del, you might evince your fondness for us by seeing whether the ice cream's frozen."

"It's all right, Polly," said Richard 2d, sitting down at last, with moist spots on his blue shirt.

"You're quite a good boy," the serene lady assured him. "Your inamorata was at church. I wish you'd find out if her hair is false or just dyed. . . . I beg your pardon, Eddie!"

"Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Burdick, getting on his mare. "Grandmamma dyes it, Mrs. Lovejoy. It's the empress' color. Run over and see the old lady sometime today, Dick Two. She hasn't been so well lately."

"Nothing serious, Ed?" Mrs. Lovejoy asked at once.

"She's eighty years old," said the grandson, "and she smokes like a —— And she ought not to be out in this heat."

He rode down the drive. When he got off to speak to his reckless grandmother she was almost in the Lovejoys' gates, and his mare pawed a little, annoyed by an amazing parasol, a tiny mound of emerald frills or by a gown that flickered, green and white, as the leaves danced in an oak. The youngster, in khaki breeches and a polo jersey, his head bare, confronted this evocation of the year 1885. Mrs. Burdick's last phase dated from a moment at Biarritz when an empress smiled at her in the smoke of Russian cigarettes across a tea table and said, "*Mais c'est vrai que nous nous ressemblons, madame!*" She had never left that minute a week behind her.

Edward Burdick, III, rode away to his smart Georgian cottage and his idiotic young bride near the country club. His grandmother really fluttered a laced handkerchief after him.

"She's unbelievable," said Abigail Lovejoy.

"She's pretty consistent, sis," Freddie Gross drawled. "I'm goin' on thirty-two. She hasn't changed a bit since I can remember her."

Richard 2d stopped pricking a water blister on his left thumb and said swiftly:

"I think she's darn good-lookin'!"

"Oh, Dickie! With all that enamel?"

"It suits her," the boy growled. Then the whole mob got to its feet, because Mrs. Burdick was approaching, and I saw Abigail pass a hand over her hair.

The tinkle of laughter broke out when the parasol swayed ten yards from the steps. It rose five notes and then dropped three; no piano was more accurate. I have wondered if the somewhat celebrated Englishman who first wrote of laughter as "tinkling" had not met Mrs. Burdick, perhaps, on an early tour of Italy.

"Dear Polly, you're all en masse, for once. And Frederick—sitting beside the prettiest girl in town, of course! Do all sit down again. Have you a match, Richard? . . . Thanks, thanks!"



Freddie Gross Drawled, "I'm Goin' on Thirty-Two. She Hasn't Changed a Bit Since I Can Remember Her"

Richard 2d held a match gravely to the prolonged cigarette, quivering a trifle between the painted lips. The boy was right.

The glaze of enamel and the tiers of dyed chestnut hair and the necklace of cameos drooping on the lace below her throat—still a rather lovely throat—all suited Mrs. Burdick, as her impersonation of the empress suited her, as her voice suited her. She was, anyhow, a complete effect. When she gave me two fingers, I had a feeling that they should be kissed.

"As long as you're staying with Frederick," she said, "I know you won't say anything horrid in one of these *farouche* magazines. Do come in as you please and see Colonel Burdick's collection. Freddie, Freddie! What shocking clothes!"

"I'm buildin' a wall, ma'am."

"And cheating some wretched stonemason out of a week's work!" she tinkled. "What things the young men do! Fancy Edward using one of these ghastly automobiles! *Mais c'est de son âge! Le temps s'en va, n'est-ce pas?* . . . Now, Polly, could you let me have Richard 2d for luncheon?"

"I'll come," said Richard 2d swiftly, "as soon as I can ch——"

"You need change nothing! Quite as you are—quite as you are," she chanted, and touched his nose with a finger.

"Thanks," he said, unflinching. "But please let me put on a clean shirt, ma'am."

"Very well. But at half-past one precisely! And not," the empress commanded, "one moment later!"

"Yes'm," he said, and hurdled off, lifting his legs over barriers in the shapes of a wheelbarrow, a low bush and an empty crate once full of canned soups on his way into the garage, where he and Valentine Joe and William James had quarters of some kind and a shower bath.

"Really, you know," said the empress, "he's more like the Holbein every day. His face is just flat enough. Such a *bon garçon* too, Polly. Of course they all do you so much credit. And Abbie's turned out such a beauty!"

"My mouth indicates a generous nature," said Abigail darkly. "Fred says it's four inches. Never measured it myself."

"*Pouf!* The most exquisite woman I ever saw," Mrs. Burdick tinkled, "had a distinctly large mouth. It was at Biarritz in '85—the year Colonel Burdick bought the Degas in the reception room. I was presented at tea. She had the Villa Miraflor that year. . . . And now, Frederick, what's this about a symphony orchestra?"

"We've got a hundred and fifty thousand subscribed already, ma'am."

"But how absurd! An orchestra *pour toute cette bonne canaille par là?* Give 'em free baths, Freddie! An orchestra!"

She wafted the handkerchief toward Lutherville, spreading away below Lakeside Heights in a haze of genial heat.

"Your tenants," the giant drawled, "will be getting a free bath in fire one of these nights, ma'am. I went in to see an old clerk of dad's, in the biggest apartment, and the stairs are rotten."

"Not really?"

"Really, ma'am," he said gently. "You'd better go look at them."

"Couldn't think of it, Frederick. I really couldn't! Not in hot weather. Really, now, not an orchestra. More free baths! A tenement in hot weather! Really," she tinkled, touching the lace to a nostril, "no! I'm devoted to you, Freddie. But I couldn't do that! Au 'voir, Polly."

The skirt whisked on gravel. Now that I saw her from the rear, I was thrilled. There was a bustle! It was small. The bustle of 1885, Mrs. Lovejoy says, ran smallish. But there was a bustle hidden in the gown.

"Do you suppose," said Abigail, picking up her brother's baseball, "if I got in one good slug she'd stop to think? She's appalling!"

(Continued on Page 74)

SANDY INLET

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



They Shook Their Umbrellas at Me and Told Me Exactly What They Thought of Me—Which Apparently Was Not Much

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS

Mr. Alexander Botts, June 27, 1925.
Hotel McAlpin, New York City.

DEAR MR. BOTTS: On your forthcoming trip into New England we want you to call on Mr. Caleb R. Hubbard, at Hubbardston, Maine. He has just written us that he is thinking of buying a tractor, and we will count on you to get his order for an Earthworm.

If he wants to see a machine in action, you can take him over to Castle Harbor, ten miles from Hubbardston, where our records show that the Maine State Highway Department has a ten-ton Earthworm at work on the roads.

Very sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
Sales Manager.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: Wednesday, July 1, 1925. 9 P.M.
Written from: Hubbardston Hotel, Hubbardston, Maine.
Written by: Alexander Botts, Salesman.

I arrived here early this afternoon. And I am up against a tough proposition. I have had competition before from other makes of tractors and from horses and mules, but this time I have to compete with boats and airplanes.

However, I am going swell. I am getting ready to put on such a wow of a demonstration that it wouldn't make any difference if I was competing against the whole British Navy and a fleet of all-metal dirigibles besides. When I explain what I am going to do, you will realize that I am getting better and better all the time.

I hopped off the train at one this afternoon. I checked in at the Hubbardston Hotel, ate lunch, and called on Mr. Hubbard a little before two. Mr. Hubbard turned out to be very intelligent and businesslike, and explained at once what he wanted.

"I own a tract of land on the seashore about ten miles north of here," he said. "At the present time I have a small hotel there called the Seaside Inn. It has been so successful that I am going to build a much larger hotel; which means that I will have to take over a whole lot of building material such as lumber, cement, plumbing supplies, and so forth."

"When it comes to hauling freight," I said, "the Earthworm tractor can't be beat. If it is only ten miles, we could make two or three trips a day."

"The trouble," Mr. Hubbard went on, "is that the place is very inaccessible. If you will step over here I will show you what I mean."

He led me across the room and pointed to a map which hung on the wall. "Here is Hubbardston," he said—"where we are now. On the seacoast just north of town is Hubbard's Point, which is about five miles wide, and which extends eastward out into the sea about twenty miles."

"Exactly," I said.

"Just north of Hubbard's Point," he continued, "is Sandy Inlet, which is about five miles wide at the mouth, and which extends inland to the west about twenty miles. The Seaside Inn is right here—on a rocky hill just to the north of the mouth of Sandy Inlet. Is that clear?"

"I follow you exactly," I said.

"The inn," Mr. Hubbard went on, "is thus only ten miles north of here as the crow flies, but it is very hard to reach. If you go by sea, you have to sail out around the point. If you go by land, you have to circle around the inlet. Of course, I could go by air, and there is a man in town now trying to sell me a small airplane. I may buy it. I have a field over there big enough to land on, and I could transport the guests of the inn by air very nicely."

"But you couldn't carry much freight on a small plane," I said.

"No," he admitted, "I couldn't."

"How have you managed in the past?" I asked.

"We've been using a rented motorboat," he said. "That means we have to take a fifty-mile trip way out around the end of Hubbard's Point. It takes almost all day. We can't use a large motorboat because we don't have a deep-water landing place at the inn. So, if we have to transport all our building materials on a small motorboat, it will be a very slow and a very expensive process. And whenever there is a storm, we can't make the trip at all."

"I see," I said. "You want to haul the stuff overland. Is there a road?"

"There is a good road," said Mr. Hubbard, "which leads five miles across the base of Hubbard's Point to the south shore of Sandy Inlet. From there you can see Seaside Inn. It's only five miles farther on, but it's on the other side of the inlet, and to get there by land you have to take a fifty-mile drive on very poor wood roads clear around the inlet."

"Why not haul your stuff across the point by tractor," I suggested, "and then take it over the inlet by boat?"

"The inlet is full of rocks," said Mr. Hubbard. "The tide sweeps in and out at about ten miles an hour, and at low tide it's practically dry—nothing but an expanse of mud and sand, with here and there a bunch of rocks. So it's a bad place for boats. But I thought perhaps we could drive straight across with one of your tractors."

"What!" I said. "With that water running in and out at fearful speed?"

"We would go over when the tide is out," said Mr. Hubbard. "At each low tide we have at least four hours when the sand flats are uncovered. Of course the sand is wet and pretty soft in places. But I have walked out a mile or two at low tide and the sand is solid enough to bear the weight of a man. So if your tractor can run on fairly soft ground, if it can pull a reasonable load in a wagon behind it, if it can make the five miles in less than four hours, and if it is reliable and won't break down and get caught by the tide, I think it will be just the machine I need."

"Mr. Hubbard," I said, "your troubles are over!" And at once I explained to him just exactly how good the Earthworm tractor is, and how it would fulfill all of his requirements. I got out my order blanks and I got out my fountain pen. But, unfortunately, Mr. Hubbard is a very skeptical Yankee. He absolutely demanded a demonstration before he would do business.



"What Do You Mean by Pulling Off Such a Stunt?"

"All right, Mr. Hubbard," I said; "if you want a demonstration, you'll have a demonstration."

I hurried back to the hotel. I hired an automobile. I drove across the base of Hubbard's Point to the south shore of Sandy Inlet. Fortunately, it was low tide and I was able to walk out and inspect the sand. It was plenty solid enough for an Earthworm tractor and a wagon.

On the shore was a building with a sign, Down East Canning Company, and out in front on the sand were a lot of men digging clams and taking them into the factory to be canned. These men pointed out the Seaside Inn—a mere speck of a building on the wooded shore far away to the north over the flats.

It looked like a cinch to haul a load over to the inn. An Earthworm tractor, making three miles an hour, could cross in less than two hours. And the tide stayed out for four hours.

Immediately I drove my hired automobile back to town and then ten miles down the coast to Castle Harbor, where I found the state highway department's ten-ton Earthworm tractor pulling a twelve-foot-blade grader along the road. The tractor was in charge of an elderly guy with a walrus mustache, by the name of Andy Meiklejohn. After a long discussion, Andy agreed to drive the tractor to Hubbardston early tomorrow morning and work for me one or more days at a flat price of thirty-five dollars a day. Whether the state highway department will get this thirty-five per or whether Andy will knock it down for himself, I do not know. And I don't know that I care.

After arranging for the tractor, I went back and called on Mr. Hubbard.

"Mr. Hubbard," I said, "I have just got hold of an Earthworm tractor. I am going to drive it across the sands of Sandy Inlet tomorrow. I want you to have a wagon loaded up with at least five tons of building material for me to drag along. And I hope you can come yourself."

"Fine!" said Mr. Hubbard. "I'll have them load up a wagon this afternoon at the lumberyard. But I can't go with you myself. I have arranged to fly to the inn day after tomorrow morning with the man who is trying to sell me the airplane."

"I will probably see you over there then," I said. "Where can I get an exact time-table of the tides?"

"You had better see Captain Dobbs. He owns the motorboat which I have been using for trips to the inn. He knows more about the tides in Sandy Inlet than anybody else in town."

"Thanks," I said.

I found Captain Dobbs down on the water front, shining up the brass on his motorboat. I explained exactly what I was going to do, and he told me the morning low tide would be from 5:30 to 10:30, and the afternoon low tide from about six until ten. As the morning tide is pretty early, I have decided to go in the afternoon.

I thanked Captain Dobbs, and came back to the hotel, arriving just in time for supper. After supper, while sitting on the porch of the hotel, I got to talking with a gentleman from New York who had arrived on the afternoon train. He was a little guy, with a timid and somewhat harassed look on his face. And he said that he and a party of five others were going over to the Seaside Inn tomorrow.

"The inn has a wonderful location," he said, "between the primeval forest and the sea."

"But it's a hell of a place to get to," I said.

"Yes," he agreed. "The women in my party were so seasick in that little motorboat last year, that they almost refused to come this year."

"You don't have to go by motorboat any more," I said. I then explained how I was going over by tractor, and suggested that he and his friends ride along on the wagon. The gentleman from New York at once went upstairs to consult with the rest of his party, and soon returned, saying that they would accept my invitation with the greatest pleasure. I warned him that the wagon would not be luxurious, but he said anything would be better than bobbing along all day in a sickening little motorboat. So it was agreed that we would all meet tomorrow afternoon a little after four.

Thus you see that I have arranged a splendid demonstration. As usual, I am doing more than anyone could have asked or expected. Not only am I going to show Mr. Hubbard that the Earthworm tractor is the best means of hauling freight over to his inn but I am also going to take a load of his hotel guests and thus prove to him that the Earthworm is the best means of transporting passengers.

By tomorrow night I expect to have Mr. Hubbard's order.

Very sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: Friday, July 3, 1925.
Written from: Hubbardston, Maine.
Written by: Alexander Botts.

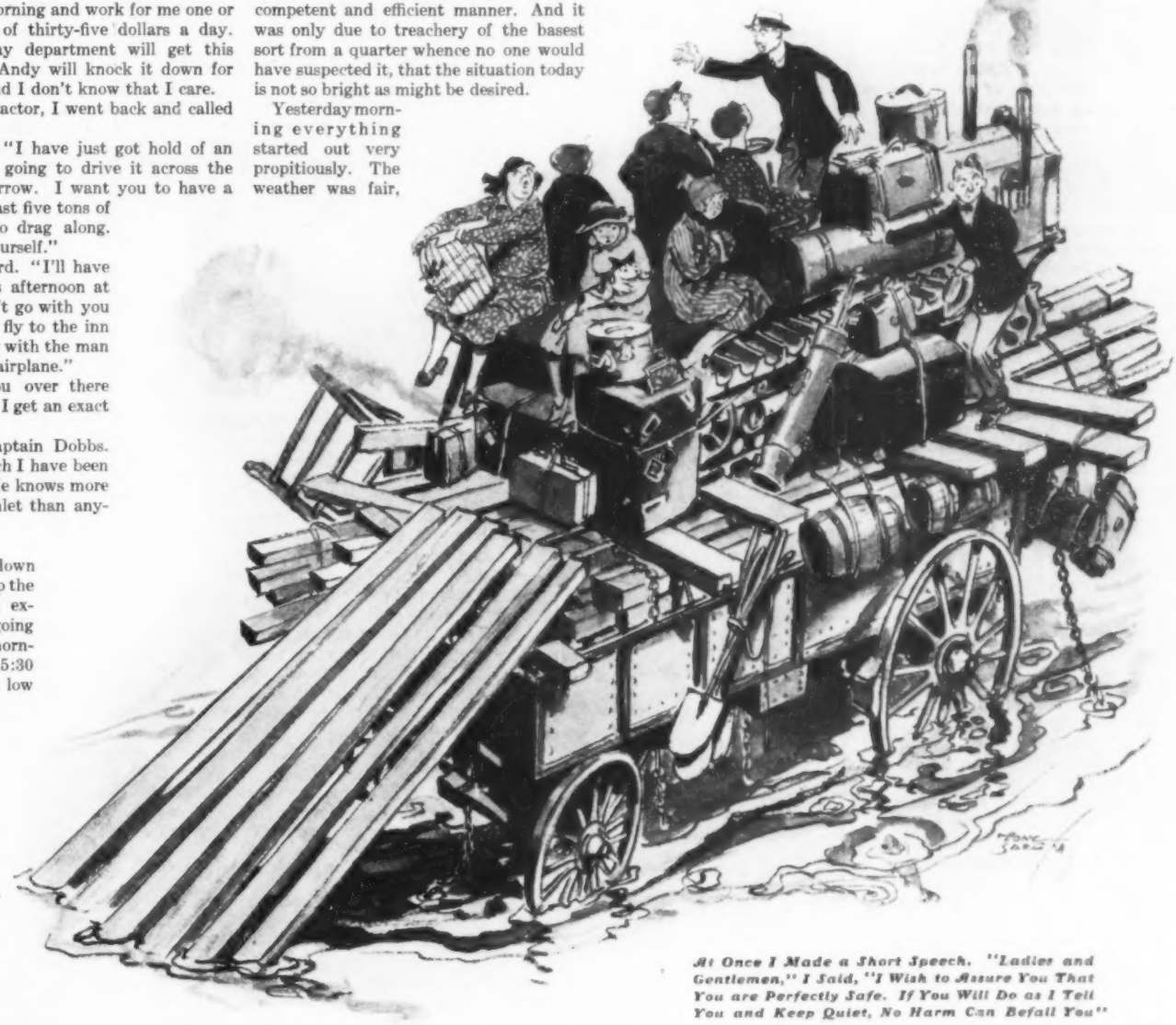
I did not send you any report yesterday because I was too busy. And when I say "busy" that is exactly what I mean. After I tell you what has happened, you will see that I have handled everything in my usual competent and efficient manner. And it was only due to treachery of the basest sort from a quarter whence no one would have suspected it, that the situation today is not so bright as might be desired.

Yesterday morning everything started out very propitiously. The weather was fair, sunny and perfect. At about nine o'clock Andy rolled up to the hotel in his ten-ton Earthworm. As I am very careful and thorough about everything, I had him drive around to Smith's garage, where the two of us spent several hours greasing the machine, changing the crank-case oil, filling up with gasoline and water, and checking over the distributor, the breaker points, the valve timing, and everything else we could think of. The tractor had evidently been given very good care, and by the time we had checked it all over it was as near perfect as a machine could be.

After a late lunch we drove over to the lumberyard and hooked onto Mr. Hubbard's wagon. It was loaded with a lot of heavy planks and timbers, on top of which were tied a number of kegs of nails, a lot of picks and shovels and other tools, and a big road plow. We drove onto the lumberyard scales and found that our load weighed a little more than four tons, including the wagon—not much for a ten-ton tractor, but all right for a trial trip over unknown ground.

When we got to the hotel, the gentleman from New York was waiting for us with the other members of his party—whom I had not seen up to this time. It turned out they were all women. One of them was good-looking. The other four were very large and imposing. By way of baggage, they had four trunks, eighteen suitcases, a lot of bundles, blankets, sweaters, coats, umbrellas, one dog, one canary bird in a gilded cage, and a large box of fireworks intended, I suppose, for the approaching Fourth of July. Luckily, there were no parrots, cats, goldfish or monkeys.

As the four important females swarmed about the wagon, I began to understand that harassed look on the face of the little gentleman from New York. All four of them began telling him where to put the suitcases and other junk, where to have the hotel porter put the trunks, where they themselves wanted to sit, and how everything was to be done. As they all had different ideas, and as the gentleman from New York was trying to please everybody, he was soon completely dazed.



At Once I Made a Short Speech. "Ladies and Gentlemen," I Said, "I Wish to Assure You That You are Perfectly Safe. If You Will Do as I Tell You and Keep Quiet, No Harm Can Befall You"

Accordingly, I took charge of things myself. I had Andy open up the throttle so that the tractor motor—which had been idling quietly—started up with such a roar that the ladies' conversation was completely drowned out. Then I had Andy shut down the throttle very quick, and before the ladies could start up again I told them with brutal directness that unless they kept quiet they would have to travel by motorboat. They kept quiet.

And in my usual decisive manner I directed the loading of the extra cargo. There was room for most of the smaller bundles in the grouser box of the tractor. The hotel porter

(Continued on Page 97)

COMICS, NEW STYLE AND OLD

By Rube Goldberg

CHANGING fashions are popular in almost anything else but cartooning and comic-strip work. Here the usual benefits which result by way of trade stimulation reverse themselves, for while the machinery of business adjusts itself readily to new styles, even eagerly, the mechanics of an artist's mind are likely to be less flexible. There is always the chance that his particular technic may not harmonize with the latest vogue. It is unfortunate, to say the least, to find that your once popular specialty is wearing whiskers and as much in demand as last week's newspaper—and malignantly so if you can't do anything about it.

The most important thing a comic artist has to do is to rise and fall with the ebb and flow of the contemporary humor. If he doesn't, he might as well throw his tools in the lake and settle down in the delicatessen business for life. Any artist who tries to sell in 1928 the kind of stuff which went in 1900 is flirting with the same brand of tragic fate an ambitious bustle manufacturer courts. Go away, old joke, go away. Or who wants a bustle?

Perhaps the stuff which gets a laugh today will be actually painful to the people of 1952; but whether it is or isn't, there's no doubt that vintage gags are distressing to the present generation. In the dear old care-free days one vaudeville comedian would commit assault and battery on another vaudeville comedian with that marvelous instrument of hilarity, the slapstick, and the house would come down with a roar of unadulterated mirth. Where are the slapsticks of yesterday? You might possibly find one in the Smithsonian Institution catalogued as a bludgeon of ancient warfare.

The "It" in Comic Art

IT WOULD be interesting to know who the real arbiter is—the public or the producer. In other words, which is the leader and which the led in this serious business of deciding what is funny and what isn't? I venture my own guess that the public is the absolute dictator, though it doesn't make up its mind until it has seen all the goods on the counter. Take the case of stage humor. Comedians try out a slightly off-color joke and it goes over. Then they take more latitude, only to find that they have overstepped the bounds. So they go back and start over again. When the limit of what the public will stand for is approached, but not reached, a standard is set. But it is the public, not the comedians, which sets it.



REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE MCNAUGHT SYNDICATE

So it is in comic art. The final judge is the reading public. Commercially, if not necessarily artistically, a piece of workmanship is only as good as the people pronounce it. I've seen some corking jobs, from the artistic standpoint, fail and some poor ones succeed—not often, of course.

But why should there ever be such paradoxes? Ask why one pretty girl is so much more attractive than another of equal beauty and you have the answer. The deciding factor is that mysterious quality we call IT, in capital letters. No matter how well done comic art may be, it lacks commercial value if it doesn't possess IT; no matter how poorly executed, it gets across if it has IT.

Any person may write his own ticket on what the IT of comic art is. To venture another guess, I should say it is the human appeal. In fact, one of the queerest things about a great deal of this so-called comic art is that it is neither art nor comic, but simply the human appeal in pictorial form. Though we've become as hard-boiled about wise-cracking as we have about the standard equipment on that new automobile they're trying to sell us, human nature is still the same in its attitude toward basic weaknesses. It still likes to see the foibles of the other fellow paraded in caricature. Subconsciously, people see themselves in the human characters of the comic world; consciously, they see somebody else and laugh at his experiences, whether happy or otherwise.

Within my own recollection, styles have changed violently in almost everything, but I can't see any contrast between the old and the new which is sharper than that relating to our daily dish of humor. Fifteen or twenty years ago a cartoonist could give his readers one good punch and call it a day's work. In this enlightened era he hasn't a chance of getting off so easily. If he balks and says he's being imposed upon, there are plenty of others glad to shoulder the burden. For in recent years the industry of producing comics has made the acquaintance of an element it never used to know—the competitive spirit.

When I landed my first job with the San Francisco Chronicle twenty-four years ago, the daily comic strip was an unknown quantity. The political cartoon, as I have mentioned, was the big thing then, and the sporting cartoon an experiment, barely tolerated by most editors. It was about the time I left California and came to New York that Bud Fisher's daily strip began to catch on in a big way and that the newspaper world awakened to the realization that there was no good reason why a comic of general interest couldn't be published simultaneously in different cities. Such a course had never before been regarded as feasible in the slightest way. The individual character of any newspaper had always been looked upon as its greatest asset. Publishers were certain the quickest way to kill individuality was to use the same stuff other papers were running, even though the territorial rights covered a wide area.

Enter the idea of syndication. From the mechanical standpoint it was simplicity itself. The process required merely that as many matrices as needed be made from the original photo-engraving and distributed through the mails to the newspapers ordering them. A matrix, in case you don't know what that term implies, is a mold of an illustration or type taken in specially prepared, moistened paper, resembling in its finished form a thin sheet of cardboard into which the reproduction has been stamped. In newspaper offices are casting devices from which an impression of it is quickly made in molten lead; and this impression, known as a stereotype, becomes the printing plate.

Something for Every Taste

COMIC art struck a gold mine when editors got over the idea that illustrations had to be strictly original, made by their own artists and related to local topics. A few of the leading lights in the profession were corralled by the syndicates, and everybody had a gorgeous time for the next few years watching the money roll in. But it is the irony of fate that good things don't last forever. A whole lot of artists who had been previously content with the weekly pay check from one newspaper began inventing ideas for syndication, to say nothing of an unseemly display of activity on the part of audacious newcomers. In other words, the comic-art trust had run afoul of competition, implacable foe of monopoly.

Now see what's happened since competition put the profession on a business basis and made an industry out of it. The political cartoon, daddy of them all, is still on the job and going strong. The sporting cartoon, oldest of the offspring, is not quite so robust as it was eight or ten years ago. Such men as Clare Briggs, Gluyas Williams, H. T. Webster and Fontaine Fox have popularized the heart-interest comic. Gene Byrnes, with his Reg'lar Fellers, and Percy Crosby, with his Skippy, have created kid series which have an appeal to old and young alike. George McManus' Bringing Up Father, Billy de Beck's Barney Google and Bud Fisher's Mutt and Jeff are examples of the type of strip in which the same characters always appear. The mock-heroics idea is carried out by Kahles in his Hairbreadth Harry. A few are still clinging to the principle of the illustrated joke. And finally we have the very latest model—comic art in the form of a continued story, or, if you prefer it, a continued story in the form of comic art. Sidney Smith's the Gumps, Harold Gray's Orphan Annie and Harry Tuthill's Bungle Family are illustrations of the newest mode.

In this galaxy of material there is, you will note, something to appeal to all the human emotions. The old theory that a comic is what its name implies—a device created solely and essentially to raise a laugh—has long since been dead and buried. Comic art has strayed far afield. Today it takes in romance, adventure, philosophy, mystery, drama, and sticks to its original purpose of burlesquing the frailties of mankind only in sufficient measure to prevent its identity from becoming entirely lost. Of course, comics





are still supposed to be comical; but they interpret that element of everyday life in the strictly modern manner, which is radically different from what it used to be when people would laugh hilariously at mother-in-law stories and when the slapstick was the stage comedian's one best bet. Our sense of humor doesn't seem to need dynamite to set it off nowadays.

Another thing: Not only is practically everything syndicated, including some of the better-known political and sporting cartoons, but the demand of the day is for feature material which has the thread of continuity in it somewhere, whether it be through using the same characters from day to day or through the piecemeal telling of a story. Three distinct examples of how the continuity idea may be carried out in different ways are furnished in Briggs' When a Feller Needs a Friend, McManus' Bringing Up Father, and Gray's Orphan Annie. In the case of Briggs, the variation of one subject under the same title is the connecting link; with McManus it is the exploitation of the same characters; and the Gray method is to have not only the same characters but a continued story as well.

Letting the Wedding Bells Ring Out

IT HAS seemed to me that the present-day vogue of continuity shows the influence of the movies. Though it takes only an hour or so to run off the usual five-reel program picture, that is sufficient time for a bond of sympathy to be established between the spectators and the figures of the screen. By force of habit acquired in the motion-picture theaters, people have come to look for these definite personalities and for cohesiveness of action in other forms of pictorial effort which aims to amuse and entertain. The films have educated them to expect it on the comic pages of newspapers, and it doesn't make much difference whether it is there in garbled form or otherwise, so long as they get out of it that pleasant kick of meeting an old friend.

A great many newspapers, especially those in the evening field, which is the big show window of feature stuff, are sold largely on the quality of their comic strips. The habit of Americans is to buy a morning paper for a quick digest of the news, and an evening paper for a more leisurely reading of that great mass of material which comes under the heading of features. Nearly every evening paper of any size has its full page of comics, and you will notice that practically all these have the continuity element sticking out all over them. The editorial cry from coast to coast is for continuity. When newspapers have tried the expedient of leaving out a few doubtful features for several days as a means of testing their popularity, the demand of the readers has invariably been for the restoration of those telling stories. Balloting by coupon has produced similar results. The comic which introduces new characters each day and does little else than illustrate a joke is the least mourned when it disappears from its familiar corner.

How the scope of comic art has been broadened to take in emotions other than humor is shown by the case of Boob McNutt. I built up the element of romance by having Boob, a simple-looking fellow, fall in love with Pearl, a beautiful girl, who reciprocated his affection. The choice *dénouement*, as letters from readers indicated, was to have them always on the brink of being married, with something constantly happening at the crucial moment to defer the ceremony, due to some stupid blunder by the hero. I worked the gag for such a long time that I finally began to wonder how much further I could go before I should have to marry Boob and Pearl. At what point would the followers of their fortunes revolt against these repeated instances of hope deferred and demand that I no longer interfere when the parson was about to tie the knot?

My readers solved this problem for me, as I had hoped they would. A year or so ago I began receiving all kinds of letters about the ill-fated attempts of Boob to carry Pearl off as his bride. Some of them said plainly that it was about time I hit on a new line. Others were of a pleading nature, taking the attitude that poor Boob and Pearl had been so loyal to each other that I ought to reward mutual devotion of this sort by letting them get married. Not being a hard-hearted Simon Legree, it was O. K. with me to unite them in matrimony; but I couldn't help wondering whether the same people who were demanding this outcome would still be interested in the series with Boob and Pearl launched on a prosaic career of domesticity. Please note that the word "finis" is written to most love stories when the hero and heroine join in wedlock. From my own standpoint, it would be unfortunate, to say the least, if I killed the Boob McNutt series to gratify a whim of those readers who took the trouble to write to me. There was the possibility that if everybody could be consulted the verdict would be the other way.

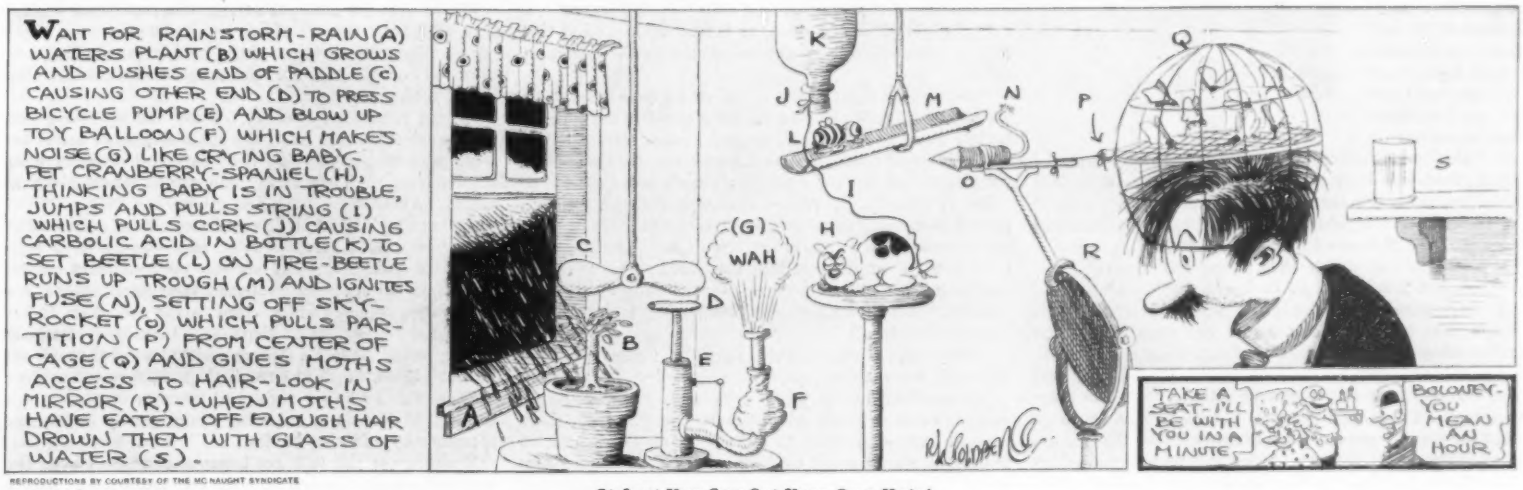
Nevertheless I took the chance, and one Sunday about a year ago the followers of Boob and Pearl were astounded to find that the ceremony had actually been performed. Though messages of congratulation for both them and myself poured in, including a few telegrams, I knew that only time would tell whether I was to suffer by virtue of this decision to let true love have its just reward. I rather feared that a mistake had been made and it actually surprised me to find, six months later, that the series was going as well as it ever had.

Save Boob From Bigamy

YET I am still wondering whether this would be so if I permitted their love to run a tranquil course. Boob has been separated from Pearl, living among strange people in a goofy sort of land accompanied by those queer little twins, Mike and Ike, and there has been the alarming circumstance that he may be forced against his will into a bigamous marriage with the fat daughter of the leading citizen. I have letters every day imploring me, for Pearl's sweet sake, not to let Boob commit bigamy. The latest cry is that I reunite them—which I shall do in time, though I fear it can hardly be a permanent reunion. The world is not interested in unadulterated domestic bliss.

How different is this demand for tribulation from what was required of the professional story-teller only a few years ago. If you will look back through some of the old books you used to read in your youth, you will see that the lives of heroes and heroines moved in an even tenor and that nobody was happy if courageous Claude happened to be separated for many days from gentle Gwendolyn. In fact, if it chanced that Claude and Gwendolyn had been lashed together in the bonds of matrimony, it was indecorous to keep them apart. Public morals were shocked, public sentiment was outraged and the author had to seek other fields as a means of livelihood. It is indifferent to the people of this day. They like spice. Omit it and some of our best citizens immediately pronounce you as being so blah that you don't know the Civil War is over. Especially the younger generation. Jazz is the vogue.

(Continued on Page 115)



REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE MC NAUGHT SYNDICATE

At Last You Can Cut Your Own Hair!

THE PUNK BOSS

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

WHEN Phœbe was eighty-seven years old the menagerie superintendent joined the head bull man in a genial appraisal. It was following the matinée; the two men could loaf and consider other matters than getting the show on and off the lot. "She sure has been a good old girl," said the menagerie superintendent.

The boss bull man reached for his hat and took half a cigar out of the sweatband. "Yeh," he agreed as he struck a match. "But she's gettin' awful old."

"Yeh, she's gettin' old, all right," echoed the superintendent.

Then they stood and looked at Phœbe again—an ancient elephant that showed her eighty-seven years in much the same manner as a human being. There was the slight springiness at the knees, the hollows under the eyes and wrinkles and sunken spots about the mouth. The popular idea of an elephant's ability to live for centuries is fallacious.

Old Phœbe was the work elephant of the Great Amalgamated. For twenty years she had yanked the wagons out of the tangle that surrounds the unloading runs each morning, helped the heavy draft teams when a vehicle went in the ditch or the circus grounds were soft with mud, made parade, spotted the cages in the setting up of the menagerie and, this done, had gone into performance only that she might come forth to the myriad duties which begin immediately after the cook house has finished the feeding of the circus personnel, following matinée. When disaster came, such as storm or train wreck, late arrival or boggy lots, the calls for Phœbe were incessant. But now Phœbe was eighty-seven years old, and the two men who stood looking at her felt that something should be done about it.



Soon Eleven Elephants Were Swimming Diagonally Toward the Haven of the River Bank, With the Current Aiding Them Instead of Hindering, as Farther and Farther They Were Carried Downstream

"How's her feet these days?" asked the menagerie superintendent.

"Well, they're all right if I keep 'em pared down. It's her knees I've been noticin' mostly. She kind of caves now and then. Oh," continued the bull man, "she's gettin' old, all right."



"Yeh, she's gettin' old," repeated the superintendent. "I've been thinking it over. We've got those ten punks coming from Hamburg. They've got to have an older bull with 'em; otherwise they'll stampede all over the place."

"She'd be awful good with punks," said the head bull man. "Smoky'll squawk his head off, though."

"We'll give him Rajah—he's young and strong."

"Yeh, but you know how he is about Phœbe."

Exactly how Smoky, the lot superintendent, was about Phœbe was heavily demonstrated ten days later. The order had gone forth. Other elephants must do the work which Phœbe once had accomplished, and the protest which arose from every department was loud and long-sustained. There were no other elephants that could do what Phœbe did, none with her brains, her idea of precision, her docility and eagerness. More and more insistent became the wail. Then the menagerie superintendent ended the argument.

"What would you do if Phœbe'd die?" he asked the lot superintendent.

"Well, get along without her, I guess."

"All right; Phœbe's dead, as far as work around this lot's concerned. We've got something more important for her."

But it wasn't more to her liking—for a time at least. A week later, old Phœbe was loaded into a box car and attached to an express train, en route for winter quarters. There alone, in the big elephant house, she was fastened to her picket ring, fed and watered regularly and expected to enjoy it. She didn't. All her life she had known activity, people, something going on; here there was nothing to do but to weave and sway, to eat, drink and do nothing day upon day. Even the fact that the boss bull man had accompanied her into this queer form of exile didn't help matters, except for his cheerful predictions as he slapped her wrinkled trunk.

"Never you mind, old girl! You'll have plenty to keep you busy some of these days."

The prediction came true a week later, when, to the accompaniment of much winter-quarters excitement, there arrived from quarantine in New York an express car of animation accompanied by two trainers direct from Hamburg. The shipment contained ten squealing, inquisitive elephant punks, or babies, of an average age of about seven years and an equally average playfulness. Old Phœbe trumpeted and blasted many times that day. She had wanted excitement; it was all about her now—baby elephants walking under her belly or getting in fights between her heavy legs; baby elephants stealing her food or yanking at her trunk or rolling and tumbling all about her when she desired to be restful and pensive.

It was a strain upon her placid nature that she never before had known, and a problem evidently for her own solving. The head bull man and the two trainers had merely turned the squealing, investigative, never-still little brutes into old Phœbe's section of the animal house, forked in plenty of hay and filled the water trough; after that they had departed, leaving Phœbe to handle matters as best she could.

All day she stood it, and until late evening. Then, with the noise and scampering still continuing, the old bull suddenly flattened her ears, swayed her trunk along the cement floor and emitted a blast of warning that should have been sufficient for any elephant. It meant nothing to the punks. A game of pachydermic tag was on, and in the very midst of old Phœbe's warning, three scampering punks collided before her, knocking her front legs from under her.

Phœbe arose, a different being. She trumpeted wildly, then with swift smacks of her trunk she sent those three punks rolling into the rest of the herd, a snowballing motion which piled one end of the animal house considerably full of young elephants.

It had a surprising effect. Once the squealing and disentanglement was over, ten little elephants stood for a moment merely flapping their ears and wiggling their stubby trunks. Then slowly one moved forward, whimpering. Another followed, and others.

An hour later old Phœbe stood motionless, surprised at herself, surprised at the punks, ears waving as if with heavy thought. All about her were piled elephant babies, some lying asleep, some scratching their backs against her horny legs, some cuddling close to the soft flesh of her flanks and breasts, for an elephant is built upon strangely human lines. At last a strange warmth went through old Phœbe—the warmth of tired little bodies, cuddling close in loneliness now that night had come, a warmth which caused old Phœbe to raise her trunk gently and caress them one by one—her babies.

Training for the new act began sooner than even the boss bull man had hoped for. He had figured on at least a week for the crowd to get acquainted.

"But, at that," he told the men from Hamburg, "I might of known it. There never was a bull like Phœbe."

Nor was all the training for the punks; the most important part of it, in fact, devolved upon the teaching of an ancient elephant that she must be the teacher of others. Slowly, patiently, time after time and day after day, they took Phœbe into the training house and there did perfectly useless things, according to her viewpoint. They trussed her and padded her knees and fastened blocks and tackles to her, while assistants tried to force ten squealing punks to look on, and while the punks did largely as they pleased. Then they brought pressure to bear upon the ropes which held Phœbe's front legs, forcing her downward into a kneeling position—she who had known how to kneel for seventy-five years!

Gradually Phœbe got the idea; repetition arranged that. First she would do a trick, assisted by blocks and tackles. Then a punk would be led forward and fastened protestingly into the harness, while old Phœbe remained at one side with the remaining nine. At first she protested too; little by little her mother instinct had been awakened, not to one child but to ten. Like a tremendous hen with her brood, she now gathered them to her o' nights; then, surrounded by her adopted offspring, passed the hours in half slumber, quick to stir at the slightest sound and with a caressing motion of her trunk soothe a restless member of her brood to sleep again.

At first it was only natural, therefore, that her trunk should rise in frantic protest at the hint of danger to one of them. But gradually elephantine common sense came to her aid. The head bull man and his assistants were doing nothing to her babies that they had not done to her. So one day she let them squeal and bellow without much evidence of interest, until one recalcitrant punk broke from his captors and ran frantically to her for aid. Then old Phœbe aroused herself sufficiently to examine carefully her ward with the sensitive fingers of her trunk; and assured at last of a lack of injury, summarily whacked it over the head and butted it back to work.

That night the head bull man fell off the wagon with a joyous thud. Six weeks later he telegraphed the general manager to come back to winter quarters and take a look at something new in elephant acts.

It was to a pachydermic kindergarten that the superintendent returned. Set up in the elephant house, in a semicircle, were ten small bull tubs, brightly painted in grotesque figures from Mother Goose, with a full-sized tub facing the ten, adorned on its sides with a purple cow vaulting gayly over an ultramarine moon. The head bull man himself was attired in a red wig, grease-paint freckles, two blacked-out teeth and the rest of a costume necessary to depict Simple Simon.

Waiting at one side for their command stood ten little elephants, their fanlike ears flapping to the tickling of gigantic ruffs which protruded from their necks, and their serious appearance made all the more comical by the dunce cap which was cocked at a precise angle over each tiny pachyderm's right eye. But if their mien was humorously serious, it met compensation in the ridiculous sublimity which permeated the giant figure just behind them. Old Phœbe was dressed as the schoolma'am—flapping hat, tremendous pink waist with leg-o'-mutton sleeves extending to her elbow joints, and the nether end of her somewhat concealed by a billowing skirt of green cheesecloth.

"It's a swell layout," said the general manager. "How's the act itself?"

In reply, the head bull man blew his whistle and two jacks of hearts, who otherwise were phlegmatic citizens of Hamburg, moved to the head of the diminutive herd. Then a command and the baby elephants came trotting forward, each to its place in class, and when that was done, in sashayed old Phœbe, her hindquarters moving in a manner reminiscent of the Streets of Cairo.

"You see, the band plays the kootch for her entrance," explained the head bull man. "Won't that be a panic?"

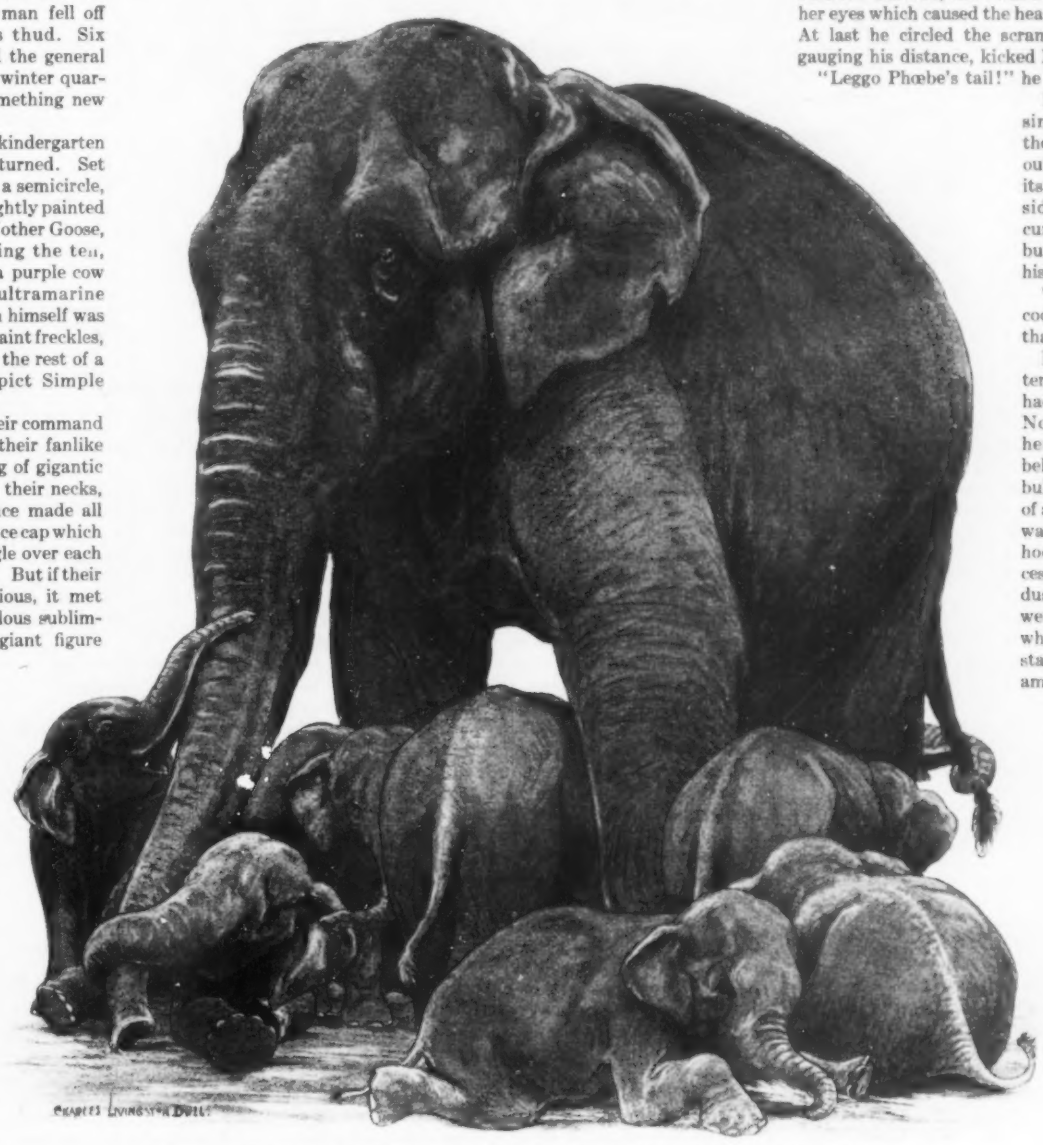
"It's a knock-out," answered the general manager, and repeated the phrase several times as the act progressed.

It was a new way of presenting old and simple tricks—first old Phœbe did them, and then, apparently under her tutelage, the class followed; they stood on their hind legs, they bowed and waltzed and walked rows of wooden pegs resembling bottles; a group of scholars performing, not for their trainers but for a ludicrous old elephantine lady whose enthusiasm in their antics was something more than mere obedience to command. Finally the whole crowd made its exit, trunk to tail as Schoolma'am Phœbe stood at the opening of the ring, loudly clanging a giant school bell with ecstatic wavings of her trunk; then, the bell still clattering, she followed her pupils out of the scene.

The general manager commented again that the act was a knock-out, adding, "Old Phœbe sure can handle 'em, can't she? That act clicked like a Swiss watch."

"Oh, yeh," answered the head bull man, frowning in emphasis. "There ain't none of 'em get past old Phœbe."

The statement bore a certain weak bombastry which evaded the general manager, but which existed nevertheless. It was true that, in the ring, aided by trainers and discipline, old Phœbe seemed everything that an elephant schoolma'am should be. But the head bull man, during the weeks in which he had watched the transformation of ten little elephants from unimportant strangers to coveted darlings, had seen certain unpleasant straws scud before a threatening wind. The head bull man knew two things well—elephants and whisky; and found certain similar ingredients in each. Both, he had come to learn, were amiable in subjection and dominant in mastery. Of late he had observed evidences of mounting supremacy on the part of ten little elephants, which gave him the shivers.



Like a Tremendous Hen With Her Brood, She Now Gathered Them to Her o' Nights

The worst of this was that he knew nothing to do about it—the condition was what might be called a personal matter and beyond the reach of a trainer. Old Phœbe had lived most of her life in loneliness. Her work with the circus had carried her away from the main herd for the greater part of the time. While it was loafing in the cars or begging peanuts in the menagerie, she was out on the circus grounds, carrying quarter poles or spotting wagons—occupations which had served well to occupy her attention at the time, but which had left a void nevertheless. Now, in her old age, ten little punks had come to her, to look upon her as their protector, their friend, their mother. In return, old Phœbe, who never had known the comfort and trials of even one true child, had bulged over with affection sufficient for ten, and in that the head bull man could hear the muttering of distant thunder and the swirl of approaching tornadoes. Of course he said nothing to the general manager. Miracles still happen. Maybe one would happen here.

But as time passed and the act made ready to join the circus, the head bull man knew more and more that the miracle couldn't be.

"She's gone cuckoo over 'em!" he groaned one evening as he stood, hands in hip pockets, solitary and dejected at the picture before him. "As batty as an old maid who's found a kid on her doorstep!"

Before the bull man was a depiction of maternal inferiority that discouraged him terribly. The punks had been released from their picket pins for evening exercise and were romping gloriously as they used old Phœbe for a sort of base about which they cavorted. They bumped against her heavy legs, causing her to sway from the impact; they scrambled beneath her; they ate her hay and scampered under her neck; while at the rear, Moko, the most ambitious of the ten, suddenly becoming fascinated with her piggy tail, reached upward with his trunk and yanked at it until his eyes bulged.

All this was happening without protest on the part of old Phœbe. Instead, there was a dotty expression of delight in her eyes which caused the head bull man to breathe gustily. At last he circled the scrambling family and, carefully gauging his distance, kicked Moko with forceful accuracy.

"Leggo Phœbe's tail!" he commanded.

Moko obeyed and squealed simultaneously. Then, while the other punks scattered, the outraged baby, still bellowing its displeasure, leaped to one side and stood there, trunk curled in defiance. The head bull man jerked belligerently at his cap.

"So you're one of them tough cookies?" he asked. "The sooner that's took out of you ——"

He finished neither the sentence nor the threat. Old Phœbe had sensed trouble and whirled. Now, blocking the way, while her family of punks scurried behind her, she stood before the bull man a veritable mountain of anger. Her high-curled trunk was blasting warnings, the big hoofs were padding in quick succession, raising eddies of hay dust as they did so; her big ears were wide and her eyes showed white. The bull boss drew back, staring for an instant in sheer amazement. Then he shrugged his shoulders dejectedly and moved away. But he spoke a prophecy over his shoulder:

"All right, old sister. It's your own funeral!"

For, knowing elephants, the head bull man saw inevitably the time when the mastery of youth would spread from the picket pin to the performing ring. It happened even sooner than he expected.

"Old Phœbe seems to be slowing up in the act a bit," said the menagerie superintendent a month or so after the

(Continued on Page 132)

VIOLENT RAY

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

MR. RAY MUSTARD, very colored, was upholding the peace and dignity of himself. His muscular figure was incased in a dressing gown of horticultural design. He puffed languidly on a Turkish cigarette and surveyed his visitor through the clouds of fragrant smoke.

"I is sick," announced Mr. Mustard suddenly.

"No!" said the visitor incredulously. "You sholy don't look it."

"Just the same, Ise a sick man—a terrible sick man."

"What's the matter, Mistuh Mustard?"

A quizzical gleam showed in the eyes of Mr. Mustard.

"Ise gwine esplain all about that pretty soon," he said. "Sposin', meanwhile, that you take a seat."

From outside came the murmur of Chattanooga's Darktown—automobiles, street cars, trucks and children. The sounds were wafted through the open window of Ray's hotel room and served to soothe such nerves as may have needed soothing.

Mr. Mustard was very much in his element. His visitor—Ollie Napp by name—was overawed by the fact that he stood face to face and eye to eye with the great Mr. Mustard—the very identical Ray Mustard who, as a member of a famous Chicago baseball team of colored players, had been acclaimed as perhaps the finest negro pitcher ever to wear cleats.

Ray had left Chicago very recently and was de-luxing a while on his native heath. The colored brethren of Chattanooga sought to do him honor and Ray was not averse to adulation. A difficult baseball season was behind him, his bank balance was of sufficient proportions to insure a winter of glorious indolence, and here in this gem city of eastern Tennessee he was very considerable punkins.



He Impressed Upon Him the Importance of Nonchalance, of Aloofness, of Impenetrable Dignity

Ollie was, of course, pop-eyed. He, a mere ambitious sand-lot pitcher, was being treated as a human being by the superlative Mr. Mustard. Ray even inquired languidly after the condition of Ollie's throwing arm and the keenness of his batting eye. Mr. Napp was quivering with delight. He felt very humble and grateful and small in the presence of this man, despite the fact that he was of about Ray's size and physical strength.

He wondered why Ray Mustard had sent for him. He knew vaguely that a cat was, under certain conditions, privileged to look at a king, but this was the first time that he ever had heard of a king summoning a cat for the purpose of conferring that privilege. And, too, he always had understood that Ray Mustard was inclined to be uppity. Rank libel! Nobody coul'n't be no nicer than Mistuh Mustard! Wasn't he sittin' there a-talkin' an' a-talkin' just as though they was equals? Gosh!

"Y'ever heah about the Alabama Cullud League?" inquired Mr. Mustard.

"Y-y-yas-suh. A li'l' bit."

"Fas' circuit," condescended Ray; "an' they sho has had a swell season. You heard tell of it?"

"Not pretickerlely, Mistuh Mustard."

"It's thisaway," explained the champion pitcher: "They has got six clubs representin' six good Alabama towns. They is prefessional an' they divides their regalar league race up into two parts. Winner of the fust half season plays the winner of the second half season fo' the champeenship. Git me?"

"Y-y-yas-suh. Just like the white folks' Southern League is doin' this yeah."

"Ezackly. Now, when this Alabama Cullud League started off this yeah Dorping had a swell team. They went like a house afire, an' befo' they knowed it they had the fust half of that pennant race sewed up. But meanwhile the Bumminham club, which has got mo' money, was prospectin' aroun' buyin' players, so that when the second half got under way, the Bumminham team was the best in the league. Well, it ran away with the second half race, and so them two teams was to meet in a five-game series to decide the champeenship." Ray's eyes closed speculatively. "Is you interested, Ollie?"

"Man! Ain't I just? I'd ruther talk baseball than eat."

"Ten days ago them two teams opened their series in Dorping. There was a lot of excitement and plenty gambling, an' a whole trainload of cullud folks went over fum Bumminham. It was a swell pitchin' battle an' Bumminham never seemed to git started, so Dorping won the game. The second game Dorping also won. Just one of them days when ev'y man on the team was wallopin' the ball all over the lot.

"Then they went to Bumminham fo' the nex' two games. Dorping gamblers was bettin' lots of money an' givin' big odds. Bumminham men was coverin' them bets 'cause they knew good an' well they had the best team. Well, anyway, Bumminham won the next two games. Easy. But in the second Bumminham game a big feller fum Dorping got in a fight with the star Bumminham pitcher an' knocked him fo' a ghoul. That started a riot, an' befo' anybody knew anything ev'ybody was fightin'. The games stand two an' two, but the clubs couldn't git together about playin' off the tie on account they was scared of mo' riotin', an' the Bumminham pitcher ain't ever recovered fum that beatin' he got.

"Well, the leveler heads got together an' talked things over, an' they decided that the clubs was to play it off an' there wasn't to be no mo' fightin'. They also made a 'greement that Bumminham can sign a new pitcher fo' the final game to take the place of their star which was beat up. They tossed a coin an' decided the game was to be played in Bumminham day after tomorrow, an' then—well"—and Mr. Mustard sighed—"tha's where I come in."

"Where you does what, Mistuh Mustard?"

"Where I come in."

"H-h-how?"

"'Cause right away, Ollie, them Bumminham fellers hearn that I had finished the season with my Chicago team an' they telephoned me would I pitch that game fo' them fo' two hund'ed an' fifty dollars cash money."

"Great sufferin' tripe! All that money fo' pitchin' just one game?"

"Tha's all. 'Tain't so much, though, Ollie, 'cause they know, with me in the box, Bumminham cain't lose. They got a nachelly better team to start with, an' when they gits me chuckin' 'em over, it's a cinch."

"Daw-gone if it ain't!"

"Anyway, I assepted their offer, an' this mawnin' I gotten their post-office money order fo' the two hund'ed an' fifty dollars."

"Cash in adwance?"

"Absolutely. Tha's the on'iest way I does business."

"Golla! Hero what you is!"

"Ain't it the troof." Ray gave vent to a hollow cough. "An' tha's what makes me sad, Ollie."

"Says which?"

"I says tha's what makes me sad. 'Cause, Ollie, I is a sick man."

"Shuh, Mistuh Mustard, you don't look no sicker than me."

"Just the same, I is. I is terrible ill. I don't feel like I got no mo' stren'th than a piece of spaghetti."

Mr. Napp shook a sympathetic head. "If—if you is so sick, Mistuh Mustard, how is you gwine pitch that game fo' Bumminham?"

Ray's eyes narrowed. "Tha's what I want to know, Ollie. In fack, I might even say that I ain't gwine pitch that game at all."

"On account of bein' sick?"

"Yeh. On account of that."

"Gee! Tha's the most hard luck I ever heard tell of."

Ray hoisted himself to a sitting posture and changed the subject rather abruptly: "You kind of ambitions to play prefessional baseball, don't you, Ollie?"

"Man, tha's the one thing I don't want to do nothin' else but."

"Folks heahabouts tell me you is a pretty good pitcher."

"Well"—modestly—"I reckon I ain't the rottenest in the world."

"Maybe not." Mr. Mustard lighted another cigarette. "You know somethin' funny, Ollie?"

"Yeh. What?"

"There ain't a soul in Bumminham which knows me pussonal."

"No?"

"Not a pusson. Now I was just wonderin' somethin'—somethin' awful impawtant."

"Yas-suh?"

"I was just wonderin'," murmured Ray Mustard, "how you would like to go to Bumminham an' pitch that game fo' me."

Ollie threw back his head and gave vent to the hilarity which such a suggestion demanded.

"Humorous feller what you is, Mistuh Mustard! I never did see the beat."

"I ain't humorous, big boy. Ise se'ious."

"Shuh!" Then the smile slipped from Ollie's ebony countenance. "You—you ain't really?"

"I never was mo' seriouser in my life."

"But, Mistuh Mustard ——"

"Don't but me, Ollie. An' give me ear fo' a minute. Ain't I done 'splained to you that Bumminham has anyway got the best team an' cain't lose, barrin' a miracle? Two accidents like happened when Dorping won the fust two games won't never occur again. Also, I ain't cravin' to kill myse'f by pitchin' no ball game as sick as I is."

He paced the room in his flowered gown and sprayed his visitor with arguments. Ollie didn't think he looked particularly ill, but he kept his opinion to himself.

"Always you has wanted to bust into prefessional baseball," orated Mr. Mustard. "A' right. You go down to Bumminham an' preten' like you is I. They give you a swell time, which ain't gwine be so hahd to enjoy. Then you pitch the game against Dorping. If you lose, it is me which does so, an' there ain't gwine be no bad feelin's. Does you win, I make it my business to tell the manager of the Bumminham team who it really was, an' right away they sign you up fo' nex' yeah. An' fo' doin' me this li'l' favor, Ollie, I offer you a return ticket to Bumminham an' also seventy-five dollars cash."

Ollie was dazzled. He was flabbergasted, amazed, dumfounded and otherwise rendered inarticulate. He tried to speak and succeeded only in moving his mouth in excellent imitation of a trout. Ray continued his harangue.

"Opporchunity—tha's what it is, big boy. Opporchunity with a big T. Bumminham team is gwine play swell baseball behime you 'cause they think you is me, an' I cain't be beat. If Dorping happens to make a few hits, they will think it's 'cause you is allowin' them to do such. Man, you got ev'ything to win an' nothin' to lose!"

"Y-y-yas-suh. But spose they was to find out that I ain't you, nor neither you ain't in Bumminham. What kind of an accident does I happen to then?"

"They ain't gwine find out. Nobody down there knows me. Always I has played baseball in the Nawth. An' besides, if the wust came to the wust an' they did find out, I would esplain that I was terrible sick an' coul'n't come, so I sent you instead."

Ollie was eager, but doubtful. "Is—is it honest, Mistuh Mustard?"

"Co'se it's honest. You is a good pitcher—ev'ybody aroun' heah says you is. An' you is gwine be twirlin' fo' the best team. All they want to do is win, ain't it?"

"Tha's right. That sholy is right."

"You is dawg-gone tootin' it is. An' all you is doin' is helpin' a sick friend. Now, I ask you: Will you will or will you won't?"

Ollie fought valiantly, but it was a losing battle. In the end he extended his hand in acceptance of the offer. The ethics did not appeal particularly to him, but Ray had spoken truly—the opportunity of insuring a baseball future for himself was too dazzling to miss.

"One mo' thing," said Ray: "In case them fans want to know anythin' 'bout my record ——"

Ollie smiled. "Decompose yo'se'f on that subjeck, Mistuh Mustard. I know mo' 'bout yo' baseball record than you do yo' ownse'f."

"Then it's all settled. I'll wire them folks that I is leavin' fo' Bumminham on the mawnin' train tomorrow."

"You?"

"Meanin' you, Ollie. You is gwine be me, an' Ise warnin' you right now, you better uphol' my dignity. Treat 'em high-hat. This is one time in yo' life where you got to make other folks b'lieve that you think you is wuth a durn."

During much of the afternoon Ollie Napp and Ray Mustard held serious converse. Mr. Mustard was engaged in teaching Mr. Napp just how a champion colored pitcher should act off the diamond. He impressed upon him the importance of nonchalance, of aloofness, of impenetrable dignity. And the following morning the doubtful but excited Ollie boarded the A. G. S. fast train for Birmingham. In his pocket was a return ticket plus the seventy-five dollars which Ray Mustard had given him.

As a final impressive touch, Ollie was carrying a much-labeled suitcase which was the property of the famous, if somewhat unscrupulous, pitcher.

The train pulled out of the Chattanooga station and Ollie tried to relax, but his most valiant efforts were unsuccessful. He was embarked definitely upon the single adventure of a calm and uneventful life. Not all of his doubts had been dispelled, but he had been unable to resist the persuasive logic of Ray's arguments. After all, Ollie regarded Mr. Mustard as the very greatest colored man in all the world.

As for himself, the prospect of being treated as a conquering hero was well-nigh irresistible. For two glorious days he was to play the part of the great Mustard. For at least one and a half days he was to be looked upon by the colored populace of Birmingham as the greatest colored twirler in the world. He trembled with anticipation which was not untinctured by fear. There was the horrid danger that the masquerade might be discovered, with consequences more or less permanently disastrous to Mr. Napp. But after all, Ray had shot square. The seventy-five dollars was in Ollie's wallet. He had, as Ray forcefully explained, everything to gain and nothing to lose.

There was the chance, too, that he might make good on the mound; that he might, with the expert support of the Birmingham team, succeed in winning the ball game and a permanent home in the Alabama metropolis.

Ollie knew that he was a pretty fair pitcher. Of course, his experience had never extended beyond the sand lots of Chattanooga, but in that baseball society he was a striker-out of exceptional merit.

Four hours after leaving Chattanooga the train rolled under the huge shed of the Birmingham Terminal Station. Ollie was first from the coach. He carried Ray Mustard's heavy suitcase. He descended the stairs and followed the crowd of passengers underneath the tracks. Then he mounted another flight of steps and passed into the station.

There he saw a crowd of perhaps one hundred elegantly garbed colored persons, all of whom were staring at the iron gates. At sight of him there was a general move forward. Then somebody spotted the initials R. M. on the suitcase. A large and pompous individual who was garbed in high silk hat, Prince Albert coat, white spats and horn-rimmed goggles, acted as spokesman for the gathering.

"Is you Mistuh Mustard?" he inquired.

"I—I reckon I is," answered Ollie nervously.

A fleshy paw made a large gesture.

"My name is Lawyer Evans Chew. On behalf of the Bumminham Club an' also this fair an' prosperous city, I welcome you to our mist. We ain't got no key to the city, but if we did have, it would be yourn, *ipso facto*, an' we crave to know how yo' pitchin' arm is."

Ollie stood blinking. He was struggling for self-control. Then an idea came to him: He was not Ollie Napp at all, but the great Ray Mustard, and he must conduct himself as Mr. Mustard would do. He shrugged rather awkwardly and made a direct answer.

"I never felt better, Mistuh Lawyer Chew. I could beat this Dorping team in my sleep. They ain't gwine make hahdly a hit offen me."

"Hot ziggity dam!" A dapper young person leaped forward and seized the newcomer's hand. "I sho hope you prognasticates correck, Mistuh Mustard, 'cause most of us Bumminham fellers has bet our last dime on the game tomorrow. An' it's you us counts on."

Ollie experienced a pang of nervousness. "They ain't no baseball game absotively certain," he reminded.

(Continued on Page 91)

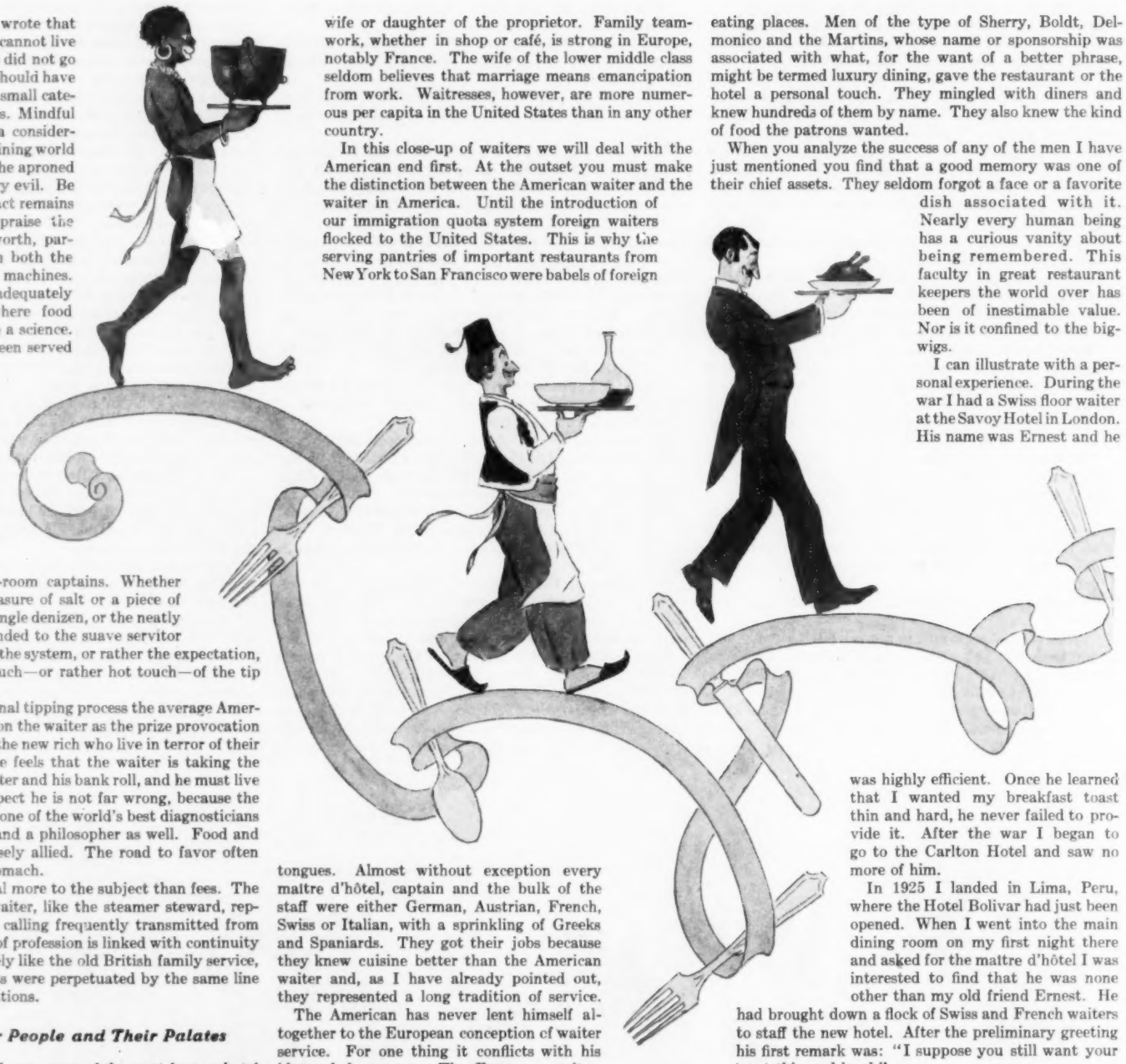


The Head Umpire Thundered His Decision. He Shook His Finger in Mr. Mustard's Face. "You is Out of the Game!" He Roared. "An' You Ain't Comin' Back!"

WAITERS

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING



THE poet who wrote that civilized man cannot live without cooks did not go the whole way. He should have added waiters to the small category of indispensables. Mindful of the tip tyranny, a considerable portion of the dining world is likely to say that the aproned gentry are a necessary evil. Be that as it may, the fact remains that we seldom appraise the waiter at his real worth, particularly as a cog in both the social and economic machines. His position is more adequately fixed in Europe, where food is an art and service a science.

I have probably been served in as many different languages as any living man and can therefore write out of a world-wide experience. The range of waiters runs from naked natives once removed from cannibalism in the heart of Africa to the last sartorial word in Ritz dining-room captains. Whether the gratuity is a measure of salt or a piece of copper wire for the jungle denizen, or the neatly folded bank note handed to the suave servitor in open-face clothes, the system, or rather the expectation, is the same. One touch—or rather hot touch—of the tip makes them all kin.

Because of the eternal tipping process the average American is apt to look upon the waiter as the prize provocation of indigestion. Like the new rich who live in terror of their imported servants, he feels that the waiter is taking the measure of his character and his bank roll, and he must live up to it. In this respect he is not far wrong, because the experienced waiter is one of the world's best diagnosticians of the human being and a philosopher as well. Food and temperament are closely allied. The road to favor often lies by way of the stomach.

There is a good deal more to the subject than fees. The seasoned European waiter, like the steamer steward, represents an honorable calling frequently transmitted from father to son. Pride of profession is linked with continuity of work. It is precisely like the old British family service, where household posts were perpetuated by the same line through many generations.

A Memory for People and Their Palates

AS YOU will presently see, some of the most famous hotel owners began as bus boys and graduated into the waiter class, there to impress their ability and to establish the contacts that made them millionaires. They succeeded because they did not regard their earlier jobs as menial callings but as serious vocations. Hence, when you snap your fingers or rattle a spoon against a glass in your impatience to get a waiter you might be summoning a future European landlord whose favor you are likely to need.

The period of the World War and the immediate aftermath, which smashed so many traditions, also affected the waiter both here and abroad. In many European countries it led to the system of adding a percentage of the bill for tips. On this side of the Atlantic prohibition wiped out one type and established another. For every saloon and restaurant of the old days there are a score of luncheonettes, cafeterias, automats, tea rooms, and drug stores that serve food. The serve-self idea has put a big dent in waiter personnel. You naturally wonder what has become of the old waiters. You also ask: Where are the barkeepers of yesteryear?

In both cases they are either jerking sodas at innumerable fountains, dodging padlocks in speak-easies, or have gone into other occupations. Moreover, the waitress, who got her great chance during the war, has hung on because she is cheaper and, in many instances, more amenable to demands. She has a counterpart in the British tea room and in small restaurants of Austria, France, Germany and Italy, where frequently the woman who serves you is the wife or daughter of the proprietor. Family teamwork, whether in shop or café, is strong in Europe, notably France. The wife of the lower middle class seldom believes that marriage means emancipation from work. Waitresses, however, are more numerous per capita in the United States than in any other country.

In this close-up of waiters we will deal with the American end first. At the outset you must make the distinction between the American waiter and the waiter in America. Until the introduction of our immigration quota system foreign waiters flocked to the United States. This is why the serving pantries of important restaurants from New York to San Francisco were babels of foreign tongues. Almost without exception every maître d'hôtel, captain and the bulk of the staff were either German, Austrian, French, Swiss or Italian, with a sprinkling of Greeks and Spaniards. They got their jobs because they knew cuisine better than the American waiter and, as I have already pointed out, they represented a long tradition of service.

The American has never lent himself altogether to the European conception of waiter service. For one thing it conflicts with his ideas of democracy. The European waiter, for example, is usually schooled to accept the customer's viewpoint, although he may not agree with him. Long before Marguery, the Paris restaurateur, proclaimed the dictum "the client is always right," it was the unofficial motto of many proprietors. Most of them have risen from the ranks. Therefore they have no illusions about social equality. The service sense is ingrained even when they own or manage de luxe hotels. They will strike a match to light a client's cigarette with the same alacrity that they did in the old days when they wore aprons.

The Yankee waiter, on the other hand, is inclined to assert himself. He believes that he is just as good as any man who walks the earth and frequently shows it in his take-it-or-leave-it attitude. Moreover, living as he does in a land of opportunity, he knows that his children will graduate from the servitor class.

One of the best types of American waiter of the old days was the Irishman whose stronghold was the oyster-and-chop house. I say "American" because the transplanted Hibernian is never regarded as a foreigner. The Irish also owned or served in what used to be called the oyster bar, which to a considerable extent has gone into the realm of things that were. They answered to the hail of "Mike" just as the Italian bootblack responds to "Joe" and the Pullman porter to "George."

When I went to New York to live in 1902 the old hotel and restaurant order was at high tide. The foreigner was in almost undisputed control of service in all the high-class eating places. Men of the type of Sherry, Boldt, Delmonico and the Martins, whose name or sponsorship was associated with what, for the want of a better phrase, might be termed luxury dining, gave the restaurant or the hotel a personal touch. They mingled with diners and knew hundreds of them by name. They also knew the kind of food the patrons wanted.

When you analyze the success of any of the men I have just mentioned you find that a good memory was one of their chief assets. They seldom forgot a face or a favorite dish associated with it. Nearly every human being has a curious vanity about being remembered. This faculty in great restaurant keepers the world over has been of inestimable value. Nor is it confined to the bigwigs.

I can illustrate with a personal experience. During the war I had a Swiss floor waiter at the Savoy Hotel in London. His name was Ernest and he was highly efficient. Once he learned that I wanted my breakfast toast thin and hard, he never failed to provide it. After the war I began to go to the Carlton Hotel and saw no more of him.

In 1925 I landed in Lima, Peru, where the Hotel Bolivar had just been opened. When I went into the main dining room on my first night there and asked for the maître d'hôtel I was interested to find that he was none other than my old friend Ernest. He had brought down a flock of Swiss and French waiters to staff the new hotel. After the preliminary greeting his first remark was: "I suppose you still want your toast thin and hard."

I tell this story to emphasize two points in connection with foreign waiters. One is that the good waiter seldom forgets anything or anybody. The other is that it is bad business to undertip a waiter on the assumption that you will never see him again. If you have to travel much, you discover that regulated generosity is always a good investment. You can never tell where the waiter who has served you in London, Paris or Berlin will turn up.

A Change of Service

THIS does not mean that the European waiter in general is a nomad. Far from it. I have had the same waiters in half a dozen foreign capitals for twenty years, save during the war when so many served with the colors. The same is true of valets and maids—they are usually husband and wife—who seem to take root, especially in the big French hotels. The waiters who change posts are mainly those who become maîtres d'hôtel or captains in the new hotels springing up everywhere as the tourist volume increases.

Every now and then I meet a waiter in London, Paris or Rome who has served me in New York. They are usually men who went home to fight in the war and, with peace, became part and parcel of the old environment. Others are unable to get back because of the quota. Still others shy at working under the dry law.

Many alien waiters who have worked in America go back to France, Switzerland or Italy and establish restaurants

of their own. Jules Ausaldi, a well-known captain on Broadway in the late 90's and the early part of this century, is now proprietor of one of the smartest restaurants on the Champs Élysées in Paris.

The reminiscence about Ernest and the deductions have been a digression. We can now return to the prewar situation in New York, which was duplicated on a smaller scale throughout the United States. The personal contact between big proprietor and patron was only one phase of the intimate relationship.

The little German beer saloon, which usually had a restaurant attached, bred a distinct type of waiter whose familiarity was not always equaled by his capacity. Patrons generally knew his whole history and contributed to all his family events, grave or gay. These waiters averaged a funeral or a wedding a month. With the passing of the Pilsener they also went into the scrap heap.



One of the most picturesque restaurant attachés of the gay 90's was the singing waiter, whose chief habitat, so far as New York was concerned, was the Bowery resort. These waiters not only had to sling hash and beer but provide musical entertainment as well. Their sentimental songs about home and mother which invoked tears also loosened purse strings.

Our Best

SOME of Irving Berlin's earlier songs were sung in a Bowery restaurant of this type while he played the accompaniment. Eddie Cantor's first public appearance was as a singing waiter.

The intimate waiter was also to be found in many of the famous New York steak-and-chop houses, especially those in the theatrical district. These men served many of the leading actors and could cite their successes and failures. A renowned institution of this kind was Jack's. On the day it opened the key to the front door was thrown out into the street. The place never closed until the proprietor went out of business. It was at Jack's that the flying wedge, in other words, the mobilized bouncers—they were all waiters—became the bane of the troublesome diner. In those days the waiter had to have physical prowess as well as skill in serving.

Another vanishing type in the East is the colored waiter who operated all the way from famous hostelries in the South to big New York establishments. It is no exaggeration to say that the colored servitor represented about the best that the United States could offer in the waiting line. These darkies, who greeted you as "Boss," not only radiated good humor but had one quality in common with the white bus boys who became rich proprietors. They were strong on memory. Their heyday was also the zenith of the American-plan hotel, where you paid for three meals a day whether you ate them or not. Most people did. The menu for every meal was an almost endless serial story of viands. You could give a colored waiter an order involving twenty dishes and he would never fail to bring every item you demanded.

The postwar decade has changed the face of the American hotel and restaurant map, and with it the waiter end to a large degree. Through the chain system, hotels have become more or less standardized. The old intimate personal contacts between staff and clients such as obtained in departed institutions like the Holland House, the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Hoffman House, the Astor House and the Grand Union in New York are practically gone. The same evolution has happened in the American newspaper, which has become a machine for mass output lacking the flavor of strong and dominant personality. What James H. Breslin, Simeon Ford and Gustav Baumann were to Gotham hotel guests Dana, Watterson, and to a lesser extent Pulitzer, were to the newspaper readers. The consumer knew about the man at the top. In the case of the hotel men it extended to contact.







While the old type of American waiter was passing out new ones were developing. The most distinct innovation is the night-club attaché who, so far as the United States is affected, is a distinct postwar product. In night clubs you now have the mineral-water-and-ice waiters who provide the highball accessories for the hip-flask brigade. Since the occupation is unlawful the tips are higher than those received by the ordinary food servitor. The night-club waiter, I might add, is part of a widespread system that preys on the gullible. So-called night life the world over is usually a sordid game to separate the unsophisticated from their money. One well-known New York night-club hostess with a sense of humor used to greet her patrons with the salutation: "Hello, sucker."

A Waiterless Dining Room

AMERICAN hotel and restaurant proprietors now face a serious problem in the replacement of foreign waiters. Despite a certain financial lure, the urge to come over here is not so great as it was before the war. The European waiter argues that so many Americans go to Europe every summer that there is no need for him to leave his home in order to avail himself of their much advertised lavishness.

The shortage of alien waiters has led to courses of training for Americans who want to go into this kind of service. These schools, which are conducted in various American hotels, mainly those comprising a chain, are under the direction of skilled French, German or Italian captains.

Man's ingenuity, however, may make up for the growing foreign-waiter deficit. At the last hotel exposition in New York the waiterless dining room was revealed. The guest writes his order and slips it through a slot in the wall. In due time a panel in the table rises and the food appears. The check also arrives by the same route. This process eliminates the tip, because the bill is paid direct to the cashier. Only a bus boy is required to clear away the soiled dishes.

Here you have a system that goes the cafeteria and the automat one better. It only remains for the robot—the mechanical servant—to be invoked to round out a waiterless world.

To study the human interest and to get the psychology of the waiter you must go to Europe. Obviously you cannot have the highest table service without the requisites,

(Continued on Page 125)

BULL TAVERN

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"You Beat Me. I Wish I'd Never Joked With You." "Why?" "Because I'd Like to Talk to You Just This Once, Me to You, One Traveler to Another"

VI

THE publicity agent in charge of Miss New Jersey's candidacy for national honors was expected to perform miracles when necessary, but never before had he been called upon to find Bull Tavern—presumably the summer residence of the Bulls of Hoboken.

His business was to establish actual contact with the candidate, plant every seed which by any possible chance might blossom into the regal flower of notoriety, issue *carte-blanche* warrants on modistes and milliners, and provide as triumphal an entry as possible to the scene of battle.

He had gathered that Bull Tavern was somewhere outside of Salem in the southernmost part of the state of New Jersey. He managed to get to Salem by train after several agonizing waits and thought his troubles were over, but they had just begun. It had seemed so simple, once he had decided he would abjure trains, charter a motor car and proceed swiftly to his destination. The stumblingblock to this sensible program was the fact that Bull Tavern, once so important, had completely faded from the modern Salem mind.

After an hour of fruitless inquiry, he had an inspiration—he called up the Donovan residence by long-distance. As was to be expected, that family, father and sons, were all out, with no hint as to their possible or probable return. Then he had another brain wave. Thinking himself clever, he succeeded in getting in touch with the oldest inhabitant, whose face lit up with encouraging light the moment Bull Tavern was mentioned.

"Certainly—certainly! Bull Tavern—old Jasper Bull! How I'd like to see him! Take the pike to a little beyond Quinton and you'll see the stage road slanting off to the right."

"How far from here?"

"About three miles."

"How much farther from there?"

"Another three—straight as an arrow, with Bull Tavern on the left just after you cross Horse Run. You can't miss it. The old stage road—fine as they make them."

With heartfelt thanks, the agent departed, hired a car and started on his way rejoicing. All was as predicted—at first. The pike was a broad cement floor, and the gravel road slanting off from it beyond Quinton was lovely to look at, an invitation to the least-adventurous motorist. But soon after it plunged into the Barrens, both agent and driver began to feel qualms. The way grew lonelier and lonelier, the sand deeper and deeper and the silence of the wilderness more and more ominous.

"Say, mister," asked the driver, "where in thunder do you think we're going?"

"I don't know—and it doesn't matter. We've got to go, that's all."

"What about me? If the car stalls, where's the team's going to pull it out? I say we turn around while we can."

"I took you by the hour, didn't I? What are you worrying about? Besides, the old gentleman told me it's a straight fine road."

"When he was a boy," mumbled the driver, as his wheels churned sand for a nerve-racking moment, caught a grip at last and pulled out.

On that spurt they topped a rise and started down a slimy incline with high banks on each side. It led into a level opening amid the crowding trees, and with its gathered momentum the car shot across the little flat, only to come to a violent stop, its front wheels buried to the hubs in mud.

"There you are!" snarled the driver. "By golly, look ahead!"

The road was straight enough, but it was made up of a series of small lakes divided midway by Horse Run. Beyond, it rose in a rapid incline, with a promise of daylight and open country at the top. The agent in his impatience tried to help get the car out, and only when his feet were wet, his clothes thoroughly soiled, did it occur to him that he might as well go on by himself.

"You stay here and work at getting her backed out and turned around. I'm going to walk up ahead."

Ten minutes later, soaked to the knees, he emerged beneath the great trees which shadowed the porticoed front of Bull Tavern. He looked up the slope of the lawn and knew he had arrived. But what a place! What a road! In short, what a find! He went to the front door, which stood open, and knocked.

"Come in!" called a voice. "Come right on into the main room."

Guided by the sound, he found himself in the presence of Jasper Bull. "I beg your pardon, sir, but could I see Miss Bull? This is where she lives, isn't it?"

"There's always been a Miss Bull in Bull Tavern," said Jasper, "as far back as I can remember, and if you'll take a seat and make yourself comfortable, one of them is sure to come in sooner or later."

"I'm in a sort of a hurry," said the agent, twirling his damaged hat on an erect finger. "Took me a long time to get here."

Aunt Laura came into the room from the kitchen. "There you are," said Jasper—"that's Miss Bull. If I'd yelled my head off she couldn't of come any quicker."

The agent stared in consternation and then surmised the truth.

"I mean Miss Laurentha Bull. Can you tell her I'm here, madam? My name is Manville Jones and I represent the state committee."

"You're not another reporter, are you?"

"Heavens, no! Do you mean to tell me any reporter has beaten me to this—this secluded spot?"

"No, none of them has come here yet, but they've been bothering the life out of Laurie for days on end and she's trying to get rested up. I'll go tell her about you and see what she says."

Five minutes elapsed before Laurie came down, looking sleepy but not cross. Mr. Jones was almost as surprised as at his mistaken reception of Aunt Laura, but for a contrary reason. He had been led to believe that the Jersey nomination had been procured by the masterly fixing powers of Boss Charlie Donovan and had been consequently rather indifferent. But the moment he laid eyes on Laurie he realized that here was a candidate worthy of his best efforts. His spirits rose, and as a result, his entire manner changed.

"Miss Laurentha, I'm awfully sorry to disturb you, but there are so many things we ought to consult about, there's no time to lose."

"How on earth did you get so muddy?" asked Laurie.

He stared at her, puzzled. "Is there any way of coming here without getting muddy? I had to leave the car at the edge of the swamp and come through on foot."

"From where?" asked Laurie, frowning. "Who brought you, anyway?"

"From Salem. I hired a car there. They told us ——"

"Through the Barrens!" cried Laurie. "Grandfather, he tried to come up the old stage road!"

They all laughed, Jasper Bull loudest of all, but with a touch of sadness to his mirth. "It was made for the jingle of harness," he declared defensively, "and the crack of a whip when the horses hit the rise. Them days wheels didn't dig in and throw the road behind 'em like a dog getting ready to bury a bone."

"So there's some other way of getting here!" murmured Mr. Jones, vaguely disappointed.

"Two or three ways," said Laurie. "There's a good road from Roadstown, if you're coming from the east, another from the north by Marlboro Church, and a fairly good one from the west, over Canton way. You chose the only impossible route."

"I didn't exactly choose it," said Mr. Jones. "It was wished on me by an old gentleman in Salem—the only inhabitant who seemed ever to have heard of Bull Tavern."

From then on he plunged into a panegyric on the technicalities of publicity, with Laurie seated on one side of him and Aunt Laura on the other. Never had he encountered a more primitive setting; on the other hand, never had he known a more intelligent audience. Occasionally he was even made a trifle uneasy by perceptions so quick that they overleaped the picture he was painting, to gaze upon the everyday props of his canvas with disquieting little smiles. He ended by advising them not to fail to join the Beauty Special from Philadelphia to the sea.

"But that's silly," said Laurie. "My brother Young could motor us over there in the Donovans' car in a couple of hours."

Mr. Jones shook his head in emphatic denial. "Please believe me, the best thing is for you to take your drawing-room in the Pullman at Newark, or even in New York. It isn't a question of convenience; it's the A-B-C stuff of giving us a chance. We've got to send you off, and we've got to give you the kind of hurrah welcome that needs the whole of a railway station. Then there's the other matter you mentioned ——" He paused nervously.

"What?" asked Laurie.

"It's none of my business, and then again it is. Speaking as a friend, if you'll allow me to call myself that, if I were you I wouldn't be seen in the Donovans' car again at any price."

"Why not?" she asked quickly. "I hate that loud thing they gave me with the wooden-Indian driver."

Mr. Jones appeared shocked. "You mean the handsome and famous Bengal Tiger?"

"Was it you invented that awful name?" asked Laurie with quick intuition. "Well, anyway, I'll use it at the shore if I have to, but I wouldn't have it come down here for anything."

"I'm afraid it's got to be either the Bengal Tiger or the Beauty Special," said Mr. Jones, "because the Donovan car is out. I'm not trying to insult you or anything like that, in spite of the way you're looking at me. All I'm saying is that from now on a bunch of people who are regularly in the business are going to rag you morning, noon and night, the way they do everybody that steps out into the Klieg lights, so what's the use of handing them a bucket of mud? Do you get me, or don't you?"

"I understand what you mean," said Laurie, flushing, "because I've already seen some nasty lies; but what I can't understand is why reporters should always be going out of their way to make somebody else unhappy."

"That isn't the idea at all!" cried Mr. Jones, almost at a loss for words. "Christmas! They don't do it because they have any feeling one way or the other. They do it to pay the rent and the grocer, and we like them to do it because it's part of the big game. It's all the difference between a story and not a story, and I ought to be fired for putting you wise."

"Thank you," said Laurie with a smile. She had decided she liked Mr. Jones.

"You ought to thank me. I don't know why I'm telling you these things, talking myself out of my own job, but I guess it's because it kind of bowled me over to find a place like this and the sort of girl you are."

"You'd seen me before, hadn't you?"

He smiled.

"Only in the Bengal Tiger."

"You see?" she cried.

He looked around with a quizzical gleam in his eyes. "You wouldn't pick this for a place where things would happen, would you? But they've been happening to me fast. Half an hour ago Miss New Jersey of Hoboken meant one thing; now she means quite another. When I came here I was wondering how I would earn my pay; now I see where I can put my name on the map, and the difference is the equivalent of a Central American revolution. If there's time, I'll have the Bengal Tiger repainted."

"Oh, please do! Please promise!"

"I can't promise, but I can commit some more indiscretions. Don't get these feature writers wrong, but on the other hand, watch your step day and night. If a news photographer can snap you with one leg wrapped around your neck or blowing clouds of smoke out of your grandfather's pipe, he's a genius. But do you think he really thinks he's making the most beautiful sweet-girlie picture in the world? He does not. He's tending to business, trying to get a smash—a boloney. Mamma! And the same way with the story hounds. How long do you think they'd last with the feature editor if they took to copying lullabies out of a twilight song book?"

Laurie laughed outright. "You win. I won't ride in the Donovan car."

"One more word of wisdom from your newest best friend," he continued, as he arose to depart. "Don't sign anything, however confidential and secret. Forget you know how to write your name—at least until after the pageant."

"Isn't there anything else?" asked Aunt Laura nervously. She had sat silent throughout the interview, bemused and not a little troubled. She shrank from seeing this helpful young man go.

"Nothing much. I may bring a few newspapermen and photographers here in a couple days, but you needn't either of you get prepared—just the home-setting stuff. In the meantime you'd better write for all your dressmaking and other appointments."

He chatted with Jasper for a moment and then went down the hill, accompanied by Laurie, who was anxious as to the fate of his car. Everything she did amazed him—the way she looked, walked and talked. He had a feeling of having returned to a dimly remembered existence where human beings actually behaved naturally without being hoarsely commanded to do so by some despairing stage director.

He found himself loitering, deliberately lagging his steps to prolong the moments at her side, not for the pleasure they gave him, but because he was filled with an unprofessional regret. Except for the softness it would have entailed he could imagine himself crying out, "Don't go on! Stay in this place, remain as you are, and let me try to come back!"

"It's all right," said Laurie, squatting on her heels to peer beneath the trees. "He's managed to turn it around, but you'll have to wade again." She laughed pleasantly, as if mud were only a joke. "Good-by."

He glanced at her as he took her hand, hesitated for an instant, and then hurriedly turned his eyes away. He had been on the verge of making a fool of himself. What you felt might be entirely all right, and yet when it came to words the very point of departure might put you in all wrong. What was the proper formula for a publicity agent's plea for rustic innocence versus the triumphal march of

(Continued on Page 64)



She Drew Back Instinctively, But Was Too Angry to Guard Her Tongue: "That's My Business, Isn't It?"

THERE IS NO CONVERSATION

II

By Rebecca West

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

I ADORE people who have strong feelings, so when I got back to America I found myself haunted by the strongest possible desire to meet Nancy Sarle. I did not approve of her revenge, but I liked the intensity of the emotion that had inspired it. Apparently I liked it very much indeed, for quite often at parties I found myself looking round the room and wondering whether, if I knew the names of all the women, I would not learn that one of them was Mrs. Sarle. But it never proved so. I neither met her nor heard of her, although she lived in New York. At least, I thought so, because I had once given way to an impulse to look her up in the telephone book, and I found a Mrs. Walter Sarle at an address in Park Avenue whom I felt sure was Étienne's friend. I could not quite understand why I never met her, because the kind of woman Étienne had described—wealthy, dowdy, unsophisticated, but not by any means abashed or unable to look after her own comfort—was exactly the kind of woman that I meet at my mother-in-law's home. Sometimes I supposed that she had retired from social life owing to the shock of this tragedy in Paris.

Then, just before Christmas, I had the shock of my life. I learned that Nancy Sarle had been married three times. I learned it at a dinner party to which we were asked by some people who have interests and relations out West. My neighbor at table was an oldish man, patently an obligatory guest, a not-to-be-dodged old friend of a rich uncle, who hardly heid my attention till he began to talk about railways, which were apparently his line in life. He gossiped about the giants of the old days—Hill and Harriman and Patten.

And then, while I was wondering how I should frame the question, he came to a more recent generation and said the very name that was in my mind.

I sat upstraight. "Did you know his wife? Did you know Nancy Sarle?"

"Sure I did. And Nancy Gott. And Nancy McFarlane. And Nancy King."

"Who are they?" I asked stupidly.

He chuckled with the provincial's enjoyment of a local joke that the town dude cannot see. "The same as Nancy Sarle. And changed very little in the process, I guess."

It didn't seem possible, but he stuck to his facts. He'd known Nancy ever since she was a little girl in Seattle, the daughter of a widow woman who had been his mother's minister's wife's help at one time. When she got older she had gone as clerk to the biggest hotel in Seattle—that must be thirty years ago now. Then she had married a young fellow called Sam McFarlane and she had pushed him on wonderfully. In the end, he got a fine position in Denver and they lived there quite a while.

"But she couldn't make anything of him; he wasn't the kind of fellow that ever goes big. Just a nice big boy. She got him up to a point, maybe. I guess that before she left he was pulling down fifty thousand bucks a year. But that was no good to Nancy. So she quit and got a divorce and married a fellow called King—Dwight King—and they settled down in Chicago. But he wasn't right for her. He had no sense—should have been a steamboat gambler. He would make his pile, all right, and then lose it all in some fool speculation. And Nancy was always a sensible girl. So she gave Dwight his chance, and when he showed he couldn't take it, she quit him and made her little trip to Reno all over again and married old Sarle. He died on her three years after that, but I guess she's got what she wanted. Making money's what Nancy likes. She hasn't let any of old Sarle's interests drop—runs the whole show herself."

I was amazed. Even allowing that the economic preoccupation of my adopted country had determined Nancy's matrimonial career as much as the old gentleman from Seattle suggested, of which I was not quite convinced, it appeared unlikely that she should have been so much in need of education concerning the more voluptuous possibilities of life as Étienne believed.

Had he been altogether wrong about Nancy? Had his resentment at her revenge on him been so great that it had distorted his view of her?

I asked, "What is she like—this Mrs. Sarle? Is she pretty?"

To which the ancient from Seattle replied: "I can't figure out how any man would ever look at Nancy for pleasure. She's little and stocky like them English terriers that my fool sons and their fool wives pay all the money in the world for. Though," he added, "she had pretty eyes, mind you—mighty pretty blue eyes." His tone, which suggested that he was throwing Nancy's appearance a life buoy, hardly corrected the first impression he had made.

I pondered. "Is she a good sort?"

"I never came across a better. She's a grand woman. She's been a good wife to all her husbands, too, and is still in a way. The wife Sam McFarlane's got now told me herself that they never would be where they are now if Nancy hadn't now and then tipped them off on something good. And I don't know how Dwight King, who fancies himself as a big operator and couldn't run a hot-dog stall on his own power, could keep offices open in Chicago and New York if some more important guy wasn't behind him. Oh, she's a helluva good fellow!"

"Oh, she is, is she? Have you seen her lately?" I did not have to guard my conversation from suspicions of undue curiosity or of inconsecutiveness, for it was only too evident that the old gentleman took remarks with as little inquiry into their nature as a dog takes biscuits. Simply they were as stimuli to his garrulity, to which he extravagantly reacted.

"Sure I have. Old George Parsons and Senator Sorley and I went out to her place a week ago last night and she gave us a grand time. She has the best rye in the United States, has Nancy."

"Where does she live?"

"Oh, here in New York all week. She goes down to Wall Street every day, just like a man. They say she's got a swell apartment up at Park Avenue and Seventy-first Street. I don't know. We didn't go there. We went to her country place."

"Where's that?"

"Way down on the end of Long Island. Cedar Corner, they call it."



"You Know That Fella Nearly Had Me Making a Fool of Myself." I Gazed at Her in Incredulous Wonder



When They Told Her I Played the Piano, I Consented—I Almost Volunteered—to Play Then and I Gave Her All the Tunes She Asked for With an Affectation of an Enjoyment Like to Her Own

That was where Hildegarde Price had built her new house. I noted it with resolution.

"Does she really carry on all her husband's business—I mean, had she anything to do with that railway business last summer, when the St. Louis and Los Angeles United went phut?"

He laughed. "I'll say she had! That was Nancy."

Frantically I cultivated Hildegarde that winter, and was rewarded in April by an invitation to spend the week-end at Cedar Corner.

"Mind you," said Hildegarde, "it takes hours to get there, and there's nothing to do when you've got there. The only reason we go down is that it's so quiet that my husband can paint for days without an interruption. No neighbors—absolutely none."

"But isn't there a Mrs. Sarle who lives down there?" I asked.

"Yes, there is. She's got the very big house in the place—the only big house other than our own. Do you know her? Oh, you'd adore her. We might go over and see her on Sunday afternoon. George revels in her. He says she looks to him as if she had advanced to her present position in life by saying with proper firmness on a certain number of occasions, 'You getta hell outta here!'"

That, as a matter of fact, was what I was afraid she was going to say when, on the following Sunday afternoon, I at last came face to face with her. We drove over to her house after tea, ostensibly to ask her to come to a luncheon party the next Sunday to which Hildegarde knew she would not be able to come, since one of the servants who was carrying on amicabilities with one of her chauffeurs had said that there was to be an early departure for California. The expedition was framed entirely to gratify my curiosity, which I had explained by telling a story which amused even me as I told it—though I don't know why I should say even me, for I was in exactly the same position as the rest of the party in never having heard it before—of how Nancy Sarle had been courted in Paris by a *gigolo* whom she had dismissed with Western candor in a phrase that had, I said, been the most repeated *mot* of the season. I wish I could remember it—it really was quite funny.

We entered her estate through wrought-iron gates set in brick walls that must have been brought from Europe and reërected, so sun-steeped were they, so mellowed by the seasons, and came on a very fair imitation of a Tudor manor. It did not interest me very much, because they were saying that she had not built it—that she had taken it over as it stood from Jack Purvis' widow. A Japanese butler told us that Mrs. Sarle was out by the shore, that she was alone, that he was sure she would like to see us, that if we liked we might go through the house and the garden. We passed through a house that told us little enough about even Jack Purvis, so purely was it the creation of an interior decorator, and gardens strongly marked with that something which is the opposite of *je ne sais quoi*, which might be described as *je sais exactement quoi*, appertaining perpetually to the result of the unsupervised garden architect's skill. I reflected that perhaps the little thing sometimes felt like moping alone in the shelter of her vast possessions since that experience in Paris.

We came on her in a quadrangle of high tamarisk hedges which was open on the fourth side to the sands and the sea, plainly a place where in warmer weather people sat and looked at the breakers while keeping out of the wind; a sturdy little figure in a gray pull-over and riding breeches of a particularly ugly slate color, who was throwing a ball for four or five young Sealyhams to fight over. We watched her for a few seconds before she saw us, so I had a good look at her. Her coarse short hair, which was losing nothing now it was turning gray—for where it had not yet turned, it was an indeterminate fawn—stood out from her head in little tufts, very much as the Sealyhams' coats were doing; and her features were so far from clear-cut that if one had seen her only at ten yards' distance one would never have been able to recognize her at a second meeting. Though her get-up was mannish, it had nothing picturesque or gallant about it. These were just warm and durable things she had put on for country use, that was flatly all. Her movements forbade one to suppose that she had within her some distinction which would express itself in other fields than appearance, for they were common and clumsy. But I noticed that they were all very good-tempered. When she retrieved the ball from her puppies' mouths, an action which usually betrays what depths of teasing malice exist in a dog owner's soul, it was with a slow, unruffled amiability. My pride in my discovery fairly blazed. That such an ordinary woman should have been capable of feeling such extraordinary emotion, and that it had been as complete a reversal of the customary trend of her character as I had suspected, this was meat and drink to my appetite for human oddity.



A Tall Shock-Headed Man Standing by the Fireplace

Hildegarde stepped ahead of us and went toward her; and it was then that she flashed on us that look which made me, as I have said, apprehensive that she was going to say, "You getta hell outta here." Decidedly, once she had made up her mind to take revenge on Étienne de Sevenac, she would be able to carry it through.

Hildegarde said prettily, "I hope we're not intruding," and held out her hand; and Mrs. Sarle gripped it and answered with a Western drawl, "Sure, ya couldn't do that," and widened her smile to take in the whole of our party. Her eyes really were remarkably blue; though they suggested, as eyes very rarely do, coarseness of texture. One could imagine that if one dropped a thick blue china cup on a gravel path the fragments might look as those eyes did in the setting of her sandy fairness.

Hildegarde rather labored her point about intrusion, mentioning that we had noted the absence of guests as we came through the house and had wondered if this was a sign that privacy was wanted there this week-end, and that brought Mrs. Sarle back to her. She said that there not being any folks around didn't mean a thing except that she and her secretary had brought down some work that just had to be got through before they started for their trip on Monday, and that she was as pleased as could be to see us, and thought it real kind of us to come.

(Continued on Page 104)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Our Two-Hundredth Anniversary

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST invites its friends, wherever they may be, to join it in marking the two-hundredth anniversary of the first issue of this weekly to come from the press, on December 24, 1728, under the title of The Universal Instructor in All the Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette.

Franklin's fame as a patriot so overshadows many of his achievements that few realize the universality of his genius. Everyone knows that he discovered the identity of lightning and electricity, invented the lightning rod, bifocal spectacles and the Franklin stove. But how many of his admirers are aware that he started the first fire-insurance company in America, established a large paper-making industry, became the Father of the United States Weather Bureau, proposed daylight saving, founded the Philosophical Society, instituted improvements in agriculture and helped Thomas Jefferson write the Declaration of Independence?

From printing to publishing was an easy and obvious step for Benjamin Franklin to take. Most of our readers know how, in 1728, he conceived the plan of a spirited weekly to meet the needs of his neighbors in Penn's colony; how Keimer, another printer, anticipated his plan and hastily issued a publication which after a short time passed into the life-giving hands of his abler fellow townsman Benjamin Franklin; how, in 1821, after nearly a century of varying fortunes, it assumed its present title.

In the early days this publication was much like its contemporaries, save that it was better printed and better edited; and Franklin had breathed into it the breath of life that has made it, like most of his other undertakings, outlive him by nearly one hundred and forty years. It is, therefore, the modern rather than the ancient history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST which we shall consider here. It stands alone in the annals of periodical journalism.

When, in 1897, The Curtis Publishing Company acquired THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it bought a forlorn hope with a fine past and no future whatever, except what its new owners could make for it by dint of energy, skill and enthusiasm. The fortunes of the publication were at a low ebb. Since its small beginnings it had broadened its sphere of influence from an area bounded by a loop of the Delaware until by the close of the Civil War it had covered the entire North and had attained a circulation of about 90,000 copies weekly. But for years it had been running downhill for lack of the new blood, new vision and new capital that were essential to the task of nursing it back to its old-time vigor.

To write of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST as a living organism is to write of the expansion of America, for any organism must grow by what it feeds on and all its strength must be derived from the elements it finds about it. No other land has ever afforded such rich and perfect soil for such a plant to thrive upon.

During the life of this publication we have, as a people, changed greatly, for change is inseparable from growth. In 1728, as far as physical showing went, we were a simple and primitive people. We lived by farming, fishing, lumbering and the fur trade. Manufactures were on a household scale and were of the crudest sort. Even bricks were fetched from overseas. The steam engine was still a clumsy laboratory toy. Smooth living was unknown to us. Our houses were chill and damp. Our roads were mudholes in every dip and swale. Outlying settlements still rang with the war whoop of savages.

And yet, however rough our physical life, we were the heirs of ancient civilizations. Our clergymen and other university men had absorbed the best of Greece and Rome from Cambridge and Oxford, and had made enduring shelter for the lamp of learning in the little college by the Charles. Our English kin had given us the King James Bible, William Shakspere and John Locke, as they were presently to give us Blackstone to teach us our rights and the precious character of our liberties. Already we had bred and reared a man of such intellectual vigor that one must scan the centuries to find his peer. Jonathan Edwards, the youthful parson and philosopher of Northampton, who began writing about the human soul at the age of ten, was a truer gauge of our level of civilization than the crude surroundings in which he dwelt. Benjamin Franklin, the raw printer's lad, who had voyaged down from Boston to wrest a living from the older craftsmen of Penn's city, and who was destined to impress the scientists and statesmen of the Old World by his discoveries and his diplomacy, and to captivate the ladies of the most brilliant court in Europe by his charm, was an even better-known harbinger of his country's growth and transformation. In those days we had good blood, and good blood tells as truly in a wilderness as in a metropolis.

Today we are not a homogeneous country. We are not racially standardized. Many blood streams mingle in our people. Our climate varies from the subarctic to the subtropical, with every intermediate variation. Our soil embraces every characteristic, from those of desert sands to the richest loam of our fat valleys and the oil-bearing and mineralized areas which lie about them. To a great extent we are creatures of our environment, and we take on the social and intellectual color of surroundings which differ as the hues of the rainbow.

We make our living in a thousand ways. We have a thousand interests that do not greatly overlap those of other Americans distant by a day's journey. We dwell in a country too vast and too various for many of us to visualize it, even physically; and those who can picture it to themselves in terms of towns, cities, prairies, sierras and reaches of river and coast line, and at the same time pierce below that broad crust of earth and perceive the spirit of America which underlies it, are rare indeed. Few can even tally a week's labor and add the total of what we have been doing from Monday morning until Saturday night to feed, clothe and shelter ourselves, to keep the world's business moving, to conquer disease, to help our neighbors and to raise our civilization a peg higher than it was the week before.

Such is the nation spread out before THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for constant study and analysis, that it may at least partly understand it before attempting to interpret it to itself. Understanding America, knowing our own land, is the first and hardest patriotic duty of every American. To visualize the questions before us, not separately, but in their relation to one another and as parts of a whole, is the most important matter before the country today.

With all our diversities of ancestry, traditions, occupations and interests, we still have much in common. Most of us have the same language, literature and love of country. Rich or poor, our ambitions are very similar. We boast that ours is a land of liberty, of political equality and of boundless opportunity. Most of us believe that the Constitution under which we live is the securest charter of liberties ever conceived. Our desire is to live and let live, in harmony with one another and at peace with the world.

The policies for which this publication stands today are higher standards in business and just treatment of business by government, fair play with other nations, self-protective immigration policies, expert conservation of national resources, extension of national parks and the protection of wild game, the wider spread of effective agencies for higher education and better health, and a score of other policies so undeniably sound that they are often ignored among petty excitements and distractions.

To help in some measure in the task of welding us into an even more united and enlightened people, to assist in the evolution of a finer and loftier civilization, to express our national spirit week by week, as truly and concretely as we can—all these are a part of the program of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST as it enters upon the third century of its existence.

Our Ambassador of Good Will

THE vision which prompted Mr. Hoover's tour of the Latin-American republics is only a foretaste of the high statesmanship and wise resourcefulness that the country has enlisted in its service for the four years to come. No happier choice of an ambassador of good will could have been made. No other American could undertake such a mission with brighter prospects of success, and none other could be found who would set his standards of success upon a higher plane.

Nothing could be further from the truth than the belief that the tour of the President-elect has for its primary end and aim the stimulation of trade with Latin America. This is the smallest of the benefits to be hoped for from this undertaking. The good will of the world is of infinitely more importance to us than its trade. We have the richest home market on the globe. At best, our total exports constitute less than 10 per cent of our entire trade, and of this we derive but a modest fraction from the nations to the south of us. The confidence and good will of Latin America we do desire, and there is no reason why we should not avow that desire in the frankest terms.

To most North Americans, South America is a *terra incognita*. Few of us have any adequate realization of the extraordinary advances, both cultural and physical, that have been made by our neighbors to the south within the past half century. Few of us are fully aware of the contributions to civilization which have come from those quarters.

Mr. Hoover will profit immeasurably from his opportunities to study the one quarter of the globe with which he is least familiar. His journey is giving him highly favorable means of supplementing and rounding out his broad knowledge of world conditions. He is absorbing first-hand knowledge of local reactions and tendencies of thought in several important countries with which his Department of State will carry on diplomatic relationships. He will be able to initiate policies based upon his own trained observations rather than upon hearsay evidence. He will stand face to face and eye to eye with scores of political and commercial leaders who will never visit Washington, and will hear their views upon matters of importance from their own lips and on their own soil. He will learn and he will teach. His genius for making friends and for winning confidence will stand him in good stead. His sincerity is of a character that the friendly and the hostile alike accept at face value. He possesses the crowning gift of every great statesman—he knows how to get on with other men who do not see eye to eye with him in every matter under negotiation. His good faith and his open-mindedness have never been impugned in responsible quarters. It is not too much to say that he carries with him more unwritten passports to the hearts of Latin Americans than any other ambassador of good will whom we might have chosen for his present mission.

ART IS LONG—By WILL PAYNE

THE Piazza delle Erbe in Verona, as you may learn from any guidebook, is one of the most notable public squares in Northern Italy. They say the fine fountain in the center dates from the time of Pepin, father of Charlemagne. The Torre dei Lamberti that overlooks it was built in 1172. Here are art and antiquity, exactly the thing we go to Europe to see. There is nothing at all like it in the United States.

The square is still a market place for edibles, as the name indicates that it has been from the unknown beginning or since it was a Roman forum. Venders of vegetables rinse their green goods in the fountain as, presumably, they did in Pepin's day. In this ancient and beautiful square, about eight o'clock one morning last summer, I counted twelve old women busily plucking sparrows for sale and saving the feathers. Now a heap of plucked sparrows on a little wooden counter, their glassy-eyed heads nearly as large as their meager bodies, makes one of the most dismal spectacles in the foodstuff line that I have ever seen. In my coarse mind, that spectacle provoked some questions on a subject that no refined person will admit to be open to question—the subject, namely, of art.

No doubt we owe an incalculable debt to the Italians for the splendid achievements in painting, sculpture and architecture with which they have enriched human life. The one great standing reproach to us Americans is that our contributions to humanity in that line have been, comparatively, so pindling and sketchy. Italy may come to us for steel and hydroelectric engineers and credit, but we must go there for Piazzas delle Erbe in order that our minds may be broadened and our hearts softened as only art can accomplish those desirable objects—in order to be truly civilized, in short.

But since it is admittedly so beneficial for us to contemplate the great Italian works of art, may not a traveler from Missouri wonder why the Italians themselves seemed, by and large, to get so little benefit from contemplating those same works? I don't mean merely plucked sparrows for sale and iceless fresh meat exposed to midsummer flies that are, perhaps, as careless in their personal habits as the materialistic flies of America; for undoubtedly people may be both poor and indifferent to our finicky notions of sanitation and yet be very worthy. I mean, got so little out of it in the broadening and softening line; in short, in civilization as we Americans commonly understand that word.

We connect civilization with civility, and think that to be civilized must mean, first of all, some willingness to settle tribal and personal differences by other means than murder. It must, we assume, imply a less violent and more orderly scheme of communal and personal relationships; on the whole, being rather better neighbors. Now the centuries when Italy was producing the greatest works of art were also, especially in the latter part, a time of much literary activity. A whole library of contemporary memoirs, letters, and so on, gives us a sufficiently clear picture of the state of society, and leaves no doubt whatever that Italians of the great art period were about as bad neighbors, personally and tribally, as we have any record of. The first impression one gets from the literature of the times is that when not engaged in producing masterpieces of art, they were chiefly concerned with cutting one another's throats.

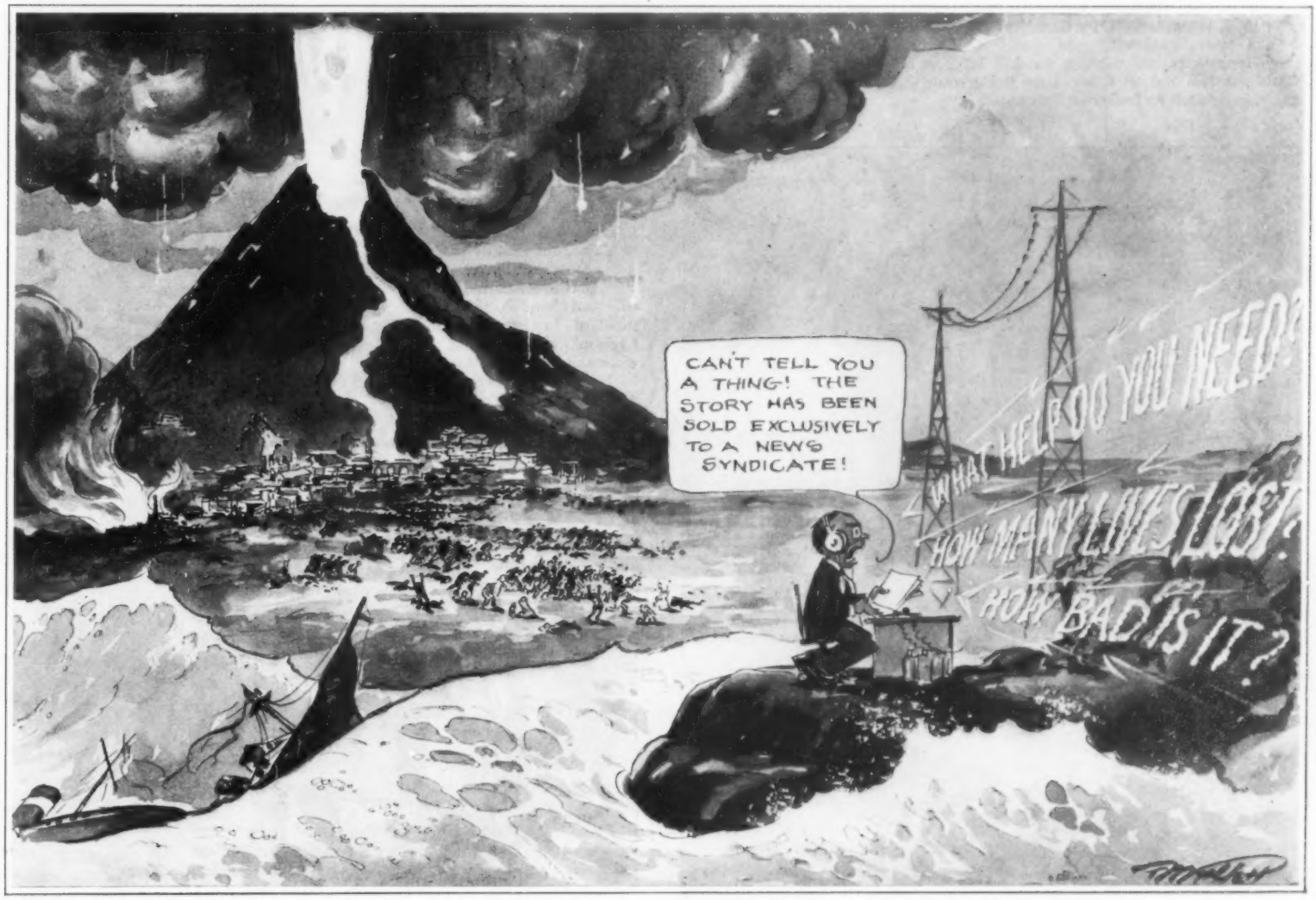
The big towns—Rome, Siena, Florence, Pisa, Genoa, Milan, Venice—were always fomenting war and waging war, calling in the emperor, the king of France, the king of Aragon and anybody else who would lend troops to help them smash one another. The little towns fell in line for exercise. Machiavelli's famous History of Florence, written at the command of a Medici pope, is only a long, gruesome record of factious riots and tribal wars. If we had an equally complete history of the Iroquois Indians, it would probably appear that they were the more peaceable and orderly of the two.

"Florence," says the historian, "was victimized not by one faction but by many. There was the hostility between the people and the nobles, between the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, and between the Bianchi and the Neri. Thus the city was constantly under arms and filled with brawls. . . . And now arose a new party, dissatisfied with the departure of the pope's legate, whereupon there was fighting in most parts of Florence."

These diversions were soon complicated by the Medici, for if you were an adherent of that renowned family, you got yours when the Medici were down, and you helped to give your neighbor of the opposite party his when the Medici were up. If things were going well with the Medici, their adherents got up a faction or two among themselves. Altogether, a conscientious Italian must have had some difficulty in remembering who he ought to kill before suppertime that day.

An attempt to overthrow Piero de' Medici having failed, "those who fled were declared rebels and all the family of

(Continued on Page 150)



NEWS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



DRAWN BY MARGE

"I Want Five Dollars' Worth of Mistletoe"



DRAWN BY DONALD MC KEE

"Sure, There's a Santa Claus, Father—We Were Only Kidding!"

The Christmas Tree in Apartment 10-F

COME, Happyheart! 'Tis Christmas Day, the day of peace, good will, good cheer! Come, little Happyheart, and together we shall bring in the Christmas tree and set it up in the living room and gayly, gayly shall we frolic round about it!

Come into the areaway and together let us fetch in the Christmas tree. You take the top and I will take the foot. Never mind if the branches poke you in the eye—this is no day for complaining. It won't fit in the elevator, I'm afraid, so we'll carry it up the stairs. Of course you can, Happyheart—it's only ten flights. With a yo-heave-ho and a yo-heave-ho! See, five floors already—halfway. Pretend you're a sailor boy climbing a mast. Only two more floors; what fun, what fun! Come on, there's a bear after you! Oh, stop crying! This is fun, I tell you.

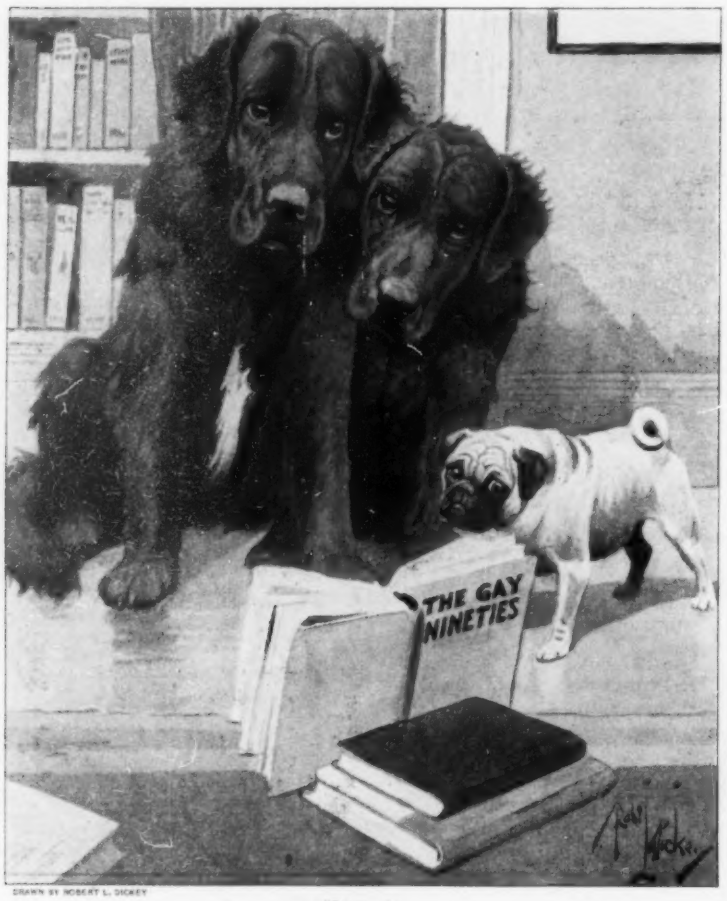
Now here we are, see? Apartment 10-F. And here is mamma and there is a sheet spread out to stand the Christmas tree on. And here is the standard to put the Christmas tree on so it will stand up. We'll fix it. No, leave the tree on its side. See! We put

(Continued on Page 73)



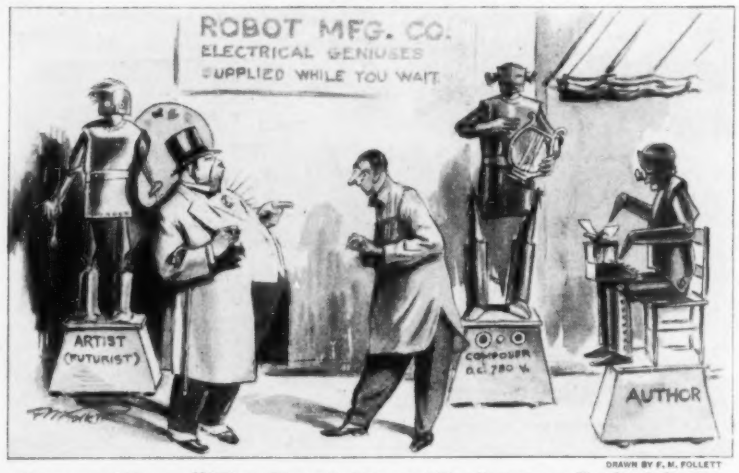
DRAWN BY WALTER SCHMIDT

Sophisticated Papa: "All Packages Go to the Rear Door, My Good Man!"



DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

Memories



DRAWN BY F. M. FOLLETT

Amusement Baron: "I Want Three Authors and Two Composers, But Don't Do Any of Your Experimenting on Them. That Last Dramatist You Sent Me Showed Symptoms of Individuality, and I Had No End of Trouble With Him"



All the tomato's healthfulness in its most delicious form



I played it once, I played it twice
And still they said "Encore!"
So when they serve me Campbell's Soup
I'll ask for more and more!

"Health Givers" (Vitamins) are the big thing in food today. Everybody is seeking them. You must have a steady supply of them to be in proper bodily condition. So why not get these magical substances in a food you really enjoy—right in your daily meals?

Tomatoes are extraordinarily rich in "Health Givers". And Campbell's Tomato Soup is the most delicious way to enjoy tomatoes. All the family —children included—welcome this tonic, appetizing soup every time you serve it. And every time they eat it, they receive the wonderful invigoration of vitamin-rich tomatoes. 12 cents a can.



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE MIDDLEMAN

XI



There Happened to be a Turkey Drive in Town That Day and I Saw Him in the Middle of Main Street Conversing Earnestly With the Committee in Charge

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

I FOUND things a good deal changed after my seven years' absence from the Empire Wholesale Company. Thaddeus Carpenter, though still president of the corporation, was no longer active in its management. Eugene Redmond, formerly head of the sales department, had been general manager for two or three years, but had resigned this position to go into another business; and it was to fill his place that Mr. Carpenter had made me the offer on the occasion of his visit in Wainwright.

It was given out that Eugene Redmond had resigned because of a nervous breakdown, and to a certain extent this was true; though there were other reasons, as I later learned through confidential talks with Mr. Carpenter and others of the organization. The whole trouble was, Eugene had no real talent for administration in a large way, and nearly worked himself to death in trying to do something for which he was not fitted.

He had no knack for delegating authority. For example, he personally opened all the mail that came into the house and sorted it out for distribution to the various department heads, with the consequence that a good proportion of the help stood around with nothing to do until ten o'clock or later each morning. Orders that should have gone out at once frequently were delayed until the following day, which caused considerable complaint from customers.

Another quality that stood in the way of Eugene's success was his unwillingness to listen. He was a great talker, and whenever a person was speaking with him he always gave the impression that he was only waiting a chance to break in and take over the conversation. He seldom asked a question, and when he did, he usually answered it himself. There was a story that on one occasion he invited a number of the department heads to a dinner at the Hotel Erie to discuss a contemplated change of policy.

It was in 1912, when a good many manufacturers were behind with deliveries; frequently the Empire Wholesale Company travelers would sell merchandise and when time came for shipment the merchandise would not be in stock. The question was whether to adopt a rule that nothing should be offered the trade until the merchandise was actually in the company's stock room.

This was an enormously important question of policy, as any business man will realize. Eugene and his department heads sat down to their dinner at eight o'clock and he started at once upon a monologue that lasted until 10:30. At adjournment he had given no one a chance to ask a question or to make a suggestion. Eugene doubtless had a good time, but his department heads went away disgruntled.

It happens that in this case Eugene's decision was in favor of having merchandise in stock before going out to take orders, which I always thought a sound policy, and I continued it after I became general manager of the company. But none the less he was at fault when he called men together for a conference and then had no conference.

Thaddeus Carpenter used to say that it is a sign of an inferiority complex when a man wants to do all the talking all the time; that he feels he isn't impressive enough when he only sits and listens. Be this as it may, very few men are smart enough to run a big show successfully when they cut themselves off from other men's brains. If you constantly expose yourself to advice you can be sure that some of it will be useful.

I have mentioned the confusion that went on in the Empire Wholesale Company on account of the department heads waiting until ten o'clock or so every morning for their mail. The question settled itself in the simplest manner. When I took hold I asked the department heads to make any suggestions they thought of, and one of the first to turn up at my desk was Walter Lang, who held the job of office manager. He was a bashful young man who had started with the company as errand boy about the time I left to go to Chicago—about the last person one would expect to make a constructive suggestion. I asked him to say what was on his mind.

"Maybe you won't think much of my idea, Mr. Draper," he said apologetically, "but if it's all right with you I would like to come down to work an hour earlier than the others in the morning and maybe quit an hour earlier in the evening. I can stop at the post office on the way and get the mail out of the box, and then have it all sorted and on the desks of the different department heads by the time they get here at eight o'clock."

Naturally I told him to go ahead with his scheme, for I had no intention of spending my time in opening and distributing mail, as Eugene Redmond had done. It was remarkable how this perfectly obvious plan sped up the work in all departments. During the next three months I suppose we received fifty letters from customers complimenting us on our improved service.

I found the knowledge I had gained during my seven years' absence from the Empire Wholesale Company was tremendously valuable, particularly my chain-store experience. A man who has run his own business acquires a certain directness that is pretty hard to get when working under someone else. In a big organization, no matter how liberal its policies may be, you are unconsciously influenced by the ideas of your superiors. It is not that you necessarily play politics, but you are occasionally tempted to do things for effect. But where you run your own show—where you are personally responsible for every bill incurred, for the weekly pay roll, for the notes in bank; in effect, where you pay through the nose for any mistake you make—you get in the habit of concentrating your mind on final results only.

I had learned one thing while I was in business for myself—namely, that volume of sales means nothing unless there is a profit at the end of the year. I believe Eugene Redmond thought too much of volume only. He had been sales manager of the Empire Wholesale Company a good many years before he became chief executive; and nearly always a man with exclusive sales-manager experience is inclined to think of business in terms of sales instead of net profits. Anyhow, I found a tendency in the organization to go after volume, as though volume was an end in itself.

A new competitor had come into the territory since I had been away—the Halverson Company. Halverson's was an old New York State jobbing firm that for many years had done business exclusively in the East, and about 1910 it came under the management of the grandson of the founder, young Dan Halverson, who conceived the idea of expanding to country-wide proportions. He had

(Continued on Page 30)

Bright .. gleaming .. odorless – with *"Double-action"* Sunbrite

Perhaps you still use two processes to freshen up kitchen utensils. First, the actual washing, scouring or polishing. Second, sunning, or boiling with a sweetening agent, to kill strong, lingering flavors.

Now "double-action" **Sunbrite** does both in one quick process. It cleans and polishes. It contains a purifying element which destroys all taints and odors.

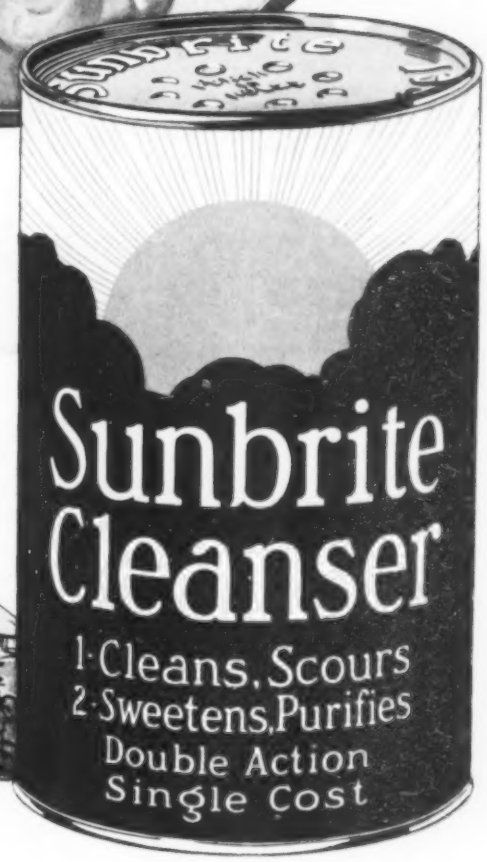
Nothing like **Sunbrite** for keeping kitchen utensils and cutlery bright and odorless, *easily*. Its "double-action" properties cut your cleaning time in two . . . And yet it is so economical that you can use it freely. It will not hurt the hands. Order a supply of **Sunbrite**—today.

Swift & Company





Double cleanliness in City of Sunbrite kitchens.



QUICK NAPTHA WHITE SOAP CHIPS MAKE DISHWASHING EASY

(Continued from Page 28)

the family fortune of many millions behind him, and as the first step in his westward march, he began cultivating intensively the territory covered by the Empire Wholesale Company.

Naturally a price war had developed and a good many of the larger dealers were not slow to play one firm against the other in the way of secret rebates and other concessions. Now there is one thing that may be accepted as an infallible rule: In business nothing remains a secret very long. Before Halverson's invaded the territory the regular terms to dealers were sixty days, with a discount of 2 per cent if the bill was paid within ten days. All jobbing houses maintained these terms. Then some of the Halverson salesmen got young Dan's permission to allow them to offer a few favored dealers terms of 2 per cent in thirty days instead of ten days. The result was that most of the favored dealers paid their bills in ten days and took off an extra 1 per cent discount. Halverson's allowed this. The next thing, of course, was that these dealers told the salesmen for other houses that they were getting this concession. The news spread rapidly, and within six months every jobbing house in the territory was giving 3 per cent discounts to everyone. Perhaps this seems a small matter, but it must be remembered that the extra 1 per cent came out of the net profits, and these are never large in the hardware jobbing business.

One day I received a telegram from one of our salesmen, Bartley Slater, asking me to meet him in a certain Ohio city where he was trying to land an order for a big quantity of builders' hardware that was wanted for a new public building, the order to be placed through a local firm, Hedges & Mellichamp. Our bid was in the neighborhood of $20,000. I had told Slater he must not cut under the price we had figured, and I surmised at once that he wanted me on the ground to authorize him to better a price made by Halverson's. I wired back I would be there, and next day Slater and I went to interview Burton Hedges, the head of the local firm. I had met Mr. Hedges once or twice before. He mixed a good deal in city politics and had the reputation of being quite a bluffer.

Another man was sitting in the office, talking earnestly to Mr. Hedges. We were not introduced, but Slater said he was Halverson's sales manager. After a while he went out and Mr. Hedges asked me to his desk.

"I've got your figures, Mr. Draper," he said blandly, "and also figures from another jobbing house. Your totals are almost exactly the same, but I'd rather give the business to you." He pulled out from a desk drawer a long sheet of paper on which was typewritten an order for the materials he wanted and handed it to me as he added, "If you will just put your initials on this as a guaranty that the order will be filled as specified, we'll call it a bargain."

I looked over the document, which was in the form of a letter addressed to the Empire Wholesale Company, and beginning: "We agree to purchase from you the following items of merchandise at the figures named." The figures were precisely as we had quoted them and the total also was correct. But at the bottom was the notation: "Above prices subject to special 5 per cent discount."

I handed the paper back to Mr. Hedges, saying the Empire Wholesale Company had quoted its lowest net prices and no further discount could be allowed. Mr. Hedges assumed an expression of shocked amazement.

"You mean to tell me," he snorted, "that you aren't willing to meet the price of a competitor?"

"Before I answer that question, Mr. Hedges," I said, "I'd like to ask you one. When you speak about my competitor, I take it you are alluding to the Halverson Company. The gentleman who just left here is the Halverson representative, isn't he?"

Mr. Hedges admitted that such was the case. I asked him point-blank: "Did Halverson's offer you a special 5 per cent discount?"

"Now what's the use of going into all these details?" Mr. Hedges responded impatiently. "There's your order. If you want it, say so!"

From the way he spoke I felt sure Halverson's had not offered a special discount, but that the whole thing was a scheme to play one firm against the other. As good-naturedly as possible I risked another question.

"I wonder, Mr. Hedges," I said, "if you haven't got in your desk a similar order made out to the Halverson Company. And if I refuse your terms, you'll send for the gentleman who just left here and tell him he can have the business if he'll make as good a price as the Empire Wholesale Company."

"That's neither here nor there," Mr. Hedges answered, a bit red in the face. "I've made you an offer and the only question is whether you're going to accept it."

I told him I would not, and the interview ended there. I wish I might say we got the business anyhow, but such was not the case. The Halverson representative later accepted Mr. Hedges' terms, doubtless under the impression that he was only meeting our figure. I know Halverson's lost money on it, for the net profit on the original prices quoted did not amount to 5 per cent.

I have told the foregoing with considerable detail because it is typical of a situation that often arises in manufacturing and wholesaling when some buyer with a sketchy sense of ethics plays one firm against another. Personally I could never see any object in taking business at a loss, even though some competitor did choose to do so.

XII

WHEN I went back to the Empire Wholesale Company in 1915 it was doing about $1,500,000 a year. Now its sales are more than four times that sum. It would be most ungrateful on my part if I did not give credit to those to whom credit is due for a great part of this increase. I refer to the traveling salesmen. I am glad to be able to speak a word for the profession that has made for the progress not only of the Empire Wholesale Company but for the progress and prosperity of America.

For I believe the traveling-salesman fraternity as a whole has never received the recognition to which it is entitled. It is said there are more than 500,000 men at the present time selling goods on the road for manufacturers and wholesalers. How many millions of others in the past have spent their lives in this arduous work can only be estimated. I hope some day a more skillful writer than I will adequately set down the constructive accomplishments of these men, past and present.

Though I never sold goods on the road to any extent myself, I have come into contact all my business life with men who did, with the consequence that I have a pretty good idea of the qualifications necessary for success as a traveling salesman. A man must be energetic. He must also be resourceful. He may have all other good qualities in the world, but without these two he will never go far.

It is often said that the profession of traveling salesmanship leads nowhere; that the man on the road is so cut off from contact with his house that promotion to a managerial position is almost impossible. I happen to know that this impression is altogether wrong, for among my friends I can count a great many men now occupying important positions in the business world who first gained recognition as traveling salesmen.

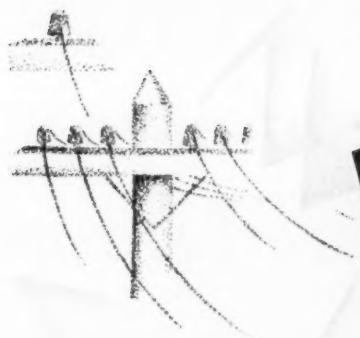
Almost always there was something about such men that set them apart from mere order takers. During my first year as good-will ambassador for the Gibson Mercantile Corporation I chanced to meet in a small town in Southwest Missouri a young fellow named Sam Culberson, who represented a St. Louis concern that sold telephone equipment. In those days there were a great many home telephone companies, usually owned and officered by local men, and quite often a well-to-do physician would be president and leading stockholder. Possibly this was because physicians needed telephone service more than other professional or business men.

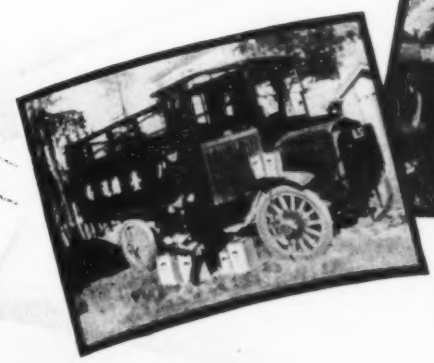
At any rate, a physician was president of the telephone company in this Missouri town and Sam Culberson had sold him a new switchboard that cost around $5000. Unfortunately the improved equipment did not work well and

(Continued on Page 81)



"I Can Answer Mr. Draper's Argument in Very Few Words. We Have Already Gone Carefully Into the Question of Expense, and Mr. Draper May be Interested in Our Findings"





THE JAPANESE reduce starting wear by using Mobiloil.



THE VELIE CAR which made the perilous trip to the bottom of the Grand Canyon was fully protected by Mobiloil.



MOBILOIL in Singapore: Tropical heat necessitates highest quality oil.



THE FIRST 100 were easy for Mobiloil-lubricated "safety coach" which accompanied C. C. Pyle's transcontinental footrace.

The first 100 revolutions are the hardest

How poor oil multiplies wear

The first 100 revolutions your engine makes when you start it may cause more wear than miles of steady driving. This is how it happens:

When you shut off your engine it is warm and its cylinder walls and pistons are well coated with oil.

The engine cools off gradually. But during the many hours that it stays warm the oil coating tends to drain off the cylinder walls and bearings. Before you start again these friction surfaces may be bare of lubricant.

Then, until the pump sucks up and distributes a fresh supply of oil, the moving parts of your engine are directly exposed to grinding wear.

Of course *any* oil tends to run off the friction surfaces so long as the engine stays warm. But some oils retain that rich character and coating much longer than others. The length of their stay depends on this *body* and *character*.

When you follow the advice of the Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart you get an oil film of an exceptionally rich and heat-resisting quality. When you start your cold engine there is always present a sufficiently oily film to protect you against the extra wear-stress of starting. Remember this next time you stop for oil. You are always sure with

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine		1925 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Special Six	A	Arc	A	A				
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial 80	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A		
" other models	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc			A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Flint			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc						
" Model T			E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models					A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lincoln	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" other models	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland all models			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige all models			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless 90, 70, 72	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Reo all models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4-cyl.					B	Arc	B	Arc
" 6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

The World's Quality Oil

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

Fair retail price—30¢ a quart from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States)

"ANTOINETTE" — one of many Congoleum Rug Designs of Rare Charm!



Shown above is the "ANTOINETTE" pattern. It is Congoleum Rug 328.



"DU BARRY" *Gold Seal Rug 326*

"CHRYSANTHEMUM" *Gold Seal Rug 322*

"ALCAZAR" *Gold Seal Rug 601*

INSPIRED by a treasured French carpet, a famous designer created the lovely "Antoinette" pattern pictured above. It is the very essence of artistic rug design. Sprays of gay orange flowers twine in and out over a rich black border while the delightfully figured field is one of unusual distinction.

In all Congoleum Rugs you'll find the unusual note . . . a touch of smartness . . . away from the commonplace. Artists of renown are constantly creating patterns of rare individuality. [Look for the Gold Seal]

But beauty is not all! The practical, labor-saving qualities of Congoleum Rugs are a boon to the busy modern housewife. There's no place in *her* life for tiresome household drudgery! Though her house must be immaculate and attractive, it must also be easy to care for . . . she must have time for rest and recreation. Hence . . . rugs which can be cleaned in a jiffy with a damp mop. [The Gold Seal Guarantees Satisfaction]

Price? Low enough for even a modest purse. And durability greater than ever befo.e. The Multicote Process (used only in genuine "Congoleum") builds unequaled strength and wear-resistance right through the entire pattern. All popular sizes up to 9 x 15 feet. [None genuine without the Gold Seal]

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THE Gold Seal appears only on genuine Congoleum Rugs. Inferior rugs, similar in appearance, can be bought at slightly lower prices but they do not offer the quality, beauty and years of guaranteed service which have made Congoleum Rugs famous.

CONGOLEUM RUGS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A TINTYPE OF THE FLASH AGE

By Alexander Gardiner

XXXI

THE faro boxes and roulette wheels he operated in New York City, Saratoga and Newport rolled up Canfield's first million, but the fortune of $12,400,000 he possessed when the panic caught him in 1907 had been garnered chiefly in the stocks whose drop in the fall of that year all but swept it away. His operations in a single stock, that of the Reading Railroad, which he bought at 40 in 1903 and sold when it touched 150 three years later, netted him a profit of over $2,000,000. In the early 90's, when he was gathering his first $100,000, he bought in hundred-share lots or less, but a decade later he dealt in from 20,000 to 40,000 shares at a time, usually on a margin of from thirty to forty points. His experiences in 1907 confirmed him in the opinion he had often expressed when he was running gambling houses—that the man playing against the faro box or the wheel had a much better chance than the outsider in Wall Street.

When he died in 1914 his estate was worth above $1,000,000, due to his selling his valuable Whistler collection for $300,000, and other art objects. Today, with the income on the investments turned over to his widow and daughter in the ratio of two to one, the estate is probably still worth $1,000,000.

The son, Howland D. Canfield, on his death in 1922, bequeathed his one-third share in the income of the estate to his mother. When Mrs. Canfield and her daughter die they have the right to bequeath the principal to their heirs in the two-to-one ratio.

This is how the Canfield fortune was accumulated:

Twenty-sixth Street house, New York (1888–1899)	$400,000
Newport house (1897–1905)	500,000
Forty-fourth Street house, New York (1899–1901)	1,500,000
Saratoga, New York, house (1894–1907)	2,500,000
Total from gambling houses	$4,900,000
Wall Street operations	7,500,000
Total	$12,400,000

In a single day during the 1907 panic he lost $1,800,000, and there were several other bad days for him. He was heavily involved in the slump of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Reading, Pennsylvania, and Delaware & Hudson.

Though his Saratoga house over the years paid the largest dividends, despite the terrific expense of maintaining the restaurant, the Forty-fourth Street establishment would probably have been a greater revenue producer had not Jerome become district attorney in 1902 just when it was becoming most profitable. Play ended there on December 31, 1901, and was never resumed under Canfield. It was the most expensive house to run, for not only did Manager Bucklin get 10 per cent of the profits but an additional 15 to 25 per cent was taken for protection, in addition to a monthly retainer of $1000. This money was always paid in cash, by Canfield himself, the transfer many times being made in Delmonico's.



PHOTO FROM AMERICAN PHOTO SERVICE, INC.

A Woodcut of the Start of a Race at the Old Coney Island Jockey Club Track

At Saratoga and Newport, however, it was not necessary to pay for protection in any formal and forthright manner.

Canfield was the first American gambler to allow credit on a large scale, though in England for a century and a half the practice has been common. Canfield expected his patrons to wear evening clothes and it was his theory that a man clad in a dress suit or Tuxedo did not care to carry a large amount of currency with him. He had learned a lesson that retail stores, automobile manufacturers and realty companies were to learn years afterward—that the man who anticipates income in his purchases will spend much more than if he spends out of current income. Though Canfield in his houses in New York City accumulated about $250,000 in bad checks and counters, he swelled his income twenty times over by his credit system. The $250,000 was written off with a smile. The largest bad IOU was for $137,000.

Bucklin would magically turn up at the side of a player who on his last previous play in the house had lost a great deal of money and would ask in his soft, velvety voice, "How far do you want to go tonight?" When the player dropped the amount he had mentioned before starting play, Bucklin would remind him of that statement. If the player had any money left, the words went unheeded. If he had no money and wished credit, Bucklin would decide his fate. No bank tellers or cashiers were allowed to play at all. There were no flare-ups, no harsh words. That wasn't cricket. When they were losing, the players almost invariably pushed their luck; when winning, they were conservative. So few won big sums and many lost thousands of dollars in a few hours' play.

Patrons who won from the house were ordinarily paid in checks on one of half a dozen New York banks, but occasionally a player would ask for cash and would get it. Like all other gaming-house keepers of his day, Canfield realized that a call for cash must be met if the house was to maintain its reputation as a rendezvous for the swells. So he kept $500,000 in large bills in the safe of the Forty-fourth Street house. And he had $1,000,000 in the house at Saratoga, which in its five or six weeks of play drew more players than the house in Manhattan in the course of a year.

True to tradition, he served a magnificent supper in the Forty-fourth Street house at eleven o'clock. There were tables for those who cared to sit down—for the rest, the servants brought the food to the gaming tables. Delicious cold cuts, salads and desserts were prepared on the premises, and if a patron wanted something special it was brought from Delmonico's with no charge to the player except the tip of a white or a red chip for the servant. Costly cigars were dispensed free. Nobody ever gave less than a dollar tip, and rarely did even an extravagant winner dispense more than fifty dollars to the staff. The wine cellar at Forty-fourth Street contained the finest of vintage wines, as well as the more plebeian drinks. It represented an outlay of $75,000.

Canfield seldom entered the gaming rooms, but if he happened to be in the house, the old-timers among the patrons usually visited him in Bucklin's office at some time during the evening.

They would come in before starting play and say banteringly, "Dick, I'm going to take your shirt tonight."

And Canfield would answer readily, "That's what it's there for. If some of you fellows don't take it once in a while, you'll think I'm robbing you."

When they came into the office after dropping a great deal of money and cursed their luck, he would remind them that the percentage of the game was all in his favor.

(Continued on Page 35)



A Herald Artist's Court-Room Sketches of Canfield in 1906



Infinitely Greater Safety, Comfort, Handling Ease

the New LA SALLE

THOUGH it is surprisingly within your means, the new La Salle possesses qualities which—excepting Cadillac itself—do not exist elsewhere. These qualities comprehend a new measure of safety plus a degree of power, roominess and luxurious comfort that only a large car possesses with the handling ease and freedom from driving fatigue of a light short-wheelbase car.

The steering gear is so designed that it takes the strain out of steering, resulting in the same nimble handling either in city traffic or on the open road.

Due to the new Cadillac-La Salle Synchro-Mesh transmission, gears shift instantly, easily, at any speed, and without the slightest bit of clashing. Though the brakes are powerful, their grip is velvet-soft, they respond to the lightest touch and stop the car with amazingly little brake pedal pressure.

All windows and doors as well as windshields are equipped with Security-Plate Glass, removing even the remote hazard of flying glass. The front seat is quickly adjustable so that brake and clutch pedals are within easy, comfortable reach. Bodies and chassis are designed and built in accordance with the principles of pneumatic control, assuring maximum quietness.

The smart, distinctive La Salle design that created today's vogue in motor cars is made still more appealing in the new models. Longer, wider and more luxuriously roomy closed car bodies. Eleven exquisite new Fisher body styles, two deluxe custom-built Fleetwoods.

\+ \+ \+

With the incomparable value inherent in the new La Salle and its new prices and the convenience and liberality of the General Motors Acceptance Corporation income payment plan there is no reason in all the world why you should not at last satisfy your long-cherished aspiration for a Cadillac-built car. The new La Salle is priced from $2295 to $2875 f. o. b. Detroit.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan — *Division of General Motors Corporation* — Oshawa, Canada

(Continued from Page 33)

There were never more than two roulette wheels and one faro box in the Forty-fourth Street house. One of the roulette wheels was a double-ender. This and the faro box were used in the large public gaming room on the second floor of the house. The single-end wheel was used in a private room on the third floor.

The great bronze door which formed the outer portal of the house and the inner door were electrically operated. A person ringing the bell of the house had no difficulty winning admission to the vestibule between the two doors. A peephole in the inner door allowed the negro doorman to determine whether the applicant should be admitted to the house. If he was in doubt as to a man's eligibility, he called one of the five housemen, and if the candidate for admission passed his scrutiny he was admitted. While the outer door remained open, the inner door could not be opened; and when the inner door was opened by a person leaving the house, he must close it before the outer door could be swung open.

Once in the house, the visitor's wraps were taken by one of the servants and he usually made his way to the second floor; or if he wished to play in one of the private rooms on the third floor he saw Manager Bucklin in the office at the rear of the street floor. If he went to the second floor he would probably see from one to five people hazarding their money on the wheel or at faro.

The player was never called by name, unless another player thus addressed him. The servants and housemen had strict orders to address a player by the first initial of his surname. The houseman in charge of the game at each table was bank for that game. The player usually bought at least $500 worth of chips to begin with. Nothing was said if he took only $50 worth, but the next time he came to the house he noticed a coldness in the demeanor of the manager and the housemen, and if this practice was repeated a second time he was told by Bucklin that the house would rather he did not come again. Canfield wanted nobody playing who could not afford to lose comfortably.

White chips were ordinarily worth $1, red chips $5, blues $10, yellows $100 and a special large size brown chip $1000. When the private roulette wheel was in operation the chips were worth whatever might be agreed upon, occasionally each white chip representing $100, the ratio to the other chips being as above.

Canfield's places at Forty-fourth Street in New York, at Saratoga Springs and Newport have often been compared with the Casino at Monte Carlo because of the high play that obtained in them. As a matter of fact, play at Canfield's roulette tables was higher than that at Monte Carlo, as will be seen in a comparison table that appears later in this article.

Monte Carlo's limit was as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, whereas a man known to be capable of sustaining a heavy loss was allowed at Canfield's to double and even quadruple the ordinary limit.

The casino at Saratoga, where he made most of his gambling money, opened usually the last week in July and closed at the end of August. Probably the restaurant with which the gaming room was connected was the most noted eating place in the Western world. Certainly the cream of society in America and Europe was to be seen there during the racing season, and a great many people whose charges at the famous Saratoga hotels included meals ate nowhere but at Canfield's. The prices were higher than those of Sherry and Delmonico in New York, partly because Canfield wanted his restaurant to attract only the cream of the resort's visitors, and partly because the service in every respect was better than could be obtained anywhere else—and therefore costly in the extreme. Though the restaurant's receipts were more than $5000 a day during the season, it didn't make money for Canfield. But he was satisfied, for it brought him advertising and men who could and would fill his pockets with gold.

Unlike the Newport and Forty-fourth Street houses, the Saratoga place was easy to get into. All that was necessary was an appearance of prosperity. Half a dozen private detectives from New York watched at the entrance of the restaurant and at the doorway from the restaurant into the gaming room to see that no known crook entered, and Patrick McDonald, manager of the clubhouse and former manager of the race track, saw to it that no Saratogan was allowed in the gambling room.



PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE CINCINNATI MUSEUM ASSOCIATION

Whistler's Last Work, an Unfinished Portrait of Canfield

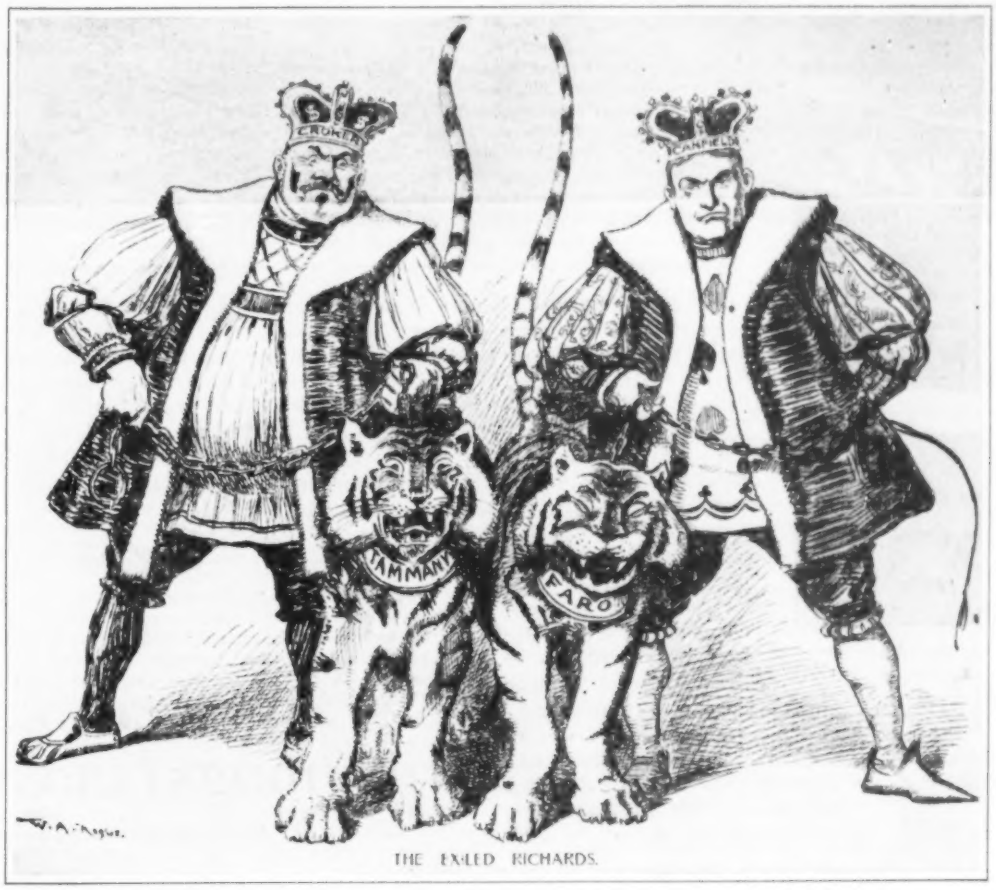
Unlike the Forty-fourth Street house and that at Newport, every bit of food and liquor consumed in the gaming house had to be accounted for. So long as the play continued, the bar and kitchen remained open, and orders from the gaming room were filled without question. The next day the vouchers for the food and drink were presented to John B. Northrop, who had charge of the financial arrangements in the gambling room, and he paid them out of the profits of the preceding night's play. If, as occasionally happened, there were no profits, the payment was made out of the reserve fund. There were nine single-end roulette wheels and two faro boxes in the public gaming room at Saratoga, and two double-end wheels and one faro box in the private rooms upstairs. Thirty housemen in charge of these received on an average $750 for the season of approximately five weeks. Always $1,000,000, half of it in thousand-dollar bills, the remainder in five-hundreds, hundreds and fifties, was kept in the safe against a series of big runs of luck for plungers, but nobody ever made a serious dent in it. In addition to this money, Canfield always left signed blank checks with Northrop to take care of winners who didn't care to carry away cash.

It seems remarkable in these days of machine-gun banditry and pay-roll snatching that such a condition could have existed without drawing a gang of sawed-off-shotgun experts intent on rifling the place. But so far as old-timers who were connected with the place for years can remember, there never was anything remotely resembling a hold-up in the clubhouse. Possibly it was because in addition to the private detectives connected with the place, a force of Saratoga policemen patrolled the grounds at all hours during the playing season.

Canfield's chef at Saratoga for several years was a Frenchman named Jean Columbin. He was paid $5000 for the season and kept on expense account during the rest of the year, when he traveled over Europe, picking up ideas for new dishes and otherwise preparing for the Saratoga season. The fifty waiters had their railroad fare paid from New York to Saratoga to start the season and received a dollar a day from Canfield. Their tips averaged fifty dollars a day. They were satisfied to pay their own fare back to New York when the house closed. The head waiter got $1500 for the season, and of course, levied on the waiters for much more than that.

Canfield gave generously to Saratoga churches, hospitals and charitable institutions, white and colored, in the manner of Morrissey and Spencer. This was in lieu of the protection money he paid in the city. Churches of all denominations had only to make known the fact that a gift would be acceptable and Canfield made it. He remembered that if enough Saratoga voters were hostile, his gambling house would have to close. So he gave handsomely.

The financial arrangements in the clubhouse were wellnigh perfect. The business was carried out with a precision that would have done credit to a great bank. There was a check on all money paid out, all food, drink and cigars distributed. The $40,000 tied up in the wine cellar was not subject to raids by the personnel, as was that at Forty-fourth Street, where everyone had access to the cellar and nobody cared how much was used. In Saratoga the wines were kept under lock and key, and only two men could get at them. There were frequent inventories of all stock, and whenever there was a shortage, the man in whose charge the goods were kept had to make it good.



A Rogers Cartoon From the Herald of 1903 of Two Local Monarchs in Exile in Europe

XXXII

JOSEPH JACOBS was the instrument through which Canfield's gave way before the attack of Jerome and his men on the night of December 1, 1902. Jacobs had been for nearly five years a member of the detective force of the Citizens Union and had become something of a figure in the raids which that organization conducted and in the court sessions which followed. He was a small boy's idea of a sleuth, a man much given to disguises, or at least talk of disguises. He told the reporters inquiring about his life previous to his New York appearance that he had once kept a restaurant in Arizona, with card tables accompanying. One night during a quarrel at the card tables the lights had been shot out, and when order

(Continued on Page 145)

SPRINGTIME ... *when you want it*

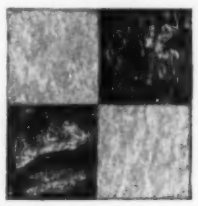
Your sun room holds the secret



From an old springtime garden came the inspiration for this sprightly Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Floor No. 5031. Armstrong's new Accolac Process gives this floor a spot-proof, easily cleaned finish. The colors go clear through to the burlap back.



Embossed Inlaid No. 6006



Marble Inlaid No. 87

RIGHT in your own home, all the colorful sparkle of spring—no matter what the weather, in December as well as May.

Color will capture it for you . . . if you but give color a chance. And you will find your own sun porch respond amazingly—as did the sunny setting pictured above.

This room, like most sun porches, had more than its share of sunshine. But it lacked the zest and character that only color could give it. So color was put to work . . . in the walls, in the furniture, and especially in that largest single area that greets the eye—the floor.

In fact, Hazel Dell Brown, decorator, in planning the rejuvenating of this room began with the floor—a flagstone effect in Armstrong's Linoleum.

She chose the design because it brought an out-of-doors feeling to the room, was brightly colorful; and, from a practical side, because it was a comfortable floor to walk on, one that will also stand the wear and tear of daily use without losing its sprightliness.

Today, and every day, this Armstrong Floor spreads its springtime cheer. Good cheer, too, for the woman of the home, for it's one of the easiest of floors to keep clean. By the new Accolac Process, a dirt-resisting lacquer is made to penetrate and seal the surface. It's spot-proof, stain-proof . . . cleaned in a jiffy.

Smart, colorful Armstrong Floors such as this are as easy to buy as draperies. They're almost easier to install. Simply stop at some good department, furniture or linoleum store near you. Select the Armstrong Floor you like. Tell the merchant when you want it installed . . . In less than a day's time your new floor will be in place—permanently cemented over a layer of builders' deadening felt to last for lifetime wear. No bother. No upset. It's in service the same day it's laid.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*



Helpful hints for home decorators . . . Mrs. Brown, who decorated the sun room illustrated, tells you how to put color to work in your own home in her new book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration." Model interiors in full color. Contains "Decorator's Data Sheet," and offer of author's free, personal service. For your copy send 10c to cover mailing costs. (Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 312 West Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

THE TWELFTH GENTLEMAN

By Charles Wertenbaker

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



Doctor French Reached for Spike's Bag and Spike Shifted it to His Other Hand; Spike Believed in Carrying His Own Stuff

WHILE Spike Mehaffy was going to high school he worked in a steel mill six months of the year and went to school the other six. He didn't learn much at that rate, but the school authorities didn't object because nobody had ever been able to teach him anything, anyway. Besides, Spike was the best football man the school had and the best high-school fullback in the state. In fact, they were so agreeable to the arrangement that when, in the middle of one October, Spike's old man decided that all this foolishness had gone far enough and Spike had to go to work and amount to something, they sent a delegation around to see Spike's old man. Spike's old man kicked the delegation out of the house and that was the end of Spike's scholastic career.

By the middle of the next summer Spike had grown restless, and so he didn't ask many questions when a man came around and asked him, "How'd you like to play professional football?"

The only question Spike asked was "How much?"

For the next three seasons Spike played fullback on Bill Dunn's Hyenas and made enough money at it to loaf and laugh at his old man the rest of the year. Near the end of the third season he got water on the knee, had it fixed up so he could keep on playing and finished the season. Soon after the beginning of the next season it came back worse. He played through one game and then went to see a doctor. The doctor said he could cure it all right, but there wouldn't be any more football; it would come back in five minutes in a football game, the doctor said.

The papers that announced Spike's retirement from professional football also announced the forced retirement of Slippery Masters from the business of coaching. Slippery had been turning out one good team a year down below Mason and Dixon's Line for the past five or six years, but now he had contracted tuberculosis and had been ordered to Saranac at once. Spike read the piece in the paper, glanced at Slippery's picture two columns from his own, and decided philosophically that it might have been worse; then he went back to the unpleasant occupation of thinking about what his old man was going to say when he turned up looking for a job in the steel mill. Five minutes later he picked up the paper again and looked, not at his own picture but at Slippery's. He remembered Slippery; Slippery had traveled all the way to Chicago once to see him play and ask him about his trick of running with his knees up and out. Five minutes later he sent a wire to Slippery.

Six days later Spike climbed down from a train with a suitcase in one hand and a ten-pound oaken cane in the other. He had ridden all the way from Washington in a day coach and his face was streaked with soft-coal dust and his ears were full of cinders; Spike didn't believe in Pullmans. He took off his derby and pushed his mop of curly black hair out of his eyes, and from his six-feet-four surveyed the platform for the bird that had said he would meet him.

A tall, youngish man with a sixteen-ounce cane strolled leisurely down the platform, looked at Spike, looked away, looked back at Spike and finally said, "I beg your pardon; is this Mr. Mehaffy?"

"Yeah, I'm Spike Mehaffy," Spike said. "Are you the guy that sent the wire?"

"Yes, I am Doctor French, chairman of the faculty committee on athletics." He put out his hand.

"Pleased to meet ya," Spike said.

Doctor French reached for Spike's bag and Spike shifted it to his other hand; Spike believed in carrying his own stuff. After they had walked a few steps he shifted it back so that he could use his cane on the side his bum knee was on. Doctor French escorted him to an automobile, opened the door for him and then got in and drove up to the university. Spike looked the buildings over critically and decided that it was a pretty decent-looking dump.

Doctor French stopped in an alley, said "Leave your bag in the car," and led him up some steps and down an arcade to a little green door. He opened the door and Spike ducked his head and walked in.

There were two men in the room. Doctor French introduced them as Doctor Mason and Mr. Clarke, the two other members of the faculty committee on athletics, and Spike shook hands with them and told them he was pleased to meet them.

Doctor French put a chair behind him and he sat down; then the others sat down.

Doctor Mason asked Spike about his knee, Mr. Clarke mentioned some of the nice things Slippery Masters had said about him, and Doctor French talked about how anxious they all were for Spike to like it at the university. Finally Doctor French took a piece of paper out of a desk drawer and gave it to Spike.

"I think you will find that satisfactory," he said. "Of course, you know, as I explained in my telegram, it is our custom to engage our coaches for only one season. We like to feel that both they and ourselves are free to make arrangements unhampered by long-term agreements. However, we hope that you will have so successful a season and so pleasant a time that we shall all wish to renew the contract."

"I ain't exactly here for pleasure," Spike said. "This is business for me."

"Of course," said Doctor French, smiling pleasantly, "but down here we like to make business as much a pleasure as possible." Doctor Mason and Mr. Clarke both smiled just as pleasantly as Doctor French. "I might add," said Doctor French, "that our relations with Mr. Masters were so pleasant that each year we renewed his contract the day before the last game of the season."

"Is that your big game?" Spike said.

"Yes, although in some respects we consider the Georgia game just as important. That is particularly so this year—but we'll talk that over later on."

"What I mean," Spike said, "is what do you want to renew a contract before the season's over for? Why don't you wait and see how the big game comes out?"

"Because," Doctor French said, "we don't altogether play to win the games. We want to win, of course, but, after all, young men play football for sport, and sport should be primarily a pleasure."

"Excuse me," Spike said. "I thought they played to win."

All three smiled pleasantly and Doctor French said, "Is the contract satisfactory?"

"Sure, it's all right," Spike said. "Want me to Hancock it now?"

"Whenever you like."

Spike wrote his name under Doctor French's and Doctor French gave him a duplicate and he signed that and put it in his pocket. Doctor French got up and Spike got up. Doctor Mason and Mr. Clarke got up and shook hands with Spike. Doctor French held the door open while he walked out.

"It occurred to me that you might wish to look at Mr. Masters' apartment," Doctor French said. "He left his furniture and it would probably be more convenient for you than a hotel or boarding house. Would you care to look at it?"

"Sure," said Spike.

Doctor French drove him to the apartment house, which was on a little hill above the athletic field. The apartment had two rooms and a bath; it was finer than anything Spike had ever lived in. Doctor French pointed out the window to the field, less than a hundred yards away.

"You are right at the field," he said. "Mr. Masters used to dress here instead of at the gymnasium."

"Yeah, it'll keep my mind on my business."

Doctor French waited until Spike had sat down; then he took a chair. "If I might make a suggestion," he said, "I should suggest that you remain away from the field until after this afternoon's game. If the team knew you were watching, it might become nervous. Mr. Griffey, one of the assistant coaches, has been in charge during the past few days and we don't expect much trouble with V. M. I. today. If you like, I will call for you just before the game and we can watch it from the stadium."

"Sure, that'll be all right," Spike said.

"We were talking about the Georgia game a few minutes ago. The situation this year is somewhat difficult. Our relations with Georgia have always been most pleasant—extremely cordial on both sides—but during the past few years the Georgia teams have been a little out of our class. Next year Georgia wishes to resume relations with one of her old rivals, and so her officials have suggested, in the most friendly way, that perhaps it would be better if her game with us were eliminated—at least until the teams are more evenly matched. Although the game has always been a source of the greatest interest and pleasure to us, we, of course, agreed."

"I get you," Spike said. "The idea is to beat hell out of 'em and make 'em eat it."

"Not exactly," said Doctor French, smiling pleasantly, "but if we did beat them they might perhaps feel differently about it."

"All right, we'll beat 'em. When's the game?"

"November seventeenth; the next to last game. I am afraid it is a great deal to ask of you," Doctor French said, "but it means a great deal to us. I feel sure that nothing would do so much toward insuring the confidence of the committee in your ability as the winning of that game."

"You mean, if I win it I stay and if I lose it I don't?"

"As I told you, the winning of games is of secondary importance to us"—Doctor French smiled pleasantly—"nevertheless, it means a great deal."

"I get you," Spike said.

Doctor French looked at his watch. "I must go," he said; "it is nearly one. Shall I call for you, then, at two o'clock?"

"All right," Spike said.

Doctor French shook hands, smiling pleasantly. "Until two, then, Mr. Mehaffy."

"So long, Doc."

II

SPIKE spent the next hour washing his hands and face, and eating two bags of peanuts that remained in his pocket of the seven bags he had bought when he got on the train in Washington. Between chews he wondered what sort of a job this was going to be, anyway. They were a funny bunch down here—treated him like he was a lady, talked a lot of rot about playing football for the fun of it and then practically told him to win the Georgia game or get out. Well, he'd win the Georgia game; he'd learned some tricks on the Hyenas that college teams had never heard of and he'd let this bunch spring some of 'em on Georgia. He'd show 'em a thing or two down here; he wasn't ready to go back to the steel mill yet.

Doctor French was a little late, but they got to the stadium before the teams came on the field. Spike watched his team with interest. They looked good in signal practice, but that didn't mean a thing. There was a guy out there that could kick too. He asked Doctor French who he was.

"That's Jimmy Sheppard," Doctor French said. "He's the captain, you know."

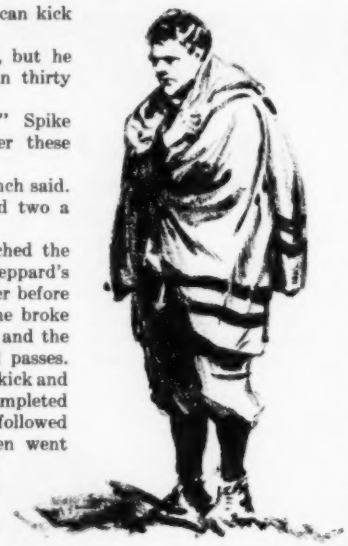
"Have we got anybody that can kick a field goal?" Spike said.

"Jimmy is the best we have, but he isn't usually good for more than thirty yards."

"I'll have to work on him," Spike said. "You need a drop kicker these days."

"Indeed you do," Doctor French said. "Harris of Georgia has averaged two a game this year."

The whistle blew. Spike watched the ball sail down the field from Sheppard's toe and saw an end nail the runner before he had taken two steps. The line broke through and spoiled a crisscross and the ends knocked down two forward passes. Sheppard went back and took the kick and ran it back twenty yards. They completed a forward pass on the first play, followed it with a long end run and then went through the line for two first downs. Another end run and an off-tackle play gave them the touchdown. Sheppard tried to drop-kick the goal and missed.



"They're showing up well for you," Doctor French said.

"There ain't any opposition," Spike said. "Those guys don't know it's a football game yet."

There wasn't any opposition. They scored again before the quarter was over and were about to score again when the half ended.

Doctor French said "Too bad"; and Spike said, "They oughta moved faster."

The third quarter was scoreless and then the acting coach began putting in substitutes.

"What's he doing that for?" Spike said.

"Why, the game seems to be won," Doctor French said. "We play Princeton next week and I suppose he doesn't want to risk hurting any of the first-string men."

"I don't believe in jerking out your best men," Spike said. "Let 'em stay in and run up a score; that does 'em more good than saving 'em like they was made outa china. Besides, you don't know what's going to happen."

Five minutes later he proved his point when the team was scored on. It was a fluke—a fumbled pass—but it gave the team less lead. Then, on top of that, one of the substitute backs missed a short forward pass and a V. M. I. end caught it and ran for a touchdown. V. M. I. made the point with a placement kick and was one point ahead.

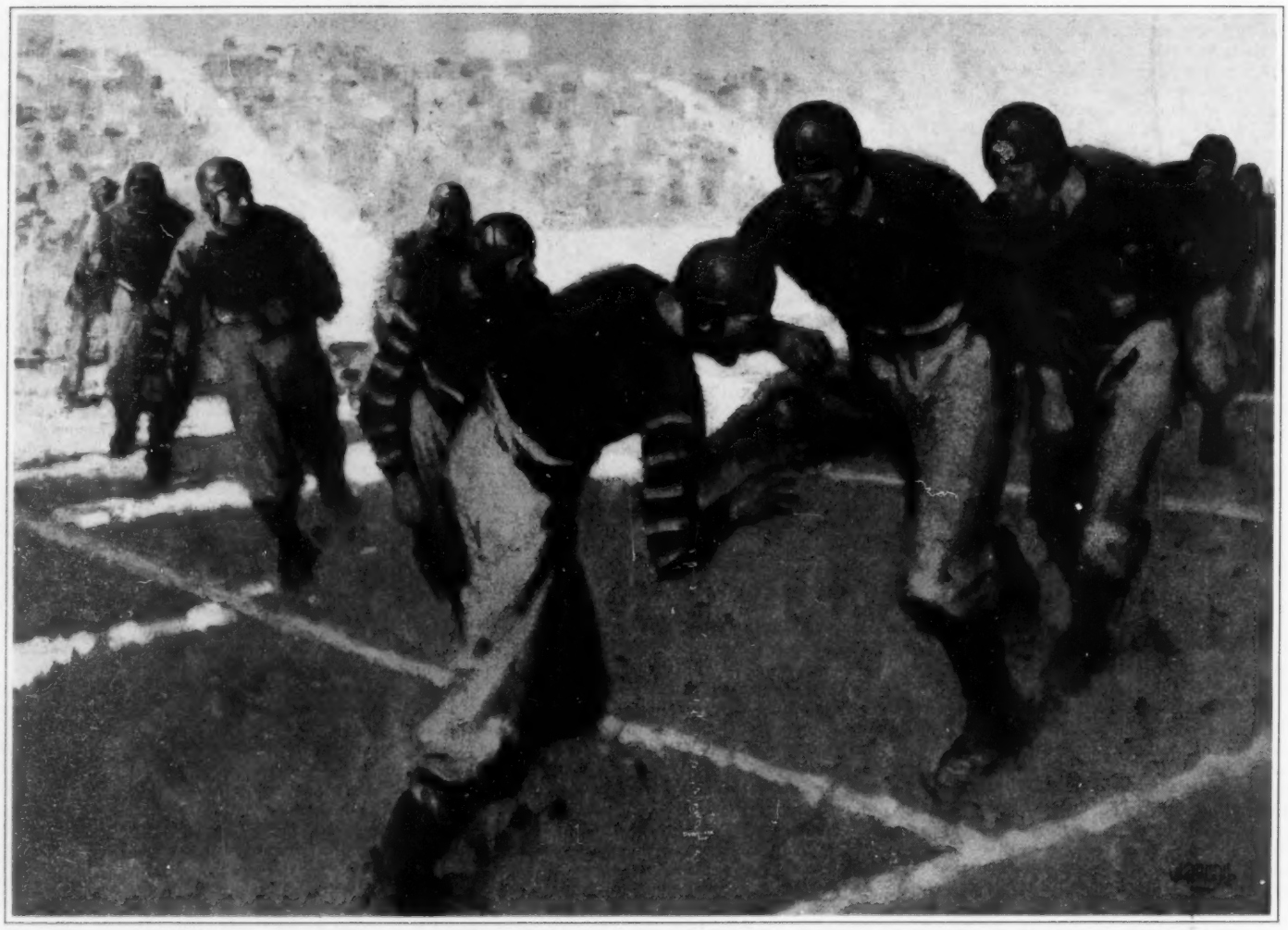
"Now what're we going to do?" Spike said. "Lose to that mob of countrymen?"

"I believe we can score again," Doctor French said. "We have several minutes."

Two more substitutes went in—better men, Spike hoped—and they started after another touchdown in earnest. They were within ten yards of it when somebody fumbled and V. M. I. kicked out of danger. They started back down the field, more slowly this time. The ball advanced to the thirty, then the twenty, then the ten yard line. They needed a kicker now; time was about up. Two plunges carried it five yards; then Spike saw what was, to him, an amazing thing.

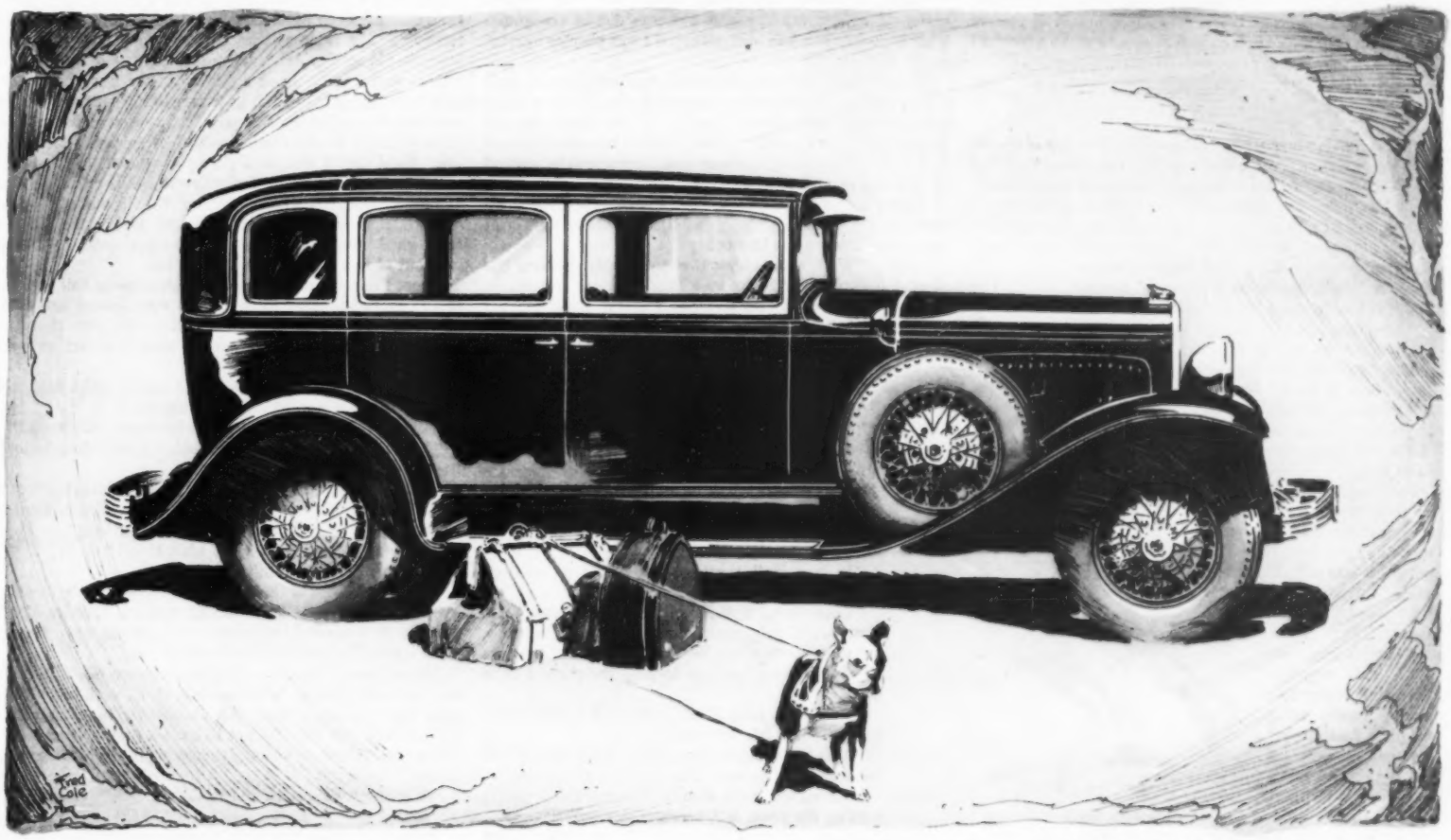
They had three downs to make the five yards in. On the first play they made two of them and then there was a delay in lining up. The whistle hadn't blown, but two or three of their men were helping a V. M. I. man to his feet. The referee stepped in, blew his whistle for time out, then blew it again as the V. M. I. captain shook his head. There had been only about a minute's delay, but at a time like this minutes were precious. The next play put the ball on the one-yard line; then the whistle blew.

(Continued on Page 40)



Then Spike Saw His Tackle, Jones, Break Through and Go for the Runner. Harris Saw Him, Too, and Threw Himself Into the Interference

Chrysler



New Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan, $1535 (wire wheels extra)

Chrysler's Only Real Competition is — Chrysler

The first Chrysler established a margin of superiority over all other cars in style, performance and value that has been maintained ever since.

The true competition Chrysler has to face therefore is with Chrysler—to make sure that each succeeding Chrysler is superior in every worth-while way to the Chryslers that have gone before.

The public is delighted with the elements of the new Chrysler style that re-styles all motor cars—new slender-profile radiator, arched-windows and the graceful sweep of the new "air-wing" fenders—*avoidance everywhere of the bulky and cumbersome.*

And with Chrysler's smooth performance, riding luxury and safety—"Silver-Dome" high-compression engine, using any gasoline; *counter-weighted* 7-bearing crankshaft; internal expanding hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, efficient in any weather; rubber shock insulators in place of metal shackles; and hydraulic shock absorbers for easy riding.

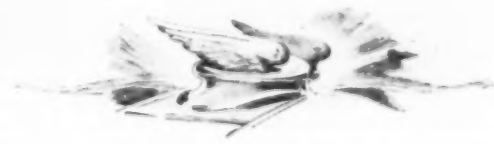
Today the public demand for the newest Chryslers tells in no uncertain terms the sweeping acceptance of this new Chrysler style. *Chrysler's largest production has been taxed to supply that demand.*

All Chrysler models will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows, and at special displays in the Commodore Hotel during the New York Show, January 5th to 12th; and in the Balloon Room and entire lobby space of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, January 26th to February 2nd.

New Chrysler "75" Prices—*(with 6-ply full-balloon tires). Royal Sedan, $1535; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1535; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1555; Town Sedan, $1655; Crown Sedan, $1655; Convertible Coupe (with rumble seat), $1795; 5-passenger Phaeton, $1795; 7-passenger Phaeton, $1865; Convertible Sedan, $2145. Wire wheels extra.*

New Chrysler "65" Prices—*Business Coupe, $1040; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1065; 2-door Sedan, $1065; Touring Car, $1075; 4-door Sedan, $1145; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1145. Wire wheels extra.*

All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Immediate deliveries.



(Continued from Page 38)

When Spike got his voice back he turned to Doctor French. "Did you see that?" he said. "They threw the game away helping that guy up."

"He seemed to be hurt," Doctor French said.

"Well, he could have had time out. That was their lookout."

"I think it was the sporting thing to do," Doctor French said.

Walking back to the apartment house, they passed two students.

The students took off their hats and said "Good evening, Doctor French."

Doctor French took his hat off and said "Good evening, gentlemen."

Spike exploded: "Gentlemen! That's the trouble with your football team out there. They're a bunch of perfect gentlemen. How the hell do you expect to make a football team out of a gang of gentlemen?"

Doctor French smiled, not quite so pleasantly. "Mr. Masters did it," he said.

III

AT THE beginning of scrimmage on his first day of coaching Spike addressed the squad in the terms that Bill Dunn had used to his Hyenas. The squad immediately went into a huddle. Neither he nor Slippery Masters had taught the huddle system, and so Spike dug his cane into the ground and yelled, "You lousy bums! Line up!" After a moment's delay they lined up, but as soon as the scrimmage was over Jimmy Sheppard came up to Spike with a message.



"Look here, coach," Jimmy said. "I don't suppose you knew, but we're not used to being called those things down here. Everybody knows you don't mean anything, but I thought I ought to tell you so you won't keep it up."

Spike said, "Say, boy, what do you expect? Expect me to kiss you and tell you what nice boys you are?"

"Not exactly," Jimmy said, "but we do expect to be treated like gentlemen."

"Gentlemen, me eye! You've got to get over being gentlemen if you're going to play football on my team."

"Maybe we won't be able to play, then," Jimmy said. "You see, if you called one of us that again you'd have a fight on your hands."

"I guess I can take care of a few of you."

"I guess you can, but if you licked us all you wouldn't have any team left, and if one of us managed to lick you pretty bad, then we wouldn't have any coach."

Spike couldn't help appreciating that. He couldn't help grinning, either, and the grin saved the day. "Tell 'em I smiled when I said it," he said.

"Good boy," Jimmy said.

Spike had enough troubles without getting into a fight with the team. Saturday's defeat had hurt the morale of the squad and he had to get that back first. It took most of the week and he had little time to give to any of the new ideas he had, but it was worth it when they held Princeton to a touchdown and a field goal and managed to slip in a touchback to prevent a shut-out. They thought more of Spike after the Princeton game.

The next game was due to be easy, but he took no chances. He gave the team four or five new plays to be used if necessary. And at the end of the day each day he took Jimmy Sheppard down to one end of the field and showed him things about drop-kicking. Slippery Masters had taught Jimmy to drop-kick; Spike taught him to drop-kick hard.

Jimmy was averaging ten yards better at the end of the week; Spike thought he could make something of him before the Georgia game. Jimmy didn't try for any field goals that Saturday; he didn't have to; they won by four touchdowns.

The next week Spike began to teach them something different. By that time his knee had stopped bothering him and he came to practice in the uniform he had worn on the Hyenas. For the first three days of the week he worked on his back-field, teaching them that trick of his of running with his knees up and out. Two or three of them got it pretty well and Spike was satisfied; it doubled their distance in broken-field running. The next day he went to work on his line. He watched scrimmage for a few minutes; then he broke into things and took Jones and Watson, the two tackles, aside.

"Listen, you guys," Spike said, "you're playing football, not tag. The idea is to put some fight into it, see?" He called an end over. "Now you and Jones take me out and I'll show you how it's done."

Spike put himself in the position of a defensive tackle and Jones and the end dived at him. Spike was between them for an instant, then he was through and the others were sprawling on the ground.

"Get it?" Spike said.

Jones was rubbing his jaw. "You hit me with your fist," he said.

"Well, once won't hurt you," Spike said. "If I did it seven or eight times it might put you out of the game. That wouldn't be a bad idea, either, if I was playing against you. Get me?"

They looked a little dumfounded, but nobody said anything, and so for the rest of the afternoon Spike worked with the line and showed it a few of the things he had learned with the Hyenas. After practice he and Sheppard had their daily kicking workout and Jimmy and he walked back to the gymnasium together.

Jimmy didn't say anything until they reached the gymnasium; then he said, "Say, coach, what about that stuff you were showing the line today?"

"Well, what about the stuff I was showing the line today?" Spike said.

"It wasn't very straight, was it?"

"What do you mean, not straight?"

"I mean you were showing them how to slug and use their elbows and knees."

"Well?"

"Well, that's against the rules."

"Say," Spike said, "what do you think they have a referee for? If he can't catch stuff that's against the rules, it's his own hard luck."

"If he does catch it the man he catches is put out of the game," Jimmy said. "How about that?"

"He won't catch 'em if they do what I told 'em to do. How about that?"

"It just isn't the sort of football we've been used to playing here."

"Look here," Spike said, "the referee can put a man out of the game for unnecessary roughness, but everybody plays football as hard as they can. I'm just telling 'em how to play the game a little harder."

"I know," said Jimmy, looking a little desperate, "but it's crooked."

"You learn how to drop-kick," Spike said, "and leave the line to me. I'm coaching this team."

"All right," said Jimmy, "but I think you're getting the team and yourself in trouble."

Spike kept on teaching his tactics the next day, which was the last before the Vanderbilt game. The men listened to him, but they didn't seem to catch on very well. Spike watched to see how his instructions were carried out in the game. Jimmy and Hardesty, the fullback, had caught on to the trick of running his way and they managed to account for a touchdown between them, but the line seemed to have gone to pieces. Vanderbilt scored two touchdowns in the first half, and at the end of the half the score was fourteen to seven in Vanderbilt's favor. Spike delivered a tirade between halves; the linemen looked sullen. Vanderbilt scored two more touchdowns in the second half and the best they could do was to add three points from a drop kick by Jimmy Sheppard.

By the time the game was over, Spike knew that he was in trouble. He sent in every substitute lineman he had, but they didn't do any better than the regulars he took out. After the game he went to the gymnasium ready to fight the team. He stood at the door and watched them walk in. Jimmy Sheppard was last. Jimmy stopped at the door.

"It's no use raising hell," he said. "They just won't play your way."

"Then they'll get the gate," Spike said. "I'll get a new line."

"They wouldn't be any different," Jimmy said. "Look here, coach, I've talked to all of 'em. They got together before the game and decided they were going to stick to straight football. I didn't put 'em up to it, but I did tell 'em that I thought they were right. Now you can kick me off, too, if you want to."

Spike turned around and walked away. He didn't see any of the team any more that day.

He tried to figure it out over the week-end, but it wouldn't figure. He couldn't get a new team, with the Georgia game a week off; besides, as Jimmy had told him, a new team wouldn't play his way either. He began to wonder if there was anything wrong with his way. There couldn't be, though, because the Hyenas had been the best team in the country. Well, to hell with 'em. He'd get a job where he could turn out a good team next year. Then it occurred to him that he wouldn't be able to get a good job if he didn't have a good record behind him here. And so Spike finally decided to be diplomatic. He'd kid 'em along and let 'em play like ladies and count on Jimmy's kicking to win the Georgia game and the next one. Then Doctor French and the other perfect gentlemen of the faculty would want him to stay, but he'd get another job and then tell 'em to go play croquet.

It took him until Monday to decide that. On Monday he went up to Jimmy and told him to tell the team to forget the rough stuff and play hard and straight. Jimmy said "Good boy, coach," and slapped him on the back. Jimmy was a young fool, but he was a likable kid, Spike thought. All week he worked to get back the confidence of the rest of the team so that they would put all they had into the Georgia game. The funny part of it was that it was so easy; they acted as though they liked him, now that he let them have their own way. Another funny thing was that he sort of liked them. He began wondering how he would like to stay here instead of getting that other job. He'd like it well enough, he supposed, but football was business with him. Anyway, he could afford to like 'em until after the game Saturday. They'd win it too; he decided that on Friday after Jimmy had stood on the forty-yard line, fifty yards from the goal posts, and put four out of five drop kicks over the bar.

Then, Friday night, Doctor French came to call on him, smiled less pleasantly than he had ever smiled and said, "Mr. Mehaffy, I have been asked to tell you that the committee is willing to terminate your contract at your convenience."

"You mean you want to kick me out?" Spike said, not smiling at all, nor even looking pleasant.

"We would pay you for the whole season, of course."

"What's the trouble?" Spike said. "I ain't done so bad, have I?"

"Not in a material sense," said Doctor French, "but I have heard something of the kind of football you wanted to teach our team. It isn't our kind of football."

"They're playing your way, ain't they?"

"Because they wouldn't play yours."

Spike looked out of the window and saw moonlight playing on the stadium. He suddenly realized that he didn't want to pack up and leave here—not yet anyway. But he wasn't going to plead with any man.

"Look here," he said. "I'll leave if you don't like my way of doing things. That much is O. K. with me. But I may want to get another job somewhere that they play football my way and I've got to have a pretty good record behind me. What do you say to making it after tomorrow's game?"

"You don't expect to win it, do you?"

"Sure I do."

"I hardly think it would be worth the price," Doctor French said.

"There won't be any rough stuff," Spike said. He made his voice hard because he wasn't going to plead with this guy.

"I know there won't be any by our team," Doctor French said, "but sometimes a coach ——"

"There won't be any by the coach, either."

Doctor French looked at him hard and something in their eyes settled it. Doctor French smiled pleasantly. "Very well," he said.

"Much obliged," Spike said.

Doctor French considered. "It would be better," he said, "if the team didn't know just why you are leaving. I think it might be a good idea if we had a little dinner at which only the first squad, the committee and you were present, and if I explained then that something—say, your father's illness ——"

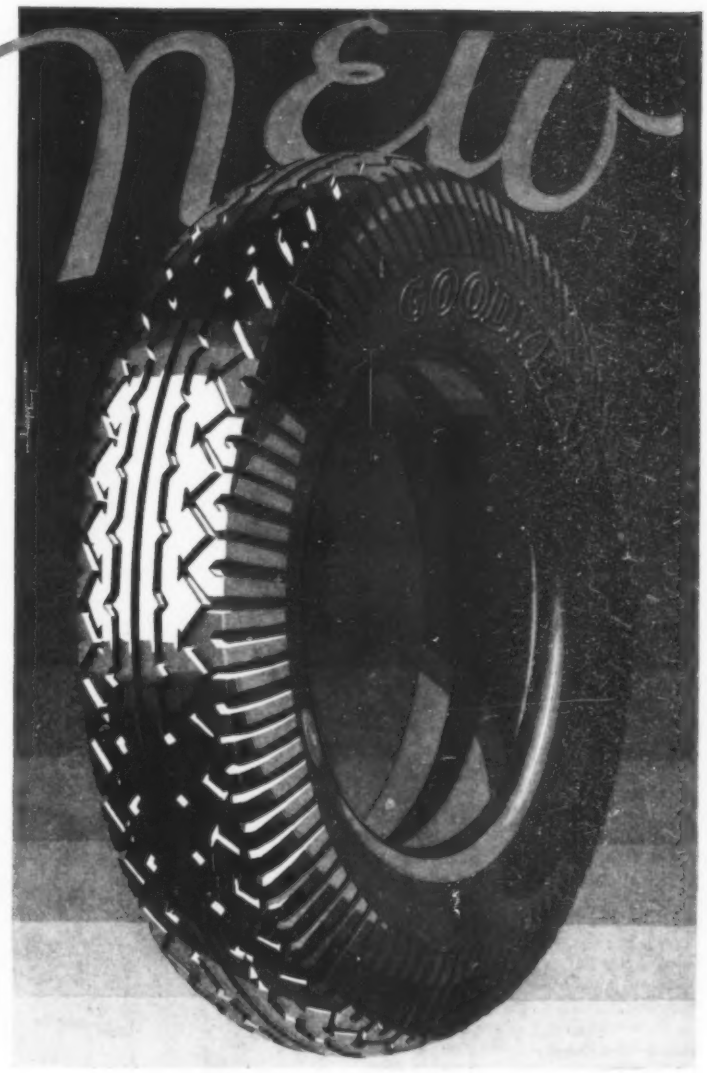
"Tell 'em what you please," Spike said.

IV

SPIKE looked across the field at the stadium, packed tight for the first time this season. It was spotted with colors that

(Continued on Page 123)





Reflecting in its design the famous Goodyear All-Weather pattern, the tread on this new Pathfinder delivers both traction and long wear, while the powerful carcass is made of the genuine Supertwist cords which give all Goodyear Tires their remarkable vitality.

"Build us an *outstanding* tire at a *moderate* price!"

—and Goodyear engineers now answer this difficult challenge with dramatic success

Time after time, the history of tire-building has been illuminated by Goodyear achievements in *quality*.

Now Goodyear announces a new achievement—an *economic* triumph—in the field of low-price tires!

It offers to the American motorist who wishes to pay a moderate price for his tires, a tire *outstandingly* superior in quality and value—the new Goodyear Pathfinder.

Just look at the illustration of this new tire. See how massive and rugged it is. See how deep-cut and handsome is its thick and surefooted tread. In appearance and construction, it's a real Goodyear through and through!

In the manufacture of this great new Goodyear Pathfinder, no effort has been spared to produce a *balanced* tire, with all parts equally durable.

The body is made of genuine Goodyear Supertwist cord, the matchlessly elastic vitality of which insures against premature fatigue or failure.

The heavy tread of special Goodyear pattern is wide—designed for slow, even wear—and it embodies also an exceptional degree of *traction* and non-skid protection.

The materials in this tread reflect the same principles of rubber toughening as distinguish the famous Goodyear All-Weather, and every rubber-mill batch of material is tested and controlled to the strict Goodyear standard.

Do not make the mistake of considering this new Pathfinder a "second-line" tire because of its low price. It is "first-line" quality and superior in most cases to the highest price tires built by many manufacturers.

Built in both High-Pressure and Balloon sizes. Goodyear Dealers stand ready to back up the tire's merit with their on-the-ground, money-saving service.

Try the new Goodyear Pathfinder and see how much farther your tire money goes than ever before!

GOODYEAR

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THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

ESCAPADE

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

MRS. SADLIER looked across the luncheon table at her son Alan, who was like her—tall, auburn-haired and sober in mien, except when a smile almost dazzlingly brightened the gravity of his expression. It was two o'clock. Keeping New England hours, the Sadliers lunched at one and dined at seven, the ways of Southern Pennsylvania notwithstanding.

"What are you going to do this afternoon, Alan?"

From the other side of the table, Doctor Sadlier added a phrase to Mrs. Sadlier's inquiry: "With your new freedom?"

Doctor Sadlier was no taller than Mrs. Sadlier and three inches shorter than Alan, who was still increasing the space between the top of his head and that of his father's. He instructed the students of Kennedy Academy in the history of English literature and the principles of English composition. His eye twinkled—the ways of youth amused him and the apprehensions of older folk amused him more. The necessity laid upon mankind to earn a living, not merely each man for himself but each man for others as well, would solve most of youth's problems in 1928, as it had, say, in 1628.

When Alan blushed, Mrs. Sadlier was disturbed. She had asked his plans not with a desire to spy upon or direct him, but merely to know, so that she might have a background for her thoughts. Since Alan had graduated from the academy, and since he was to go to Harvard in the fall, the happy days of her knowing exactly where he was and what he did would soon be past, probably forever.

Alan dipped his fingers into his finger bowl—the Sadliers not only kept unusual hours; they had unusual manners, as elegant for themselves as for company. Dipping his fingers, he bent his head. The beating of his heart quickened; an impossible adventure began to seem possible. He lifted his head, the flush still upon his cheek.

"I don't know," said he. "I feel lost. What are you going to do, mother?"

"I shall help Mary make sandwiches and salad for this evening so that she can get away as soon as possible; then I shall rest; then I shall either work in the garden or read."

"I'm going to the office," announced Doctor Sadlier. "I'll finish my marks this afternoon; then the new freedom for me."

"The freedom to work a few hours longer each day," laughed Mrs. Sadlier. Sadlier had edited many classic texts for school and college use, and he had in addition an original work, a history of English biography, which was almost ready for the press. He had once believed that limitation of his working hours during eight months of the year was a serious disadvantage; now he considered it an advantage, since it enabled him to look upon his work with the detachment of time.

"I don't know what I'll do." Alan spoke a little confusedly. "Shall I take you up the hill, dad?"

"Please."

Mrs. Sadlier pushed back her chair and rose, and with a finger bowl in each hand walked toward the kitchen, her tall body erect, her step long and free. Sadlier crossed the hall into his study, Alan stepped through a doorway to the porch.

Sadlier looked round his low-ceiled room with the almost surprised pleasure with which he invariably entered. No inch of wall space remained unoccupied by books; an old deep-toned rug covered the floor; there were chairs which by some magic of his wife's were always sound, always comfortable, and yet had a look of mellowness and beauty. He set about gathering papers and letters into a brief case.

Alan had a wider view across the lawn. His father and mother had restored the house, which was built of stone and almost a hundred years old, preserving each beauty and adding comfort. Between the front wall and the pavement there was only a shallow space, and here over the door was a small portico. At the side they had added a porch paved with stone, with a roof which carried on the sloping line of the house roof and was supported by heavy pillars.

One stepped from the porch directly upon the lawn, whose smooth greenness and tapestrylike borders were Mrs. Sadlier's pride. Delphiniums were in bloom, a foot taller than tall Alan, and there were late irises, single peonies, columbine and sweet William in soft shades. The chief beauty was an edging of blue harebells following the curve of each bed. The scent of honeysuckle filled the yard—seemed to fill the world. Cars passed through the street infrequently and there were few sounds except the murmur of bees. When the eight hundred academy students were here the village was a crowded hive, but summer brought blessed peace.

Hearing his father in the hall, Alan reëntered the house, passing through another long door into the living room. The polished floor was bare, the furniture was covered with chintz to match the hangings at the windows, there were bowls and vases of flowers. Here stood his mother's piano, a new grand used only enough to have its action perfected, played two or three hours a day except in the early summer, when Mrs. Sadlier's hands were stiff from gardening.

Before the front door stood the family touring car, far from new. The Sadliers had little enthusiasm for motoring—a car was a convenience only. Mrs. Sadlier did not like the hours of inactivity of a long drive. Doctor Sadlier preferred, when he traveled, the smooth swiftness of a train upon which he could continue to work.



All That Was in Any Way Remarkable Was the Appearance of Dolores, With Whom Half the Academy Was in Love

To the right the street dropped somewhat steeply toward the square, where the shade ended. The open space was treeless and surrounded by homely buildings thickly hung with signs. It was difficult to understand how those who lived in the old stone houses in the surrounding streets could tolerate so much ugliness where they must walk daily. At one corner was a dry-goods store, at another a poor hotel, at another a restaurant called Mike's.

Mike's was fabled in academy song and story, but if there had ever been a Mike it was before the days of recorded history. The present proprietor was John Schaffer. His wife was the cook; his sixteen-year-old daughter, with the romantic name of Dolores, was the waitress. The fare was poor, the furnishings cheap and shabby; all that was in any way remarkable was the appearance of Dolores, with whom half the academy was in love. She was short for sixteen, and plump, with bobbed black curly hair, very beautiful black eyes and a high color. Her mouth was negligible to youth and hateful to older taste—loose, thick-lipped and too red to need penciling. She was never embarrassed, never at a loss, and she had the happy conviction that all the students admired her—the more ardent in secret. To the town youths she paid no attention except in the summer, when scarcely a dozen persons entered the restaurant in a day.

To the left the street rose under thicker shade toward the campus gate, whose base could be seen in that direction as the sunny floor of the square could be seen in the other. The campus had two hundred acres within its boundaries and alongside of poor ancient buildings were rising new buildings to fulfill the dream of its president, chief among them a Gothic chapel with room for more than all the students, and a soaring and beautiful tower visible for many miles.

Doctor Sadlier stepped into the rear of the car and Alan took the driver's seat. Alan had little mechanical ability, but he had his mother's fondness for smoothness in all the details of living, and he kept the car in good order.

Sadlier looked at Alan's back and smiled. The boy had grown enormously during the past year. His head seemed to have risen more rapidly than his shoulders, and the space between his ears and his collar was too long. Another year and he would be handsome. He had taken first honor in the academy and Sadlier was confident that he would win high honor at Harvard. He expected that Alan would be a teacher. The profession had its trials, like all professions, but the rewards surpassed those of all other professions.

"I had something in mind for you to do," he said as they turned in at the campus gate. "Ah, I remember! There are some books here which belong in the library at Gettysburg. How'd you like to take them over?"

"All right." Without apparent reason Alan flushed.

"That will save me packing them. Stop at Doctor Ralston's and find out if the library's open; if not, he'll take the books."

"All right," said Alan again. "Perhaps"—he spoke with a sort of desperation, his cheeks still aflame—"perhaps mother would like to go."

"I doubt it. You can try, but if she's asleep don't disturb her."

The flush remained on Alan's cheek after he and his father had carried the books into the car. The air suddenly became intensely warm and heavy, and the flush was partly the effect of the heat and of his exertion, but not altogether. The idea in his mind was that he might take Dolores Schaffer for a ride. When school was in session she was not aware of his existence, but a few days ago, deprived of her admiring army, she had spoken to him. Her remarks were always brief and to the point, and this was

(Continued on Page 47)



NOT A SIGNAL—*A SALUTE!*

The Pennsylvania takes another step forward —it fosters pride of ownership in its employees

The Pennsylvania's New Army of Employee-Owners

Through its Board of Directors, the Pennsylvania Railroad this year set aside $17,500,000 of common stock and offered this to its employees at *par*. The issue was over-subscribed.

Over 100,000 employees took advantage of the opportunity. This will represent the highest percentage of employee-ownership yet achieved by an industrial organization in this country.

The Pennsylvania has done this in the belief that sharing in the ownership of this railroad will still further increase the worker's loyalty to it—a loyalty comparable to that of a sailor to his ship or of a soldier to his regiment.

And the promotion of that fine spirit is the public's best assurance of ever safer, speedier travel.

"MY rookie days in the army were brought back to me recently as I looked out from the observation platform of the Broadway Limited," said a recent traveler on that train.

"At first we hated to salute. Then an old army sergeant put snap into us. He told us we weren't saluting just our officers. We were saluting the government—something that belonged to ourselves.

"Well, the other evening as the clouds streaked across the sun, The Broadway whizzed past a section foreman and his gang. They all paused to watch. One—a big fellow with a pick—looked at the Limited with something like admiration lighting up his face . . . His right hand was raised. I don't think it was any sort of signal. No, he was a railroad man instinctively saluting the spirit of *his* railroad. He seemed as proud of that Pennsylvania train as if he owned it."

Today, that man with the pick is only one of the scores of thousands of Pennsylvania Railroad employees who have a new sense of proprietorship as they watch the Pennsylvania's vast fleet of trains glide down the humming rails.

This year over 100,000 of these employees have subscribed for stock and will thus shortly become employee-owners.*

*Read the graphic story in the panel at the left.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

in 1928 *Again, the* Builder of

Since January 1st, over a million Chevrolets have been produced and sold, making Chevrolet for the second consecutive year, the world's largest builder of automobiles.

This outstanding achievement does more than reflect the public's approval of Chevrolet beauty, performance and value. It constitutes an overwhelming endorsement of Chevrolet's basic manufacturing policy—a policy expressed in the famous slogan, "Quality at low cost."

The conclusion of Chevrolet's greatest year is a fitting occasion for the re-affirmation of this policy: *To build a quality automobile whose design incorporates every possible feature of progressive engineering . . . whose beauty is distinctive, smart and satisfying . . . whose reliability is the result of fine materials and precision manufacture . . . and*

Q U A L I T Y

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

World's Largest Automobiles

whose price is so low as to be within reach of the great majority of the people.

Strict adherence to this policy has brought to Chevrolet a record of success ranking with the great industrial achievements of all time. It has made possible the constant improvement and expansion of Chevrolet manufacturing facilities. It has enabled Chevrolet to build continually better automobiles to meet the changing standards of public demand.

And today, after 16 years of consistent progress, Chevrolet has again demonstrated its ability to provide an even greater measure of quality, beauty and performance—at prices so remarkably low as to be within the reach of everybody, everywhere!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

A T L O W C O S T



"*You can't* Judge a Book *... by its* Cover"

IT may be a handsome book, with binding of the finest quality, BUT—that does not make it a book which you want to read.

The same logic holds true in the case of motor oil. It may be of good quality—yet it may not be the oil you *need* for your car! Why? Because it is not only the right quality that counts in motor oil—you must have the right GRADE, too—you need the *grade* that *fits the degree of wear in your engine!*

The engine in your car is different from others, even engines of the same make. Wear from mileage makes it different! If your car is new, the pistons fit snugly in the cylinders—the space between each piston and cylinder wall is exceedingly small. When your car has traveled 2,000 miles, this space has increased. At 12,000 miles it is still larger. And, remember, it is in this space between piston and cylinder wall where the correct grade of Opaline Motor Oil does an *extra service!* It seals the space—to prevent the power from blowing by!

Naturally, when the space is small, only a lighter oil can get into it and seal your power. But as the space increases from wear only a heavier oil can stay in and seal it!

The degree of wear in your engine determines the grade of motor oil you need. It's the mileage on your speedometer which indicates the wear!

Buy Opaline by mileage—that is the Sinclair Law of Lubrication*—the sound, simple basis upon which Opaline is made, sold and applied. Opaline is all that a good motor oil should be to meet the demands of the present-day engine, and does what you have a right to expect from a good motor oil.

The right *grade* of motor oil is just as important as the right *quality.* It is the responsibility of your Authorized Opaline Dealer to see that you get both. Tell him your mileage—he will sell you the correct *grade!*—He will give you *precision* in your lubrication.

* * * *

30c a quart is a reasonable retail price for Opaline in bulk (slightly higher in the Far West).

**The Sinclair Law of Lubrication: For every machine, of every degree of wear, there is a scientific Sinclair Oil to suit its speed and seal its power.*

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Seals power at every degree of wear

SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY, INC. * * NEW YORK ATLANTA BOSTON CHICAGO DETROIT HOUSTON KANSAS CITY OMAHA

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Use Sinclair H-C Gasoline, the better, all year, High Compression, anti-knock fuel for all engines.

(Continued from Page 42)

especially succinct: "Going riding with you some day!" Dazzled by her beauty and her fame, he viewed her uncritically and with longing. His association with girls had been limited to a shy acquaintance with neighbors with whom he had not had even a common attendance at public school.

The campus drive followed a wide circle, ascending to the level space before the chapel. From here there was a majestic view of mountains which formed the horizon in every direction. To the west the ridge presented a jagged aspect, like, some traveler had said, that of the Apennines from a certain point. Behind the ridge rounded thunderheads had begun to show.

Driving down the street, Alan drew up before his door. He knew without asking that his mother could not go; it was inconsiderate even to invite her. The possibility of his needing company would not occur to her; she followed him with love, but she had entire confidence in his good sense. She had curious ways of regarding human acts; she did not say "What a wicked man!" She said "Oh, the poor soul!" She would think of Dolores Schaffer as a poor soul; she would think of him in the rôle of an admirer of Dolores as an even more pitiable creature. The idea of inviting Dolores became ludicrous. He straightened his shoulders with a shake, feeling contempt for himself.

What happened in the next few minutes seemed to happen in a dream. He coasted into the square, and there at the corner stood a short, plump girl in a white dress, with a red handkerchief folded loosely round her shoulders. Her eyes brightened.

Holding up her hand with a "Whoa!" she stepped out in the path of the car. "Where you going?"

"To Gettysburg."

"Have a heart! Take me along!"

"All right." Alan said the words dreamily, trying meanwhile to explain his saying them.

The speed with which Dolores stepped into the car was almost that of lightning. The admiration of the academy was pleasant, but it had no such advantages as hours of freedom and a car. The academy boys were youthful prisoners; this was a man of independent position—on the whole, the most promising man in the town. She looked about, hoping that someone was observing her. How fine if Alan's proud mother should be at hand! She could see no living being. It was only three o'clock and she looked forward to hours of travel. She sat very straight, her cheeks flushed still redder with pride. She felt no embarrassment or fear of Alan's superior learning and social position. She knew mankind!

Alan did not look round the square; he did not think of his mother; he thought only of the queer tumult within. He, Alan Sadlier, a man at last, was taking a girl for a ride! He drove through the town, then into the country, his course parallel to the jagged hills. The space occupied by thunderheads had broadened, but they had risen only a little; probably by night there would be a storm. He fixed his thoughts upon them to steady his mind. He was trembling, not with terror but with an emotion which was at once pleasant and vastly disturbing.

"I bet you're glad school's out," said Dolores.

"Oh, I don't know."

Dolores regarded him from the corner of her eye; the academy boys who flocked to her father's restaurant for hot dogs hated school and their books and their teachers.

"You're kidding!" said she.

"What do you mean?" Alan looked round at her, needing already a reassuring sight of her beauty. His eye rested upon her thick curls, her red cheeks, her black eyes which looked now directly at him. Warmed by his gaze, she moved a few inches nearer.

"You know what I mean!"

Thanks to Alan's wandering attention, the car almost slipped into the gutter. The course was winding, the edges of the oiled macadam broken. He regained the road with a leap and flushed with annoyance at the comment of Dolores: "Some driver!" He was an excellent driver. A chaffing retort came into his mind: "Your fault!" But he was too shy to utter it. They drove on silently until they entered a village, upon which Dolores made comment: "Some city!"

Puzzled by an idea which demanded his attention, Alan did not answer. He identified it at last—it was the phenomenon of Nature which pleased him most, the drifting of shadows across a field of waving grain. A single fleecy cloud had detached itself from the slowly rising mass and for a moment dimmed the light of the sun.

"See that shadow!" he said involuntarily. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"It sure is!" Dolores spoke heartily, but she lifted her hand to quench a yawn. Nature was not a setting for Dolores. Encouraged by another glance, she moved still another inch, so that her elbow rested against Alan's arm.

"Where'd you say we're going?"

"Gettysburg."

"Some drive! When'll we get back?"

"Dinnertime."

"Dinnertime! Tomorrow, you mean?"

"Oh, no!" Alan uttered a sort of guffaw, amused and alarmed. "Oh, no! We have dinner at seven."

"In the evening?"

"Yes."

"Well, I tell the world I have supper at five!"

Alan's thoughts traveled to his pocket; he had, he believed, a little over a dollar.

"What're you going to do at Gettysburg?"

Seeing himself at the Ralstons' door with Dolores in his car, he flushed. The Ralstons were booklovers and students like his father and mother.

"I'm going to take some books to the college library."

"Going over the battlefield?"

"No, I have to get home."

"Ah, have a heart! What's your hurry?"

Alan turned the car abruptly to the right. They were now on a broader highway, running east and west, the mountains behind them, another lower and bluer range cutting in the far distance across their path. The rising clouds were invisible, the vast expanse before them was in almost blinding light. Alan felt struggling within him another idea. It materialized. He saw his mother sitting on the porch with a book, himself near by with another book. Impossible that he was riding through the country with Dolores Schaffer!

"Driving sure makes me sleepy," said Dolores. She moved still closer and laid her head on Alan's shoulder. "Me for a nap!"

"Oh, you mustn't!" said Alan sharply. "I can't drive that way!"

Dolores laughed loudly. "You can't! You are unsteady!"

Sitting straight, she looked at Alan intently, her lips slightly parted. She moved no farther away, and now and then she laughed.

"What time is it?" she asked.

Alan looked at his watch. "It isn't four; we'll get to Gettysburg and be started back by five."

Dolores half closed her eyelids. "It's twenty-five miles from Chambersburg to Gettysburg."

"That's not much." Alan spoke more freely. He had decided that he would drive directly to the library; there would surely be someone there, and he would not have to seek out Doctor Ralston. It had seemed to him a few minutes ago that he would never see his home again; now hopefully he put on speed.

"There's a detour in Chambersburg," said Dolores.

"Only through the town," answered Alan. "We can make good time."

"Is that all you're after?"

Leaving this remark unanswered, Alan put on more speed. They entered Chambersburg and, winding about its streets, came at last into the square. Upon the monument in the center Dolores commented with admiration. Alan's emotion was that of his mother—he pitied Dolores. Behind them the clouds began to move briskly; in a few minutes they obscured the sun.

"It's going to rain," prophesied Dolores.

Alan recalled the slowness with which the thunderheads were moving. "Not till night," said he. He saw suddenly that the whole landscape was in shadow. "Why, you're right. There's thunder!"

Before them lay a village which seemed almost interminable. When they had passed through, the blue mountain ridge was at hand, no longer blue but covered with the rich green of June. The wind had begun to blow violently; it bent the trees and accelerated the speed of the car. The black eyes of Dolores glittered; she foresaw a longer absence than that intended by this stiff and stupid Alan. Thunder sounded directly above their heads and the wind carried them over the summit of the hill and down the steep incline.

"What'll we do?" Dolores slipped her hand inside Alan's arm and held it tightly.

"We'll drive on, and if it gets too bad we'll stop."

"There are camps," suggested Dolores. "We could stop in one of those."

The lightning filled the earth with its glare. Clouds moved to the north; snakelike illuminations ran along their edge. The atmosphere had a queer odor and there was over everything a green light which grew each moment darker and more strange. They descended a steep hill



Her Remarks Were Always Brief and to the Point, and This Was Especially Succinct: "Going Riding With You Some Day!"

into a village built on the first slope of the mountain. The rain seemed queerly delayed, and for the delay Alan was grateful, since the curtains of the car were not weatherproof. He remembered a camp near Gettysburg where there were sheds into which he could drive and a pavilion in which Dolores could wait.

At last rain filled the air with slanting lines and beat on the top of the car. The camp was at hand. He drove in through a gateway and across an open space to the inclosed pavilion.

"You'd better get out here."

"I'm not getting out," replied Dolores with a nervous laugh. "I'm staying with you."

Either there were no sheds or he had turned in the wrong direction. He found himself in a grove. Lightning struck tall outstanding trees; it would not be apt to pick out a tree in this thick wood.

"You ought to have got out," he said, fumbling with the curtains. "You'll be soaked."

"What's a little rain?" asked Dolores.

"You'd better climb over to the back seat." He spoke sharply. The roar of the wind and thunder and the downpour of the rain made him nervous.

Dolores obeyed. "What am I stepping on?"

"Books." Alan was appalled. "They must be kept dry." There was an old blanket in the back of the car; he covered them over.

"There's water trickling down my neck," whined Dolores. "Aren't you coming back here?"

"If you sit on the other side you'll be dry. I'll stay here." Alan cocked his head; he could hear a roaring which was not that of wind or thunder, but unmistakably that of a swollen stream. The thunder diminished, then increased, as though a second storm were following upon the first. He heard another sound—a soft swishing near at hand. Lifting the curtain, he peered out; round the wheels swirled water.

"Can you see out of the back window?" he asked Dolores.

Uttering the same nervous laugh, Dolores mounted upon her knees. "It's water!" she said with a shriek. "Everywhere!" She stepped down, and standing upon the books, bent forward and put her arms round Alan's neck. "Come back here with me, old crosspatch!"

Alan sat motionless, her weight upon his shoulders heavy, her breath unpleasantly warm, her proximity hateful. He saw his mother sitting on the porch, cool and slim in a white dress—would he ever be with her again? Dolores laid her cheek to his, and twisting round kissed him on the mouth. He felt outraged, defiled. Was this the prize for which the lists were entered?

"I don't like that!" he said rudely.

"Your old books are getting wet!" shrieked Dolores above the next crash of thunder. "There's water to my ankles! You had no business to bring me here!"

Alan leaned over with a diver's motion—water lay an inch deep on the floor of the car. He gathered the books up quickly, piling them on the seat beside him. The thunder grew louder, the second storm approached its climax. Troubled, aghast, he sat cherishing the books.

"I'm starved," declared Dolores fiercely. "You're smart to bring me down here and drown me!"

"I didn't bring you," contradicted Alan. "You brought yourself."

"I'll get even with you, never fear!"

The rain diminished; again Alan peered out. The pool about them seemed less deep. There was again the distant sound of thunder.

"It's half-past seven!" he exclaimed. "We won't have much more daylight."

Dolores was not a talkative person. Her information about the world was scant, her reflections upon life and events those of a child of six. Alan tried to start the car; the engine responded with a meaningless whir.

"We'll have to wait a little longer," said he. "We'll get away in a few minutes."

He was filled with desperate impatience. His position was unnatural, uncomfortable, compromising. The moment when he should deposit Dolores at her door appeared infinitely distant; he seemed to be in the midst of one of the interminable and distressing dreams in which one strove and achieved nothing. Suppose they should not get home tonight! Suppose his parents should become alarmed! Suppose they should learn that Dolores Schaffer and he had gone away together! He began to pray: "O God, let me get home—let me get home!"

He heard in the midst of his agony the sound of a motorcycle behind his car—another. He peered out; in the rain, which had begun again to pour, two policemen were dismounting. Unable to move, he stared at them stupidly.

"That's the number," said one with passion. "Get out, young man."

Alan stepped into deep water. "What's the matter?" It wasn't possible that his parents had sent in search of him!

"I suppose you didn't know that when you passed through Cashtown you ran down a man!"

Alan's nervousness reached a climax; this was, he would have said, too much! "I didn't!" he declared furiously.

"No back talk!" said the second policeman. "We got your number and followed you. What's your name?"

Alan had the most profound respect for the thoroughness of the police; if they once got your name you never got it back. He saw black headlines across a page:

JOY RIDER HAS SERIOUS ACCIDENT
ALAN SADLIER
PROFESSOR'S SON

He prayed a new prayer: "O God, let this be a dream!"

"I asked your name!" said the officer in a rage.

"Alan Sadlier." He saw his father, busy judging the intellect and penalizing the behavior of the sons of other men.

"Where do you live?"

"Kennedyville." His voice sank to a whisper.

"Got anybody in here?" The officer tore open the curtain and together rain and the light from his flash streamed upon a huddled Dolores. A stout man wearing a poncho appeared out of the gloom and added his round person to the little group.

"What's your name, girlie?"

The address horrified Alan.

"Her name's Miss Schaffer," he said with dignity.

"Father keep a restaurant?" The rude and magisterial voice implied acquaintance with the ancestry and social position of Dolores.

"Yes."

The officer turned his head and looked at his fellow. "Skylarking! Driving like fools!" He uttered an odious, abominable word: "Necking, I'll bet! As a result, a poor man is hurt."

"I didn't!" protested Alan. "I didn't!"

The fat man pushed a little closer. "What time was this, officer?"

"Seven exactly," snapped the officer. "Telephones are down; they couldn't get us."

"Then you're wrong," said the fat man. "This boy drove in soon after five. I took his number. I take all the numbers and I write 'em down. Did you have his number exactly?"

"Not exactly," confessed the officer somewhat grudgingly. "All but the last figure."

"It wasn't this boy. I can swear to that."

"Is your father a teacher at the academy?" inquired one of the officers with awful omniscience.

"Yes," said Alan.

The eyes of the officers met; their twinkle raised doubts as to the seriousness of the accident. "I'd take my girl and go home," advised one.

"I will!" promised Alan. "I will! But I can't get my car started."

Finding a bit of waste in the pocket of his motorcycle, an officer splashed, highbooted, into the pool and opened the hood of the car.

"Never had water in your engine before?"

"No."

The officer closed the hood with a bang. "Now beat it!" he said pleasantly.

Alan turned out upon the concrete. The rain spread a film of moisture over his windshield, but it was a thin film which the wiper steadily removed. The air was fresh; his car sped through the villages and climbed the hill; like its owner, it seemed to have a happy consciousness of escape. In Chambersburg he paid painful heed to the coming on of red lights. Beyond, his eyes strained through the darkness toward the lofty tower which was his goal.

"I didn't mean to speak sharply to you," he said, addressing the windshield. A sniff answered him. "I'm sorry," said he in a louder tone.

"It's too late to be sorry," replied Dolores with fury. The first rebuff in life is undeniably difficult to bear; so also had been the insulting wink of the officers. "You needn't try to get round me, either. I hate you!"

They turned from the highway into the narrow winding road. Here and there they crossed a stream or drove beside one, all high above their banks.

"I'll stop and speak to your father," offered Alan.

"You'll do nothing of the kind! I'll tell my own story."

Alan drew up before the door of the Schaffers. It was the wrong side of the street, but no one was there to interfere, still less to admonish.

"I hope your books are soaked," said Dolores from the pavement. "I hope you don't get a bite to eat." Dolores uttered a final commination: "I hope you get the hide licked off you!"

Heavy on the damp air hung the odor of honeysuckle. Alan saw his mother; she would not be reading, she would be walking up and down. His father would be pretending to read, but he would be all ears. He had been late once or twice; they had no doubts about his behavior, they feared only the chances of danger. These they feared desperately.

Reaching the stone house, he blew a reassuring blast and drove back to the garage. He put the car away, and making a bag of the blanket carried the books into the kitchen. His mother was standing inside the door, a candle in her hand.

"The lights are out," she said, trying to make her voice steady. "What happened?"

"I got into three storms," explained Alan. "I drove into a camp and there the stream rose round me. I didn't deliver the books and they got a little wet."

"And you're soaked! Have you had any dinner?"

"No," said he. His knees shook; in a moment he would drop the books. He set the blanket down as though it contained eggs. A strong odor assailed him—the smell of his father's pipe, smoked only in moments of perplexity or anxiety. It assailed him as an enemy assails a fortress. His stomach ceased to be a round sack; it became a concave surface and that only.

"Go up the back stairs," laughed Mrs. Sadlier. "Take a hot bath, then come down. We've had fearful storms and we were very anxious. You look excessively queer in this light." She laughed again with a sighing breath as though in intense relief, and handed him the candlestick. "Be quick, darling! You must be starving!"

Alan climbed the steps slowly and walked into the bathroom. Automatically he pressed the familiar button and at once the lights came on. He saw in the mirror a ghastly face, pale, large-eyed, grimy. He regarded it intently.

"I'm going to be ——" He paused. "I'm afraid I'm going to be ——" He stood looking at himself; dropping the candle, swaying, he clutched desperately at the edges of the washstand.

After a long time, Mrs. Sadlier came into the lower hall and listened. She could hear no sound. "Alan!" she called.

There was no answer. She climbed the stairs, slowly, then faster. The door of the bathroom was open; so was the door of Alan's room. "Alan!" said she.

A weak voice bade her enter. She sniffed, in addition to the odors of honeysuckle and Doctor Sadlier's tobacco, there was an odor of soap such as emanates from a body freshly bathed. Her son lay upon his bed, the sheet covering him to his chin.

"My dear," she cried, "what's the matter?"

"I've been very ill," said Alan, and even as he spoke his tone strengthened. "I think it was"—he hesitated; what wasn't it?—"everything."

"I don't wonder," said Mrs. Sadlier. "What shall I bring you?"

"Nothing," said Alan, with loathing.

"Not a cup of tea?"

A sensation within bade him reconsider. He laid his hand upon his stomach, he pressed; no qualm responded.

"Perhaps," he consented feebly, "and a single cracker."

"Not some bread and butter?" Mrs. Sadlier laid her hand on his forehead. His hair was still damp; here had been no casual lustration. He pressed his stomach again; it seemed to have regained altogether its noble tone.

"Perhaps a single piece of bread."

As Mrs. Sadlier went down the stairs he smelled again his father's pipe; it was distinctly pleasant rather than unpleasant. He swung his feet out of bed and put on his slippers and bath robe. He had felt this way long, long ago, after severe punishment. He was happier at this moment, he believed, than he had ever been in his life. Wan and unsteady, but grinning, he crossed the room and approached the stairway. For an instant he clung to the rail.

"Ravenous!" said he aloud. "Starved! Perishing! I'll go down and see that she cuts enough."



DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Young Reformer: "Well, I've Got Ernie to Turn Over a New Leaf—He's Promised to Quit Selling Tabloids!"



Where working together is everything

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

IT IS the aim of the Bell System that anyone anywhere in the country can pick up a telephone and talk to anyone anywhere else clearly and without delay. That is the meaning of universal service. To provide it, the means of telephoning must be uniformly good. Each of the 24 operating companies of the Bell System has full access to all the improvements and methods that are continually being made.

There are 5000 workers on the staffs of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Bell Laboratories whose sole occupation is to develop constantly improving methods and equipment for the 350,000 employees of the Bell System to use in serving the public. The results of the efforts are evident, not only in the extension of telephone service across the Atlantic, but in the constantly improving local and long distance service at home.

The very nature of the telephone business necessitates a single interconnected system. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company accepts its responsibility for a nation-wide telephone service as a public trust.

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.. and the Christmas Spirit need never die



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AN IDEAL GIFT that keeps the happy holiday spirit alive throughout the year. And best of all, it's a gift the whole family can enjoy —a Brunswick Billiard Table for the home—at a price you can afford to pay.

If you love laughter and liveliness, don't miss the entertainment that this great game affords. It makes the home a center of interest for growing youngsters and their friends.

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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

General Offices: 623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, *Chicago, Ill.* In Canada: *Toronto*

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE

(Continued from Page 5)

and a beautiful body—except that she was just the least bit knock-kneed—Evelyn, presumably, would get it all some day. Cecil Saunders presumed so. That was why he was there. That was why more than one of these fascinating young bond salesmen were there.

"And they say Shorty's a socialist now," Cecil went on. "I don't know. I haven't seen him since we graduated. He never attends our reunions—says class spirit is primitive and juvenile."

"Well, if he's a socialist he must believe in free love. How perfectly dear!" This was contributed by Peggy. "Why hasn't he been kissed?"

"Probably disapproves of petting."

"Give him a couple of cocktails and he'll think better of it."

"He doesn't drink."

"That doesn't matter," said Evelyn; "he'll be kissed this evening. Peggy's going to dance with him."

"No, thanks, Eve, kiss him yourself."

"No trump. . . . Do you know, I believe I will. It might do him good. What do you think, Cecil?"

"What do I think? I think the little highbrow won't kiss you. I'll bet you fifty dollars he won't."

"Oh, my dear, how uncomplimentary you are," drawled Evelyn. "Why should he scorn me?"

"Because he's a woman hater." Cecil smiled.

"How perfectly sweet!" drawled Peggy.

"Defense mechanism," said Evelyn.

"Or," said Cecil, "I'll bet you fifty dollars you won't kiss him."

"Good!" said Evelyn. "I'll take you. I'll kiss him and he'll kiss me, in the order named."

Fortunately for his weak stomach, Mr. Monteagle was out swatting the balls.

"All right, but you've got to have witnesses to prove it."

"Certainly. The rain has stopped and there'll be a moon tonight—I'll kiss him in the garden and you can hide behind the hedge."

"How perfectly thrilling!" drawled Peggy. She always admired Evelyn when in her presence. Peggy, like Cecil, was poor.

"Just to make it really interesting," said Evelyn to Peggy, "I'll make a bet with you too. I'll bet you fifty dollars that he asks to marry me."

"Oh, my dear, who wouldn't? I'll not bet against a sure thing."

"I'll take you on that," said Cecil. "I know Shorty and you don't."

"I know all of you," said Evelyn.

She thought they only wanted to marry her money, and, under her gay indifference, this hurt and haunted her constantly. She blamed most of it upon her nose, which was really rather a distinguished nose. She blamed some of it upon her legs, which weren't really more knock-kneed than many another pair of female legs. But she took her resentment out on the boys. She was considered quite cynical about boys.

III

HARRISON COPE arrived just in time to dress for dinner. He had finished a good week's work on the mating habits of spiders, with special reference to the *Aranea diadema*. Unlike most debutantes, they live only for a single season. The young emerge from the mother's cocoon in the early spring, grow through the summer and reach maturity in the early autumn. The sexes then pair and perish. Species of other families—*Lycosidæ*, *Clubionidæ*—may live for several seasons, hibernating in the soil or among dead leaves; and examples of the larger spider—*Avicularia*—have been kept alive in captivity for several years.

He was writing a thesis on the subject for his doctor's degree. He had been interested in insects ever since he was a child, at a time when his larger contemporaries, like Cecil, who frequently developed into football players, were afraid of spiders. Now that he was a graduate student, he was free to give spiders his entire attention. It was his ambition to become famous like Fabre, by finding out all that was known and a good deal that was not yet known about his favorite insect, and then telling it in such a way that it would be interesting to people who totally lacked the scientific spirit.

The latter part of this youthful ambition did not appeal to most of the scientists he was working with. It would not be scientific to be interesting. Your writings might become popular and you would thus spread knowledge. That would be unworthy of a true scholar. Knowledge should be kept in the possession of a chosen few, like wealth. True scholarship meant finding out all there was to know about some subject nobody cared a hang about, and then telling it in such a way that no one but scholars could possibly understand it.

Sometimes scientists and scholars seemed to him almost as bigoted as business men and lawyers. Harrison aired these views, and Doctor Duke, the biggest scientist of the lot, laughed and loved the boy for it—told him he was right. But most of the professors shook their heads over him. He had not conformed with undergraduate standards, and now he would not conform with faculty standards. He was a dangerous radical.

He was quite in the mood for a good loaf in the country, with girls and dancing and outdoor exercise and good food. He had taken to going out again. His mother did not have to urge him. He wanted to. Girls were silly and absurd and awfully attractive to him. He wondered why they should attract him so. He saw through them and yet he wanted to have them around. All their struggle and strain to be popular with the boys, their wriggling, giggling, girlish stuff always disappointed and sometimes disgusted him, and yet he couldn't keep away from them. He had tried it. He couldn't. Strange, wasn't it? He despised and desired them. They disillusionized and delighted him. When he was with them, he glowed and was glad. When he left them, he said "Oh, hell!"

The rest of the crowd were already down by the time Harrison had dressed for dinner. They turned and looked at him when he entered the room and he felt that they were thinking, "Isn't he little! Why, he scarcely comes above Evelyn's beautiful eyebrows." This thought made him stand very erect and look distinguished and superior.

It was all a bluff. He felt quite inferior, but he was not going to let anyone guess it, and he succeeded admirably. He seemed self-contained and at ease, and was very good-looking—clean-cut features, almost classic, with a faintly amused smile. It piqued the girls, though it annoyed Cecil. After all, he was nothing but a little highbrow. He didn't belong and did not seem to care. But the fact remained that he was one of the Copes. Cecil thought more about that than Harrison did. Harrison thought old families were the bunk. It merely meant having and hanging on to property long enough.

He did not appear to be a shy young man, nor was he in the least absent-minded or badly dressed, as scientists are supposed to be. But under this mask he experienced the old familiar out-of-it feeling that he used to have in undergraduate days in a crowd of his classmates. They all knew one another well and had special jokes of their own—references to things that he knew nothing about. They belonged and he didn't. It was the herd instinct which he had read about in one of his courses. Well, he had been bucking the herd all through his college course.

"I won't let them get my goat," he said to himself. "What do they amount to anyway? Bond salesmen—bah!"

(Continued on Page 53)

For the Christmas "male"!



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(Continued from Page 51)

"You know these wild young people, I suppose?" Evelyn was saying. "He's just sweet," she said to herself, feeling much too tall beside him.

"Some of them," said Harrison, and told himself that he did not give a hang about any of them—only he did. It was one of those times when he longed to be big and strong and popular.

She began to introduce him, but at that point dinner was announced and most of the crowd bolted for the dining room. The old people were dining out. It was not the custom of these young people to wait for the hostess to lead the way. That was 1890 stuff.

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," Evelyn added to Harrison; "they're hungry now. You know Cecil here, anyway."

Cecil, as usual, was near by. "Oh, yes," said Cecil, offering his hand to the newcomer with the mechanical kindness of one who is in it to one who is out of it. "How're you, Shorty?" He turned on and off a little smile. He had to look down to see the highbrow.

Peggy had joined them as they headed for the dining room. "Cecil is devoted to you, I believe," she drawled maliciously.

"He was once," said Harrison.

Cecil laughed. "We were dear old classmates."

He laughed easily, but he knew what Harrison meant. At prep school and during the first year or so at college, Cecil had carefully cultivated this classmate. Harrison had been an important member of their group by prep-school attainment. Cecil dropped him and cultivated others when Harrison became unimportant. Cecil was not going to queer himself.

"Club mates too, weren't you?" Peggy put in, interested to see what the effect would be.

It embarrassed Evelyn. She was audacious and sometimes arrogant, but hated to hurt. She was the kind servants always like. She pinched Peggy's arm.

"Oh, come on in," she said. "I'm famished."

The newcomer knew that his hostess was trying to change the subject. He appreciated her kindness, but did not want her pity. He could protect himself, thanks.

"Devoted classmates, but not club mates," said the highbrow, still smiling at Cecil. Yes, Cecil understood the allusion. Shorty knew how he had made his club. The highbrow did not fear Cecil—he merely hated him.

"Oh, really!" Peggy continued. They were entering the dining room now. "What was your club, Harrison?"

These bright young flappers! They took societies and fraternities as seriously as their grandparents had taken church and social position in the old Christian days—when it was the thing to snub.

Even Cecil felt rather embarrassed for the little highbrow now. Some of the others were listening and pretending not to, because they considered such a cruel question as really going too far. It was all right to allude to a failure to win a college diploma and laugh about it. But failure to win election to a college society! Well, there were some things which even the unreticent generation refrained from mentioning to a man's face. Evelyn was furious at Peggy and showed it. Peggy couldn't afford to have Evelyn furious with her.

They had reached the table now, and Harrison knew from the silence that everyone was listening. He turned toward Peggy and said, "I didn't belong to any club." He said it with an amused smile, not a deprecatory one.

"Harrison doesn't happen to care for that sort of thing," said Evelyn. "You're to sit by me, my dear," she added, to divert attention. "The rest of you can suit yourselves."

Harrison was still standing. "No, that wasn't it. They didn't care for me. You see, I'm what they used to call in our day a sad bird." And then he took his place by Evelyn.

He had carried it off with a high hand and got away with it. But it was not so easy for him as it looked. That high hand shook a little as he picked up his napkin.

"He's good," thought Evelyn. "It took nerve to say that. None of these big brave athletes could have done it. I'd kiss him just for that. I'd kiss him for nothing." All through dinner she looked at him with new eyes. She regretted now that she hadn't seen to his case during club elections. For, although the university was not coeducational—no, because of that fact—she was one of those fateful flappers who had a powerful hand in determining such destinies.

Along about the fish course Cecil said to Peggy, "Look down at the end of the table. Evelyn is playing the devil with that little runt already."

"Who couldn't," said Peggy, "when backed by a couple of hundred millions?"

"All the same, she's gorgeous in evening clothes. She even capitalizes her big beak when she holds her head that way—sort of imperious looking."

"She has a beautiful bust," Peggy admitted; "that's why she exhibits so much of it. She always shows up well at the dinner table. You can't see her bad legs."

"They're no worse than yours—slender and well shaped, anyway."

Evelyn knew that they were observing her. She winked and made a face at them to report progress. We all enjoy doing what we do well. We all enjoy the adulation of our loving friends and admirers.

IV

"WELL, my dear, you haven't forgotten how to dance, at any rate," said Evelyn. Her lovely laughing eyes were bright. There was a pleasing glow of health and youth in her cheeks which even the paint couldn't spoil.

"Then why sit it out?" Harrison asked as he followed her toward the terrace. She walked well. She seemed far more attractive than in that dim distant past when they were both young—years ago. He had heard that she had become cynical and hard-boiled, but he did not see it. "She's a peach," he said, behind her long straight back. His discomfort was gone and he was getting into the stride of what is called a good time. Spiders and the laboratory were forgotten. Well, that was why he was here. He even forgot that he was small.

"I want to talk over old times with you," she said, and hugged his arm. "Will you have a drink?" The dining room was now in sight.

"No, thanks. Shall I get you one?"

"I don't believe I'll need it," she said, looking down at him. He was very attractive, even though he was so much smaller than he ought to be. Nearly an inch shorter than herself—well, over half an inch anyway.

"I don't believe I'll need one either," he answered innocently.

"I'm not so sure of that." And she laughed. "Give him a couple of drinks and he'll think better of it." She undoubtedly had a rather large nose, but a very nice laugh. She always saw her nose in the glass. It was only slightly too large, but she thought it frightful. So, while dressing, instead of practicing bewitching—or sophisticated—smiles, she was given to making faces at herself. She thought a great deal about that nose. She seldom noticed her eyes in the glass, and never listened to her laugh or her nice voice. Therefore her charm was chiefly due to her nose. "Let's stroll down to the garden." They left the terrace and descended the steps.

"How long have you been on the wagon, darling?"

He thought he detected a note of satire. "I never got off, darling." The thing to do was to assume an easy derisive superiority. He could. He was cleverer than she. He was cleverer than most people.

"Really? Never?"

"Oh, I've tried it. I didn't like it. Deplorable taste, isn't it? Just think of all the wonderful bootleg stuff I miss!"

"But you're willing to try anything once?"

He didn't know what she meant, but he said, "You don't like it either. I saw your shudder when you took that cocktail before dinner."

"This boy sees too much," she said to herself. "I must be careful. He watches others, not himself, like Cecil." She was wrong. He thought about himself constantly. Most boys do, and all girls.

"I suppose," he went on, "you think you have to be snappy. You don't, my dear. You'd be popular, even if you'd be yourself—if you only knew it. . . . Where are those two going?"

Cecil and Peggy had come down the other way and were disappearing behind the hedge.

"Down to the lake. There's a motorboat there. The idiots! Peggy will ruin her slippers. . . . So you've become a highbrow, have you, Harrison?"

"Bet your life."

"Just what is a highbrow? Let's sit down here on this bench. I've danced all evening without stopping."

She liked him better sitting down. He didn't seem so short. She did not want to think of him as short.

"Well, if you must know, a highbrow, my child, is one who knows more than you do and is not ashamed of it."

She liked that. She laughed. She thought it over and laughed again. That was good. She was getting fed up with wise cracks—Cecil's, Peggy's, her own. The delightful novelty of being vulgar was wearing off. Anyone could be dirty. That required no brains or humor—so cheap.

"So you know more than I do?"

"Infinitely. For example, I know how adorable you look here in the moonlight against that dark background of hedge."

"Maybe I knew that too. Maybe that's why I'm here."

"But you can't enjoy it, and I'm the only one who can."

"I didn't know that was the way highbrows talked."

"I told you you didn't know much."

"But maybe you're not the only one who can enjoy it." She glanced toward the hedge. "Maybe you're not so wise as you think you are."

"Then if you enjoy it too ——"

He stopped. He had an impulse to grab her and kiss her. He had heard a great deal about these girls, but his experience with all girls had been restricted since he swore off women at the age of eighteen to devote himself to science. He had no intention of giving up science, but he felt that he had been missing a good deal. Why not both? He jumped up abruptly. It wasn't science, it wasn't fear, it wasn't respect for the girl. It was merely that disquieting sense of the ridiculous which was always butting in and spoiling things for him. He was too short to take this tall girl in his arms. She wouldn't fit. Perhaps a drink might have made him forget that.

The girl kept her seat. "What's the matter, Harrison?" She asked this in such a low melodious tone. Her voice was entrancing in its lower register. When it went high, shouting to Peggy and Cecil across the dinner table, it was terrible. "Don't leave me. Sit down—do."

Even scientists who dedicate their lives to the truth cannot always be honest. "You're so beautiful," he said, still standing, but leaning toward her; "you're too beautiful—I can't stand it." He did not mean a word of it.

He turned as if to leave. She reached up, put her arms around his neck, drew his face down and slowly kissed him on the mouth. Her lips were moist and warm and the suffusing scent of her was intoxicating.

No drink was necessary at all. He clasped her and forgot that all this was ridiculous as he kissed her so violently that she gasped and cried out. He even forgot her nose. "All right," he said, "I'm sorry. Let's go back and dance."

"No, Harrison, not yet. Why did you do that?"

He sat down at the other end of the bench, or nearly at the end.

"For the same reason you did, I suppose."

"I doubt it, Harrison. You were always so superior, and yet so modest."

"What do you mean?"

"I love you. I have always loved you. You know that. But you don't love me. You're only playing with me."

Her head was down and she looked adorably pathetic with the moonlight casting deep shadows around her downcast eyes.

What had he done? And what could he do? He kissed her again. What else could he do?

But she did not seem to think it was the only thing to do. "No, no," she said, "you don't really care."

"But I do," he said; "you know I do." To prove it, he did it again. And, strangely enough, that did prove it, for the time being. "I care terribly."

"But you don't really love me." Her bare arm went around his neck. It was soft, but strong.

"I do—I do." He was quite sure he did.

"You haven't said so."

In his arms, she looked deep into his eyes. Then she dropped her gaze. Perhaps she was ashamed. She looked merely timid and fine.

"I love you," he said, but it was such a tremendous word that he nearly choked as he uttered it—not having had that drink. It was the first time he had ever said it. It always comes out hard at first, especially when something within says "What a lie!"

"And want to marry me, Harrison?"

Oh, my God, he didn't want to marry anybody!

"Why, of course, Eve—who wouldn't?"

That seemed reasonable. So many men on two continents had wanted to—big men.

"Are you sure?"

"Am I sure!" He proved it in the usual way—on the eyes this time, because he didn't want to look into them.

"And tomorrow—in broad daylight—you won't regret it?"

"Regret it! Tomorrow!" He was beginning to regret it already!

"And you won't forget?"

"How can I ever forget?" That was true enough. So, to avoid her eyes, he picked up her hand, implanted a kiss on the soft, scented palm of it and folded her fingers over it.

Evelyn considered that rather old-fashioned, but she liked it. He was trembling now. Perhaps it was the horror of his situation. She only knew that he was trembling, and she adored that.

"He's such an ardent little man," she thought, "and so sweet and clean all through." Holding him close in her firm, cool arms, she said, "I didn't know you were like this, Harrison."

"Neither did I. I never dreamed of it. . . . What's that noise in the hedge?"

"A cat."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. We call our cat Peggy. Don't you think that's a suitable name for a cat? Go away, Peggy—scat! You're not wanted here." She began to laugh—in the higher register. "Let's go back and dance. You've made me very happy." And she added to herself, "Also a little unhappy."

Halfway up the steps he said with a gulp, "But think—think how happy I am." He knew he had to say something. On the terrace, with the blare of jazz coming out through the open windows, she stopped and patted his shoulder.

"Harrison," she said, "you're an awfully nice boy."

"If she only knew the truth!" thought the scientist. He loved the truth and had expected to dedicate his life to it. But now, it seemed, he would have to dedicate it to a lie.

Then they went in and danced.

V

"OH, THE rich always get everything," said Cecil, paying his bet, the next morning.

"Thanks, darling. You've saved my life. Now I can pay fully a tenth of my bridge

(Continued on Page 56)

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ESSEX





Super 6

(Continued from Page 53)

debts. Father has threatened to throw me out, you know."

"Yes, I know. So why don't you marry me and be done with it?"

"Done with what? With father? I'd need him more than ever if I married you, darling."

"There's something in that. But if you married a steady young fellow like me, I'd keep you out of debt and your father would love me for that."

"Oh, but you forget that I'm engaged to be married already. If you were honorable you would have reminded me of it. You saw it happen. You stood by and watched in unprotesting silence—all for a hundred dollars. No, Cecil, I'll never marry you. You're not romantic. You have sold your love for gold. . . . I don't really enjoy talking this rot," she added to herself. But this was considered her line. Sometimes she ran it out and felt sick of it, and had to have a drink to enjoy it. But they expected it and applauded it, and so she snapped into it again. It was as if she couldn't help it. Cecil laughed. So did Peggy. They always did. The Monteagles were so rich.

"No doubt about your little highbrow being romantic," said Cecil.

"A nice boy, Cecil, that devoted classmate of yours."

"I believe you rather liked it."

"I adored it."

Peggy wanted them to pay attention to her. She was witty too. "Who wouldn't?" she drawled. "He is good-looking. I got quite a thrill merely out of watching you."

Fortunately this sophisticated conversation was not within Mr. Monteagle's hearing. He had such a weak stomach.

"Thrill? You told me last night it was a chill," said Cecil.

"Because, you big iceberg, you did nothing to keep me warm. You are not a bit romantic. . . . Eve, he's cute. So young and fresh and innocent. May I be engaged to him next? I have never tried a highbrow."

"No, dearest, you know perfectly well that I haven't been engaged for weeks and weeks. He's a perfect darling and loves me madly. But I wish he were a size or two larger."

"Odd how little men always fall for big girls," said Peggy, who was short. "Cecil, don't you love it?"

Cecil said to Evelyn, "By the way, where is your little boy friend?"

"I don't know. Perhaps he doesn't love me any more. Have any of you seen my new boy this morning?"

Cecil shook his head. "My dear, you'd better look out. You can never tell about these quiet little fellows. They can be spiteful. When are you going to break your engagement?"

Peggy wanted to be heard. "I think getting unengaged is almost as interesting as getting engaged, don't you?"

"I'm not going to break it at all."

"Oh, really!" said Cecil, and laughed.

"It's too much trouble. I'll have it done for me."

"Who's the girl?" asked Peggy. "Why won't you let me help? I think you're so unkind. And he and I are quite the same size."

"It isn't a girl. I'm going to let father do it. He always loves to do things for me. As soon as my highbrow comes down I'll send him into the library to speak to father. He will ask for my hand in marriage, as I believe they called it in the 90's, and then we'll let Nature take its course. Isn't that sweet and old-fashioned in me?"

The others laughed. Eve was in good form this morning. "Don't you love it!" cried Peggy.

Apparently Cecil loved it. He laughed the longest and the loudest. "I'd like to be around when the old man kicks him out."

"I'm sure you would," said Eve.

"He can kick pretty hard."

"You ought to know." Eve turned to Peggy. "It's the only way I can get those pearls."

"What way? What pearls?"

"The ones I told you about. Father says he has overindulged me, but he will have to console me for my great sorrow. So, in this way, I can combine business with pleasure—get what I want and get rid of what I don't want."

"I call that efficiency," said Cecil.

"I call it heredity," said Peggy. "Her father's own daughter."

Harrison had had a bad night—a bad morning, rather. It was six o'clock when they stopped dancing and had ham and eggs. Some of the others went down to the lake to swim—Cecil's idea. He loved to swim because he was so beautifully built. Harrison went to bed, but not to sleep.

How had it happened? Did it really happen? If so, why? "Girls don't fall for me so easily. I'm a runt. They like tall strong silent men. She could not have meant a word of it. And yet she's not that sort. I know she isn't. I can tell. A little necking—yes, but not this love-and-marriage stuff unless she meant it.

"Married! Me? I don't want to be married. I can't be married. It will interfere with every plan of my life. How could I go down to South America or over to Africa on expeditions with a wife hanging around my neck? Especially such a big one, most especially such an overpoweringly rich one. She would pay the bills, she would have the say. She wouldn't let me go at all. I'd have to stay at home and lead her kind of life. I hate her kind of life. My own life will be ruined at the very beginning. Another promising career wrecked by a woman."

So his thoughts raced for hours. Such irony! After keeping conscientiously away from girls, like a man determined to stay on the water wagon, now, the minute he fell off, he got drunk. Here he was engaged to be married. He had all the regrets of the morning after being pickled—only worse, because one can get over the effects of a jag, but he didn't see any hopes of getting out of this pickle honorably. Therefore he would have to get out of it dishonorably. That was all there was to it.

He had breakfast in his room and stayed up there. He didn't want to face her. He didn't want to face any of them ever again. Besides, he had to think. Coffee made him think more clearly. Coffee was always good after a jag.

It was not going to be so bad. Probably she was tight when it happened. Maybe she wouldn't remember a word of it. Or, if she did, she wouldn't care to mention it. Certainly. It was going to be all right. She probably did things like that often. He had taken it too seriously. It meant nothing at all to her sort. He wasn't her sort. He didn't want to be her sort. He hated her sort. He preferred to be a highbrow. In the clear sober light of day she wouldn't want him. Girls never wanted his sort. They liked Cecil's sort. It was going to be all right. He dressed and came downstairs.

A footman told Harrison that Miss Monteagle had ordered two horses to be saddled. This was true, but they had not been mounted. A groom was leading them to and fro. They waited until luncheon time and then were turned into the paddock.

Well, he wanted to be honorable, but he couldn't find her. He would pack his bag and leave a note saying he had been called back to the laboratory to make some important slides.

Coming up through the garden toward the terrace, he heard her voice. She was speaking his name. He loved her voice. He turned and looked at her and saw her nose. He hated it. He hated her.

"This is where it happened, darling, right here on this bench."

Oh, Lord, she was even going to be sentimental about it! She had not been tight. He was engaged. "The very spot," he said. "Going to luncheon?"

"Do you want luncheon?"

"No." He felt as if he never would.

"Sit down beside me, Harrison." He sat down beside her. "Look at me." He looked at her. Then he looked away again. He could not stand her looks at all this morning, though she was supposed to be one of those rare girls who are attractive in riding clothes.

She thought, "He's fine and keen and so intelligent. I like him. If he weren't so little, I believe I could learn to care for him. Still, he wouldn't really care for me. They never do—only for father's money."

She said, "Harrison, were you trifling with me last night?"

"Did I act like it?"

He heard her low laugh. "I loved the way you acted."

He made no reply. He knew that he would have to act that way again in a moment. He was trying to nerve himself for it.

She thought, "He's so sweet and shy and innocent, the darling, and I feel old enough to be his mother." She said, in the charming lower register, "You don't care for me any more. Something tells me."

"Care! Oh, my dear, you have no idea how I feel! No man ever felt this way before." His voice shook. He kissed her. It seemed somehow awful, here in broad daylight, but he shut his eyes and did it like a little man. And then it did not seem awful. She was soft and pliant and fragrant as the garden—with his eyes shut.

"Open your eyes." He did so. "Are you sure that you want to marry me?"

"Am I sure!" He could see every defect in her complexion. There weren't many, but there were some.

She held his face between her hands and kissed his eyes shut again. There was no doubt in his mind now. She had fallen for him.

"And I've got to marry this great big thing!" he was saying to himself, while he said to her, "Well, I didn't want to hold you to it unless you meant it. You're still pretty young, you know. So am I."

"Why, Harrison, are you trying to get out of it?"

"I? What an idea! I thought maybe you were."

"Oh, Harrison, how could you?"

"Well, you see, I'm not your sort."

"I'm so glad. I'm fed up with my sort." There were times when she felt that she could not stand them a day longer.

"And as it will be years and years," he went on, "before I can afford to marry——"

"I can wait, Harrison—I can wait. But I think you ought to speak to father."

"What about?"

"Our engagement, dear. It seems the only honorable thing to do, don't you think so?"

"Why, of course."

Oh, Lord! He was in for it now. She wanted to marry him. That settled it. He would have to go on lying and kissing her and hating himself for the rest of his life.

"You can catch father now at luncheon and make a date with him. Come on."

When they reached the house Harrison said, "I'm not feeling awfully fit today. Highbrows aren't used to your late hours. I think I'll cut luncheon and go to my room."

At tea time, Evelyn said before the others, "By the way, Harrison, have you spoken to father yet about that little matter we were discussing?"

"Not yet. I sort of hate to."

"Oh, you mustn't be afraid. It won't take long." Well, it seldom did. "Come on," she said, taking him by the arm. "Better get it over with." She smiled over her shoulder at the others and marched him toward the door.

Cecil, winking at Peggy, called out to Harrison, "Why are you going to see him, old sport? Tell us about it."

Harrison resented the insolence of "old sport," but he only replied, "Oh, nothing. Mr. Monteagle wants me to take him on at squash. He says you aren't good enough for him." In prep-school days, Harrison always beat Cecil in tennis and golf. They were the only games Shorty could play.

As Evelyn led the way down the gallery the highbrow held back. "I'm afraid your father's pretty busy. I don't like to disturb him."

The tall girl took the short boy by the shoulders. "Oh, be a sport!" she whispered, and pushed him into the library before her.

Mr. Monteagle had finished tea, alone. He was reading now and smoking a pipe.

"Darling," began his daughter, "this is Harrison," and ended there. She skipped out.

To her loving, laughing friends, she said "It will soon be over," but neglected to laugh. Well, she had to get out of it somehow. This was kinder than telling this nice, sensitive young man herself. But she did not feel like a very good sport.

"I feel like hell," she said to herself.

"Let's line up in the gallery and watch the highbrow's exit," Cecil suggested.

"Maybe it'll be through the window," said Peggy. "I'm going out on the driveway to catch him on the way down."

"Oh, do shut up," said Evelyn. "We'll play contract."

VI

WHEN Harrison Cope suddenly found himself in the presence of one of the most feared and worshiped men in Wall Street, the young highbrow discovered, with equal suddenness, that he did not fear Mr. Monteagle at all. Harrison was not in Wall Street. He did not want to be in Wall Street. He was utterly lacking in reverence for its gods. He worshiped fellows like Beebe and Roy Chapman Andrews. If he had been brought face to face with such gods, Harrison would have been in a flutter of fear and homage. But the mighty Monteagle, with the beak and eyes of an eagle, had nothing that this small scientist admired or wanted, and one thing that he distinctly did not want and no longer admired—namely, a daughter who was to inherit his millions and had already inherited his nose.

When Mr. Monteagle looked up from his book he saw standing before him a small, slender, but well-proportioned young man with a fine intelligent face, who returned his gaze with respect but also with self-respect.

The great man had risen, tall and grave and bland. He now stood looking down upon his youthful caller with keen but not unkind eyes. Youth in a crowd bored him exquisitely. It always had to show off. But young people as individuals interested him—and, to tell the truth, terrified him a little too. He never knew how to talk to them. So, of the two men standing there looking each other over, the younger was the less abashed.

Mr. Monteagle suggested seats and something to smoke, and agreed with Harrison that poor cigarettes were better than good ones, meanwhile wondering what the young man wanted. People seldom came to see him unless they wanted something. His daughter never did.

The caller remarked that he liked Mr. Monteagle's library. The host smiled and said that it was very kind of him to say so, and wondered why the young man did not begin. He always let the other fellow begin. It was one of his business principles.

But instead of saying, with the fawning, frightened smiles, which the great banker always detested, "Mr. Monteagle, I know you are awfully busy. I'll take only five minutes of your time, Mr. Monteagle," the boy said nothing about his errand at all, and sat there looking around at the books, relaxed and waiting. "Yes, it's a mighty good room," he said with an air of authority.

"He doesn't like me," thought the young man. He usually assumed that people did not like him, and it usually hurt. This time it elated him.

The old man would say, "What? Marry my daughter? A little nonentity like you? How dare you! Scat! Get out and stay out." And then it would all be over and everything would be lovely.

For once in his life, Mr. Monteagle had to begin. "I don't think I've seen you out here before—or have I?" It was no treat to him to have them quake and cringe and try to flatter him. He was puzzled and

(Continued on Page 58)



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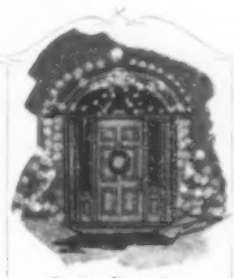
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B.W

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

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It's  *milder*

(Continued from Page 56)

rather impressed by this self-contained youngster.

"Now I must put my worst foot forward. Let me see, what is supposed to be the most objectionable thing about me? Oh, yes, my conceit."

"No," said Harrison, exhibiting a slightly sarcastic smile, "you've never met me before. I don't play around with your daughter's crowd."

He waved his cigarette in the direction of the gallery, with an easy gesture that suggested a sort of aristocratic disdain. Harrison did not know that it suggested aristocratic disdain. He was merely trying to be himself and so get nicely kicked out. The truth was mighty and would make him free.

Mr. Monteagle was amused and interested. The boy had a manner. He even had manners. Perhaps he had tried to live down his inheritance, but in his case it had stuck. Such attempts can't always succeed, not in a single generation.

"Ah, indeed," said the great banker, with his well-known urbanity, "and may I ask why you don't play around with my daughter's crowd?"

"You certainly may. I don't like them. They make me sick."

"What? What's this?" Mr. Monteagle leaned forward. Harrison thought the blow was coming sooner than he expected. But Mr. Monteagle's impulse, which he suppressed, was to say, "Good! Shake! I agree with you!" That would hardly do, so he leaned back and asked, with a slightly reproving smile, "May I inquire what you don't like about my daughter's guests?"

Here was the young caller's chance, and he took it: "Well, I really have no business saying this, Mr. Monteagle, but since you ask me, most of them strike me as a gang of well-bred grafters. I won't say all of them, because some of them aren't even well-bred. It seems to me that they are merely trying to work Eve for what they can get out of her. They are making her look rather ridiculous." (There, that ought to do the trick! If not, I'll give him some more.)

Mr. Monteagle heartily agreed with that too. But again he could hardly say so.

His silence surprised Harrison. (All right, I'll give him some more.) "They aren't even what they try their damnedest to be—sophisticates. They are still imitating the noises and depravities of the older crowd, the postwar bunch, which used to be called the new generation. That's old stuff. This gang here doesn't even know they're out of date. The sophisticates of the newest generation laugh at all that nowadays. They regard it as quaint and old-fashioned."

Mr. Monteagle neglected to resent this, forgot his obligations as a host and was listening with the interest of a layman to an expert.

"You mean to say that good taste and good manners are coming back—that the pendulum has swung at last?"

"Well, I hope it won't swing back to the bunk and artificiality of the 90's," said Harrison fervently. "I don't think it will. But the older new generation ran the other line out too far, and our generation wants to be different, at least. Every generation wants to be different. That's why so many of the younger girls are wearing long hair and even the youngest boys are wearing long coats in the evening. It's no longer considered smart to be vulgar, and besides, what's the use? It's no longer easy to shock their parents. So many of the older generation are imitating the so-called younger generation themselves."

Mr. Monteagle could no longer restrain his dammed-up laugh, but he let out only a little of it and remarked, "What you say is interesting, if true. Have you ever aired these views to Eve?"

"No, she wouldn't like it."

"Do you mean to imply that my daughter is that sort?"

Harrison shook his head. "Not yet. She's too good for 'em, and doesn't know it, but she's awfully loyal to her friends."

"I see. And what do her friends think of you?"

"Oh, the contempt is mutual, I assure you. They despise me quite as much as I despise them."

"Really? And why is that?"

Harrison felt that the thing was not going according to schedule. He had a horrible inkling that the old man was beginning to like him after all. That would never do. (Ah, I know how to fix it! I know what business men dislike.)

"Mr. Monteagle," he announced with the abandoned smile of shamelessness, "I am a highbrow."

In his busy life downtown the great banker saw all he wanted and to spare of business men. In finance, he had reached the top. It no longer held for him the romance and glamour it possessed for little brokers. What he now enjoyed and respected most was intellectuality—especially when accompanied by a smile. He warmed to this young man. Most modern youths, with all their prattle about fearlessness and truth, were afraid to acknowledge any serious interest in the things of the mind, even when they had minds. Here was a youngster who had the courage of his own tastes and did not adopt those of the crowd—polo, baseball and bootlegging. Mr. Monteagle beamed. He wanted to know more about this caller and quite forgot that all callers wanted something of him.

"May I ask who you are? What do you do? How old are you?" He had forgotten the boy's name.

Harrison did not like personal questions. He was not an applicant for a job—not even for the position of son-in-law. (My age and occupation are none of his business and my name is better than his.)

"Oh, I don't do anything that would interest you." Again the slightly scornful smile of respect and self-respect, never dreaming that the way to make a hit with those on the heights is to begin by hitting them in the face, so to speak.

"Oh, but I *am* interested. Would you mind telling me what business you are in?"

"I'm not in any business," said Harrison defiantly.

"How do you earn your living?"

"I don't."

"You mean to say you don't even sell bonds?"

"I do not," said Harrison still more defiantly.

"Good!" thought Mr. Monteagle. "I'm glad to meet one who doesn't."

"Are you interested in the stock market?"

Again the clammy feeling that the old man was somehow approving of him! (What's the matter with this banker? What's the matter with me?)

"No! I hate all business, and I particularly loathe banking. My father is a banker." (Surely that would do it!)

Mr. Monteagle was fascinated. What a refreshing youth!

"Then I take it that your chief interest is books. So is mine."

That was a staggering blow, but there was still hope. "No! Bugs!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Mr. Monteagle, I'm a student—a graduate student in biology. But I'm specializing in entomology. I'm writing a thesis on the spider." (I'll bet that repels him.) "After I win my doctor's degree, I suppose I shall have to go into teaching." Harrison knew how business men regarded professors—indulgent contempt—especially dry-as-dust scientists. Butterfly nets and absent-mindedness.

"Teaching is the most important work in the world," said Mr. Monteagle, somewhat sententiously.

"Yes," said Harrison, somewhat sarcastically; "I suppose that's why it's the worst paid."

That got a laugh out of the big banker. This young highbrow had wit—no, better yet, humor, for there was a glimpse of truth back of that last remark.

(Continued on Page 61)



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(Continued from Page 58)

Most of those who, by one pretext or another, gained access to Mr. Monteagle's presence wanted money. Here was a young man who would not talk about the market or try to extract tips. Maybe he would talk about books. The beaming host was tempted to get out some of his first editions forthwith. He yearned for that kind of companionship and had so little of it in his home. That was why he had joined the Century and the Grolier Club. But he was shy about bringing out his treasures before strangers, so he began asking some questions about spiders instead, in the nicest and most flatteringly respectful way—a layman to an expert. Very intelligent questions they were, too, for a mere business man. And within five minutes he had drawn the young man out about his aims and ambitions.

Like Mr. Monteagle, Harrison had very little sympathy or understanding at home; and so, before he realized it, he was yielding to this stranger's persuasiveness and was telling him things that he never dreamed of mentioning to his own father. Like all youth, he had an unbounded interest in himself. Here was a man willing to listen.

"What I really want to do, Mr. Monteagle, and what I think I'm best fitted for, is field work. Teaching has never appealed to me except as a means to an end. But if you once get in, it's so hard to get out. That's the trouble with our country. As Metchnikoff once said, America kills all its big scientific investigators with routine detail."

"I know," said Mr. Monteagle, nodding. "The artist in business is up against exactly the same thing."

Artists in business? That was a new idea to this young biologist. They talked about that awhile. This man had a lot of ideas. The young biologist had not realized that bankers could have ideas. His father, for example, had none. He hated and feared ideas. But then, his father was not an artist. He merely took the world as he found it and worked it for all it was worth. Apparently there were different kinds of business men, just as there were different kinds of scientists—big ones with creative imagination and little ones who spent their lives following up the big fellows.

Then suddenly Harrison remembered what he was there for. To be sure—he had come in to get kicked out.

"By the way, Mr. Monteagle, I forgot to tell you—I came to see you about your daughter."

Immediately a great change came over Mr. Monteagle. He guessed what that meant, and he suddenly froze up—seemed to grow to an enormous size, and, like an iceberg, the greater part of him was now hidden from sight. He turned and gave the young man the courteous but congealing look which made railway presidents quake.

"So that's it," he said to himself—"another of 'em. I might have known he wanted something."

Harrison no longer beheld a kindly host with a congenial interest in books and biology. He confronted a big business man out to kill and crush those after his property. Strange how the same man who likes to kill and crush can be so gentle and generous in the capacity of a friend or a philanthropist.

The eyes under the beetling brows were boring holes into the young man. But, as it happened, they went on through him without resistance and therefore without pain. The boy had nothing to conceal, nothing to gain.

(It's coming out all right. He's mad. Good! He will make Evelyn break the engagement. Fine! I won't have to be married. Hooray!)

"What is your name?" Mr. Monteagle demanded. Even his voice was different now. His manner was abrupt and dominant.

(Well, he needn't bite my head off.) Harrison had begun to like Evelyn's father. He couldn't help feeling a little hurt and a little resentful too. So he fired back with all the abrupt dominance at his command: "My name is Cope—Harrison Cope." Mr. Monteagle kept on looking at him. Harrison kept on looking back. "I think you know my father. You crossed on a steamer with him once—Alexander Cope."

Mr. Monteagle knew who the Copes were. Everyone did. But he had crossed on so many steamers and so many people had sought his acquaintance that he did not identify the young man with the incident of the college club. He made no comment.

"Well, he knows you, anyway. Only the other day I heard him say, 'Now if I can get Harry Monteagle interested in this merger, we'll clean up a million.'"

Without any movement of his eyes or change of expression, Mr. Monteagle said incisively, "I know all about his proposed merger. I'm not interested. . . . What about my daughter?"

(Good! He hates father too. It's going to be all right.)

"Well, it didn't seem quite the thing to get engaged to a girl without consulting her father."

"What's this? You mean to say you're engaged to Eve?"

"No, sir, I'm not going to consider it an engagement without your consent."

"You're dead right you're not! You did well to consult me first." Despite his indignant glare, he was pleased with the conservatism of his daughter's latest suitor. Most of them did not consult him at all—until afterward. And then they were abject, cringing, insincere, sickening.

"I was sure you would look at it that way," Harrison returned calmly. "You and I may be old-fashioned about these things, but marriage is a pretty serious matter, Mr. Monteagle."

"You're dead right it is. Most of you modern kids —— Well, I'm glad you take it seriously, at any rate. It does you credit."

"Gosh!" thought Harrison. "I'm afraid he may approve of me, after all. Must put a stop to this."

"I think I ought to tell you, Mr. Monteagle, I haven't even got a Ph.D. yet. After I finish my thesis and get my degree, my salary will be less than the wages you pay your gardeners."

Mr. Monteagle kept on looking through the young man, but could not see anything there that told him what he was leading up to.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well, if I have good luck and advance rapidly, in five or six years I ought to be earning as much as one of your chauffeurs."

Mr. Monteagle forgot himself—almost forgot his daughter. At any rate, he forgot to glare, and burst out laughing.

"Young man, I like your honesty. That much is in your favor. You have private means of your own?"

"Not a cent," said the highbrow fervently. "I'm still living on my father." Harrison's glibness surprised even himself. If he had wanted the girl he would have quaked and halted like a broken-down flivver. But as he did not, the truth served as armor and inspiration too. The scientific spirit was great, even in matters of love.

"Your family name is well known downtown," said Mr. Monteagle.

"Oh, yes, but our family's so old it's rotten now. We're getting poorer and poorer every generation. In fact, if this merger doesn't go through, father says we'll be down and out."

The great banker was not accustomed to such complete frankness and it puzzled him. Truth is always puzzling. There must be a selfish motive in it. He usually found a selfish motive in everyone who came to see him.

(I'll feel the young man out. I'll take another tack.)

"Mr. Cope, where have you been meeting my daughter?"

"I haven't been meeting her at all. I saw her last night for the first time in years."

"You don't say so! And now you think you're engaged to her, do you?"

"No, sir, not without your consent, Mr. Monteagle."

"No. That would hardly pay, would it, Mr. Cope? Well, sir, I'm afraid I can't give you much hope," said Mr. Monteagle—not realizing that he was doing so.

Harrison looked up eagerly. "Do you mean it? Is that final?"

"How could you support a wife?"

"I couldn't. I tried to make that clear."

"Then she would have to support you?"

"Exactly."

Mr. Monteagle was surprised and disappointed. It seemed like effrontery. And yet there was something else there that puzzled him. "Would you like that?"

"I'd hate it."

"Oh, you would, eh?" said Mr. Monteagle, smiling suspiciously. "And yet you want to marry her all the same?"

"I do not. I don't want to marry her at all."

The great banker sprang to his feet. "What?" he exclaimed. He was more than puzzled now. He was amazed.

"I don't want to marry anybody."

"Then what are you doing here? Why have you come to see me? You just told me ——"

"I did not. I told you she wanted to marry me. That's why she made me come here."

Mr. Monteagle took a stride toward the young man as if to kick him out. Harrison arose to make it convenient for him.

"Sit down."

Harrison sat down. "Mr. Monteagle, I don't blame you for being surprised. I could hardly believe it myself at first."

"I don't believe it now," said the indignant father. "It's just one of her passing fancies. She does these things."

Harrison, who had been gazing into the future, turned his first bright look upon the recent past. "Really, Mr. Monteagle, do you mean it? Could she have been fooling?"

The banker now sat down again. He still was puzzled. "May I ask why you don't want to marry my daughter?" He did not believe that, either.

They were gazing at each other. Harrison's glance shifted slightly to Mr. Monteagle's nose. The scientist dropped his eyes. He worshiped the truth, but he could not mention it. Therefore his glibness left him.

"Well, sir, it's rather a delicate matter."

"Oh, I see! Mixed up with some other girl, are you?"

"No, sir, this is the first time I've ever been mixed up. But you see—the plain fact is—well, I hope you won't misunderstand me, Mr. Monteagle ——"

"Go on."

"Well, for one thing," Harrison said, getting an inspiration, "she has too much money."

"Too much money!" This was a new idea for the great banker and it seemed to amuse him. He leaned back and laughed. "There ain't no such animal."

Harrison laughed a little too. He was glib again, fearless. "I see what you mean," he said reassuringly. "From the point of view of a business man, I suppose that's true. But I'm not a business man. I don't want to be a business man. I want to be a scientist."

Mr. Monteagle picked up a pipe and began filling it. "I don't see how money could hurt science." He smiled reminiscently. Many "opportunities for usefulness" had been offered him in the way of endowing scientific research.

"Naturally you wouldn't see it, Mr. Monteagle," said Harrison, "because you're only a banker—that is, I mean you're a great banker and I admire your success very much, I'm sure, but ——"

"Never mind about me. Tell me how money would hurt you. This is interesting."

"Well, you see, the measure of success in science is not what you have, but what you do. If I married a lot of money I wouldn't do a thing."

"Why not? Haven't you any character?"

The young scientist paused and looked out of the window. "I thought I had until last night," he said. "At any rate, I couldn't lead my life—I'd have to lead hers, and I don't like that kind of life. I couldn't go to Patagonia with Doctor Duke or to the Gobi Desert with Roy Chapman Andrews. I'd have to go to Paris or St. Moritz with Evelyn. I couldn't do anything I wanted to do. I don't mean merely the claim upon my time and all that. I mean, it would subtly change all my ideas of life and work. It's hard enough to devote yourself to science when you're poor, but when you have oodles of money ——"

"Don't worry about that. You wouldn't have it. It would be hers."

"Precisely. If it were mine I could do as I pleased, but as it would be hers it would drag me down to her level."

This also interested Mr. Monteagle, but he was still wondering, like a good business man, what could be this youngster's game.

"All the same, when a man is in love with a woman, I notice he seldom lets a little thing like money stand in the way of his marrying her." Mr. Monteagle gave Harrison another of his cynical glances.

"Yes, I suppose so. But, you see, I'm not in love with her."

"You're not in love with her!" Another shock for Mr. Monteagle.

"That's what I came to tell you."

"Look here, young fellow, what's the meaning of all this nonsense?"

"It's not nonsense," Harrison declared. "Eve's in love with me. And that's a serious matter, Mr. Monteagle."

"Eve in love with you! And you're not in love with her! And you came here to tell me that?"

"Well, what ought a penniless scientist do when a wealthy heiress falls in love with him at the very beginning of his career? I never had anybody in love with me before. You've got to help me out of this thing. She's your daughter."

The eagle eyes were looking at him as if he were a field mouse. "This is the damnedest thing I ever heard of! I don't understand it!"

"I don't understand it myself." Harrison dropped his eyes and felt himself blushing. "Do you suppose it's the maternal instinct, Mr. Monteagle?" He had read about the maternal instinct. "I'd hate to have anybody fall in love with me that way, but —— Well, how else can you account for it?"

Even Mr. Monteagle dropped his eyes. "What makes you think she's in love with you, Harrison?" he asked, not unkindly.

The boy rather liked his saying Harrison. "Do you think a girl like Eve would be willing to marry a fellow like me unless she were terribly in love with him?"

Mr. Monteagle made no reply. He knew his daughter better than the young man did. He didn't believe she was willing to marry this insignificant little fellow at all. But he was afraid that she was capable of engaging herself to him temporarily for purposes of her own, and it was time to put a stop to that sort of thing. A plan was forming behind those keen, searching eyes.

"What do you expect me to do about it?"

"Well, I was just thinking—couldn't you tell her that you don't approve of me?"

"But I do approve of you."

(Oh, my God! Just my luck!)

"But not for a son-in-law—you know you don't."

Mr. Monteagle smiled and paused a moment. "Well, that remains to be seen."

"Then tell her that I don't approve of her."

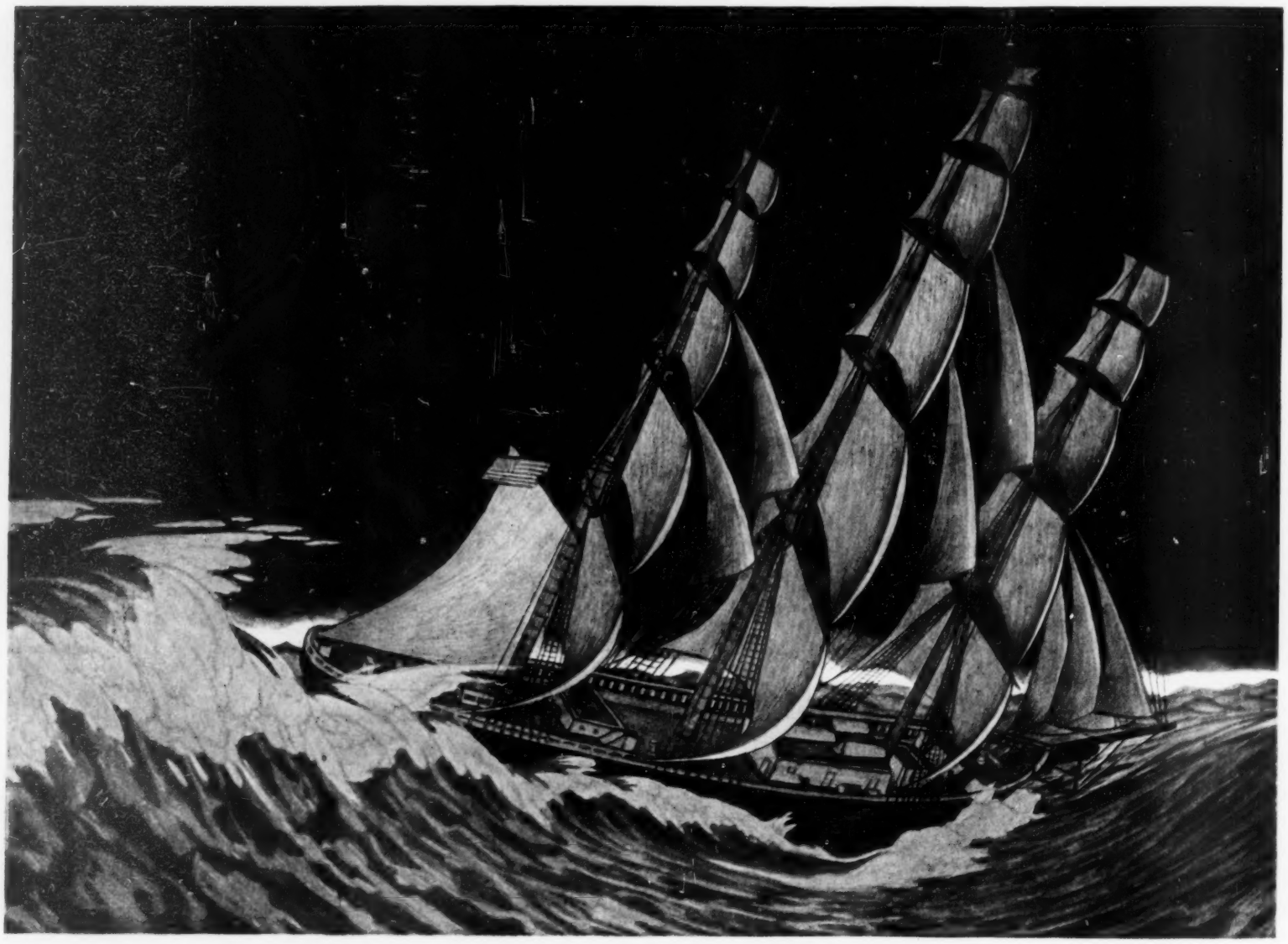
The banker pretended to pat his pipe. He wanted to laugh. "You can hardly expect a father to say that to his own daughter, Harrison."

"But I don't want to marry her, I tell you. She's too big."

"Well, if you're so honest, tell her yourself."

"But I can't do that—I can't."

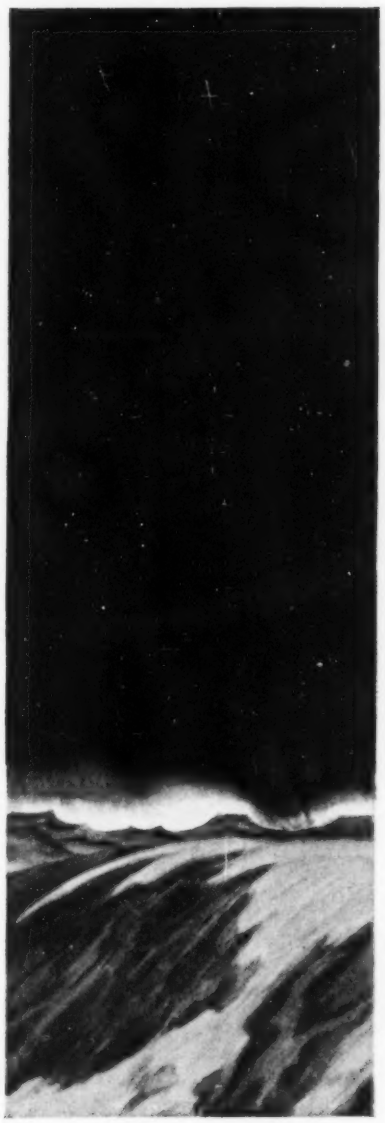
(Continued on Page 64)



A new Reo Flying Cloud *The Mate*

Racing for port, slim nose in the smother while the rival merchantmen hove to and rode out the storm—flashing down the Roaring Forties to make one glamorous record after another on the stubborn trip around the Horn . . . what made the Flying Cloud the darling of the nation in the good old clipper days?

Craftsmanship! . . . Every inch of her tuned to its purpose. Every quality so balanced as to make a perfect whole. The last inch of canvas—that could be safely carried. The final foot of cargo space—that didn't cut down speed. No wonder—like to like—she gathered to herself the cleverest Master and the staunchest Mate who owed allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. Today, our field of action shifts to landward. Our cars crowd roads around

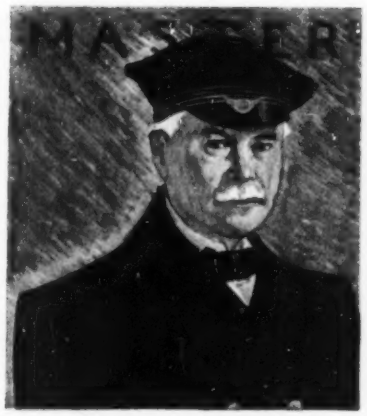


the world as Yankee clippers filled the glittering lanes at sea. But balanced craftsmanship still turns the trick—so much of this, so much of that, no more—and so the Reo "Flying Cloud" sails on.

Speed—much more than you'll ever need.

Quick pick-up and such 4-wheel brakes as bring her up all standing. A wheel that answers to a finger's touch. Dependability that hugs the road no matter how you let her out. A power that rides the hills as once the elder "Flying Cloud" rode equinoctial gales. More space—an extra-wide rear seat, a front seat with those unexpected inches that make an added passenger a pleasure, not a temper test. Beauty, of course—a sleekness and a grace inseparable from perfect balance of design. From this day forward—here's the cheering news—there's not a single "Flying Cloud"—but two. The Master is the bigger car. The Mate is next in line. Every quality that distinguishes the first goes also for the second—except size . . and price . . REO MOTOR CAR CO. • LANSING, MICHIGAN.

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REO FLYING CLOUD

THE MATE



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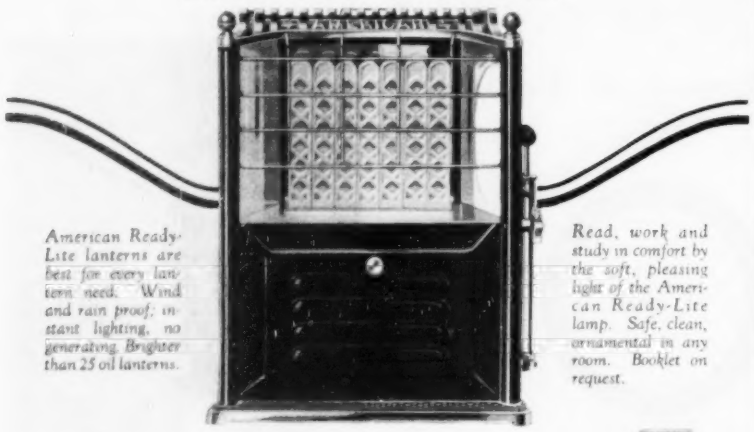
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- ☐ American Ready-Lite Lamps and Lanterns

Name .....

Address .....

(Continued from Page 61)

"Why not?"

"Because last night I told her that I did want her."

"And she believed you?"

"I was very convincing last night, Mr. Monteagle. I even convinced myself. But now ——"

"Well, that's your lookout."

"But you don't want me to marry your daughter—you know you don't." Harrison had risen to his feet.

"Oh, I don't know. Ask her to come in here."

"But, Mr. Monteagle, you are not going to tell her you approve of me!"

"Ask her to come in here."

"But aren't you going to oppose the match, Mr. Monteagle? Promise me you will! Why, I thought you'd kick me out!"

"I'll do as I see fit. Tell her I want to see her alone."

"All right, but ——"

"Hurry along, please."

"Yes, sir." Somehow the truth did not seem to be making him free.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BULL TAVERN

(Continued from Page 21)

beauty? And after that would he write himself an ode and call it "Self-Invitation to Arcadia"?

When he reached the car, he did not get in at once. He looked back to make sure she had gone, and then studied the ruined roadbed with careful attention. The driver regarded him with unfriendly eyes. He was weary with labor and waiting; all he asked was to get home, collect his money and forget.

"What's your name?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Jones."

"So's mine. What's your first name?"

"Hustler Jones is what they call me." He added, with mild disgust, "My name was Horace."

"Great!" said Mr. Jones. "Well, Hustler, I want you to take a good look at this road."

"This what?"

"You heard me. If you'll look hard enough, you'll see two hundred dollars staring you in the face. Does that sound like listening?"

"I can always hear two hundred dollars," said Hustler grudgingly, "but I can't see it yet."

"I want this road fixed tonight and tomorrow so a car can pull through, but I don't want it to look fixed. I'll tell you exactly how to do it, and if you and one or two of your friends will follow directions and agree to keep your mouths shut for a week as part of the bargain, you can divide up two hundred between you, or you yourself can take the lot and pay what you have to for labor."

"It would cost more than that to fix this mudhole."

"Not the way I want it; I've walked through it and I know. All you've got to do is to cut a lot of saplings about eight feet long—and be sure you get them from somewhere well out of sight. Lay them side by side across the bad spots and run your car over them to push them down. They'll sink in the mud so nobody can tell how long they've been there, and that's just what I want."

"How do I know I'll get the two hundred?"

Mr. Jones handed him a fifty-dollar bill. "There's part of it. You know you'll get the rest the same way I know you won't cheat me out of that fifty."

Hustler nodded.

"I'm on. It's a corduroy road you want, and you'll get it."

"Nothing in sight, mind you," warned Mr. Jones. "I'm going to bring a bunch through here day after tomorrow, and if they guess the road's been freshly doctored, you lose."

Three days later, Laurie was puzzled to hear the sound of a powerful motor running in second gear and seeming to come from the direction of the Barrens. She ran downstairs and out under the portico on her way to investigate, when to her amazement the radiator of a car pushed its way into sight up the ramp from Horse Run. Before she could quite gather her wits, Mr. Jones was saying to his no less astonished companions, "Gentlemen, let me introduce you to Miss Laurentha Bull of Bull Tavern, otherwise Miss New Jersey of Hoboken."

For that dramatic moment alone he deserved to be awarded a medal. The keen-faced young men who accompanied him took pride in never turning a hair at any metropolitan situation and in treating all rural settings with good-natured though supercilious raillery. But for once they had been beaten out of their pose and their sharp features were softened by the jolt into expressions verging on the inane.

It was not only the astonishing approach to Bull Tavern which had unbalanced them, accustomed as they were to regard New Jersey merely as one of the crowded bedrooms of New York. That would have been enough in itself, but on top of it they had to contend with an apparition totally and startlingly different from anything for which they had prepared themselves. Laurie confused—not acting, but actually taken by surprise—her eyes filled with silent laughter at the joke, seemed somehow a new force in an old world.

Though stunned, they did not add to a fallen guard the disgrace of inaction; long before she had ceased smiling the cameras were clicking at a great rate and she was being attacked with questions from right and left. How old was she? Was Laurentha Bull a real name? Where had she gone to school, if ever? How far was it, and had she walked or ridden an old gray Dobbin? Had she ever broken an arm or a leg? Who first called her attention to her beauty, or had she noticed it herself? What is love?

She looked helplessly at Mr. Jones and said nothing—only smiled. The questions became more insistent, sometimes accompanied by pleading, and occasionally backed by a thinly veiled threat that now or never was the time to make friends. Somebody suggested with gentle sarcasm that perhaps she was born tongue-tied, and somebody else interposed, *sotto voce*, "Beautiful, but ——" Her smile began to waver; she drew back, and with one hand began to reach for the door.

Mr. Jones stepped forward hurriedly. "Are you fellows trying to gum the game, or do you want a story?"

They answered him with a united withering look; they had come on this assignment grudgingly and in one or two cases under protest, but not one of them was so unfledged as to have failed to recognize a feature mine when he saw it. What background! What color! They had already begun to think in columns. How would they make the place, the time and the girl believable to a doubting generation, skeptical not only of all before it but of the past itself? Here was a rare case where the photographers could actually help!

"Hand it out, Manny," said the dean of the corps, a youth looking forward to his twenty-fifth birthday.

"Agree on a dozen questions," decreed Mr. Jones, "and after I've passed on them I'll do my best to get Miss Bull to answer. Don't waste time trying to put anything over on me. You know what will go and what won't."

"A dozen! Only a dozen? Make it fifty, Manny. Be decent now."

"Forty?"

"Thirty?"

(Continued on Page 67)



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(Continued from Page 64)

"Two dozen is my limit," said Mr. Jones, after a glance at Laurie. "Get to work now, and when you're ready we'll join Miss Bull in the main room."

Laurie nodded gratefully, and slipped through the door so quickly that two out of the three cameramen were caught napping. They followed her without asking anyone's permission and were consequently the first to collide with Jasper Bull. They had come on this wild-goose chase on Mr. Manville Jones' assurance they would never regret it, and the sight of the main room with its cheerful fat presiding presence brought them up short. Either this was an elaborate hoax or they owed Mr. Jones many drinks if not actual cash.

"Say, Miss Bull, would you mind getting a jug or a pot, a tankard—any of those old things, you know—and just pouring something out of it for the old gent? Something that froths—even if it's only root beer?"

"Aw, come on, Miss Bull, be a sport. Gee! The Barmaid of the Tavern!"

At the sight of the trouble in his granddaughter's eyes, the cheerfulness went out of Jasper's face, leaving it a vast blank. "Laurie, where's Young?" he asked in a querulous tone. "How many times I've told that boy not to let none of his ill-mannered bootlegging scum friends float in here without he comes along to keep 'em settled in place."

"Say, you don't mean us, do you? We ain't bootleggers or ——"

"I'm glad you told me, young man," interrupted Jasper. "It's the only way I'd of ever made out to tell the difference. What be you then? Not a book of etiquette, or a dancing master, or a manicurist, or none of them things they's been so much talk about around here lately? Take off your hats," he thundered suddenly, "both on you, and sit down—or get out!"

At the last word he let fly the slats on his chair with the crack of a pistol shot and the two snatched up their cameras and leaped for the door, only to collide with the mate they had left outside and Mr. Jones.

"You fellows all through?" he asked casually, and proceeded, hat in hand, to pay his respects to the host of the house: "You haven't forgotten me, have you, Mr. Bull? The reporters out under the portico have a few questions they'd like to ask Miss Laurentha, but I said you would have to pass on them first, and here they are."

He handed a page torn out of a notebook to the old man, who studied it for a moment and then turned to his granddaughter: "See what you make out of it, Laurie. Seems like your schooling would be enough to answer the most on 'em." He added with anticipatory pride, "Bring the gentlemen in."

Under the deft management of Mr. Jones question time lost the savor of an ordeal and became a sort of new game, with the sharp-visaged young men turned smiling and friendly. Laurie answered the questions with a direct simplicity which absolved her of the major crime of self-consciousness, and the occasional interpolations of Jasper Bull added spice and merriment to the inquisition. Once in a while a disappointed voice would cry out, "Great, but not enough. Answer that one some more." And the chorus would chime in, "Please, Miss Laurie, please!"

She would glance at Mr. Jones and comply or refuse in accordance with his signal; but when she refused, it was always with a little laugh that somehow made things right. Only when it came to the matter of her schooling did she strike water so deep that both she and her mentor floundered for a moment beyond their depth.

"The sisterhood? What's that? You mean a convent?"

"Yes, sort of—on account of one of my aunts being there."

"Oh, boy! A convent! Convent-bred!"

"You'll simply have to spread yourself, Miss Laurie. Give us an outline of the governing body of the religious institution."

"Location, name and appearance of the buildings."

"Interior decoration, if any."

"Curriculum."

"Rules of deportment."

"Just start in at four in the morning and tell us what you did from then until midnight."

Mr. Jones revived: "Don't tell them a thing. Time's up, boys, and if you've got any kick coming on your story, kick me."

He caught Laurie's eye and nodded his head toward the hallway. She threw out her hands, made a curious little bow, laughed at them collectively, turned and disappeared with a whirl, to take the stairs three steps at a time. She was clear of them and as happy as a child out of school, but the morrow brought Young and the Donovan boys, all three packed into the roadster, and a sheaf of plaintive telegrams from Shiloh, telephoned there from Salem.

WHERE ARE YOU? HOW CAN YOU BE REACHED? BY LETTER? BY TELEPHONE? IF A GROCER NEAR BY KINDLY GIVE HIS NUMBER. PLEASE ANSWER AT ANY LENGTH REVERSING CHARGES.

That was the burden of most of the messages, and they were easily disposed of, as the day was chilly enough for an open fire, but Young and the Donovans were shot and shell of a different caliber. They were present in person, more worried than angry, but more angry than kindly disposed.

"Say, sis," burst out Young, "I thought you said you were going to sleep for a week and that nobody could pry a gasp out of you until we said the word."

"Didn't I promise we'd bring our own lawyer down when it was time for you to talk?" asked Berry petulantly.

"You certainly have plastered yourself all over the front pages," said Rex, more quietly. Of the three, he seemed by far the most genuinely troubled.

Laurie stood with her back to the wall, without, however, giving the impression that she felt the slightest need of its support. She faced Young first.

"You weren't here and I was. I tried keeping my mouth shut, but if I'd kept on doing it, we would have started in with enemies instead of getting away with friends. Think that out."

She turned to Berry: "I had a lawyer—a hot one. It's all right for me to go to yours if nobody sees me doing it, but don't you ever try to bring him to me. Mine told me that one more ride in the Donovan car would be simpish—just handing a bucket of slime to the mud slingers. I wonder what he'd say about the brains that brought you here!"

She faced Rex and smiled as if to soften for him the blow she had just struck: "I haven't had a chance to see the stuff yet, Rex, but was there anything mean or shabby in it? Anything that's going to make me or grandfather or Aunt Laura look like a fool, now or hereafter?"

"There was not," said Rex. He turned on his brother and Young. "We're in the wrong pew, and you sapheads are the ones that brought us here. Let's get out."

"But, Rex ——" began Young.

"Out first," snapped Rex, "and gas afterward."

VII

THE next morning found Laurie lying on her back on the highest knoll in the Barrens, legs and arms outthrown, toes describing arcs against the back drop of the somber trees. How still everything was! How gorgeously lovely! Upholstered motor cars, reporters, cameramen, mayors, committees, governors, clinging silks, hundred-gauge stockings, telegrams, bootlegger backers, dressmakers, milliners, cut flowers, street cars, railways, elevated trains and every other kind of confusing noise seemed to have faded away beyond the horizon of the mind. It was as though she could become deaf to them all at any time by plunging under the endless blanket of the woods.

She drew a long breath, but caught and held it at its apex instead of letting it go. A sound had reached her ears which might or might not belong to the wilderness. She listened, frowning, but could not decide. At any rate, it would do no harm to be prepared for the worst. She sat up, turned to face in the direction from which she had come, drew her skirt tightly around her knees and embraced them with her arms. Presently she heard footsteps and almost immediately after caught a glimpse of an approaching figure.

Dunstan was following the easy trail she had left in the loam and sand. He was carrying the terrapin hook as usual, handling it lightly in spite of its weight, and using it as a sort of pointer with which he occasionally stabbed one of the prints of her sandals as he walked along. He was making no effort to dissemble his approach, and that alone should have been enough to warn her that he came in no playful mood. His sports shirt, open at the throat and with the sleeves cut off above the elbows, was evidently a new acquisition and surprisingly clean, but his trousers, rolled halfway to the knees, were sufficiently worn to restore the balance.

He was barefooted, as when last she had seen him, but what jarred most on her nerves was his face, blackened by the stubble of a three days' beard. Out of that shadow his eyes shone with an intensity which sent an odd shiver down her spine. They were filled with a false brightness—the sort of brightness that comes to the eyes of one who cannot sleep. His dark hair was rumpled, adding a final touch to the disorder which overwhelmed the single note of the fresh shirt.

"So there you are," he said, coming suddenly upon her.

"Here I am," she replied.

She had not moved and he stood for a moment, staring down at her, his brows gathering slowly in a puzzled frown as he made a careful inventory of what little she had on. The same frock of that first day, patched where it had been torn. The same smooth skin, also patched, but by an invisible art. Apparently the same stockings, and certainly the same battered sandals. Because he was puzzled, he was annoyed.

"What's the big idea?" he asked gruffly.

She examined him coolly and was genuinely surprised to find that in spite of his general disreputableness he seemed somehow to glow with a dark, half-hidden beauty. But she murmured, "You look like the very devil."

He nodded as he sat down cross-legged directly before her. Stringing the terrapin rod under his doubled knees and hitching it over his elbows, he clasped his hands across his shins. It was a pose difficult to assume and she could not help admiring the ease with which he fell into it. But once taken, it had an air of permanence which she felt bound to resent.

"Manners!" he murmured. "What manners!"

"Perhaps I ought to come to you for lessons," said Laurie meekly, "to learn how to wriggle my bare muddy toes in company without blushing. But how could I manage without a nasty three days' beard?" Then her tone changed completely. "Will you answer one question seriously?"

He found himself looking into her pellucid eyes and simultaneously forgetting who he and she were—and where and when. It gave him the feeling of standing at the edge of an undiscovered world where one might fly without wings, walk without feet and speak without a tongue. It was a feeling he had known once before, and when in his right senses, wished never to know again. But for the moment he was drugged, cut off from the saving aid of sanity and judgment.

"Try me," he said frankly, thinking he met her mood.

"Have you washed your face since I saw you last?"

His hands lost their grip and the iron rod fell to the ground. His eyes blazed. He leaned forward and swore at her, not playfully or gently.

"Don't you ever do that to me again," he finished, "or I'll slap more than manners into your tough little hide!"

Then Laurie laughed. She rocked backward and forward to the peril of her

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

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Is there any special subject you would like me to discuss in these weekly chats for the further enlightenment of the readers of this column? Do you think Universal has too many of any one kind of pictures—comedies, romances, dramas, spectacles, what not? Your opinion will be valuable to me and once again I want you to know that I never claimed to know it all. Many of our best pictures have been suggested by the readers of this column. Why not take a hand in this picture-production industry and give me the benefit of your opinions? . . . —C. L.

"Phyllis of the Follies" is an amusing picture, the sole purpose of which is to make you laugh and send you home in a good humor. It bears the atmosphere of the "Follies" and the stage. The all-star cast includes ALICE DAY, MATT MOORE, EDMUND BURNS, LILYAN TASHMAN and DUANE THOMPSON.



Jean Hersholt in "Give and Take"

If you enjoy a good laugh I strongly advise you to see ***"Give and Take,"*** Aaron Hoffman's mirth-provoking comedy, which shook the country with laughter as a stage play. It is a William Beaudine Production and has the following cast of merrymakers:

Albert Kruger	GEORGE SIDNEY
John Bauer	JEAN HERSHOLT
Marian Kruger	SHARON LYNN
Jack Bauer	GEORGE LEWIS
Craig	SAM HARDY

HOOT GIBSON is finishing production of ***"King of the Rodeo"*** which was staged in the great Chicago Stadium, Soldiers' Field, during the progress of the international rodeo there last August. I believe it will be superior to HOOT'S greatest picture, ***"The Calgary Stampede."***

Production of ***"Show Boat"*** and ***"Broadway,"*** which promise to be two of the imposing pictures of the coming season, is progressing rapidly. I will keep you fully informed of details and date of presentation. Have you seen ***"Lonesome,"*** the picture without a villain? I am receiving many very flattering letters about this unusual picture.



George Sidney in "Give and Take"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and ***"The Man Who Laughs"*** are marching triumphantly through America and Europe. It seems strange that a purely American picture like ***"Uncle Tom,"*** which has no particular interest for foreign countries, is nevertheless packing all theatres abroad.

Carl Laemmle, President

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equilibrium, but never lost her hold on her skirt. She laughed so clear and high that one could have heard her at Bull Tavern or halfway down to Stow Creek. When she could catch a breath she gasped, "Who blew up first? Oh, my! Who blew up first?"

He sank back with something that sounded like a groan; then he broke into a monologue which at first amused her but gradually cut its way through her mirth with something of the sting of a rusty knife tearing into live flesh. This was no raillery, no vainglorious exhibit of vituperation. Rather it was a reckless stark cry from the soul, and as such it not only silenced her instantly but stirred her heart with a flutter of fear.

"I'm asking for it," he whispered hoarsely, staring fixedly through her at some void beyond. "I don't want it—and I'm asking for it—like a puling, peevish brat. Give me the hangman's knot—give me, give me! I know how it feels, but let Hughie have it again! Higher, higher!" He raised his chin by two spasmodic jerks. "That's it—that's the very knuckle of the spine. Now let the body fall, dangle and rot!"

His eyes came back to her as from a long and distant absence. He saw her, and for an instant she saw him, not as he had been, not as he would be, but as he was; and something within her, some new unnamed emotion, shrank from the sight. She did not fear him, but feared for him; she did not pity him, but knew an overwhelming pity for the thing within him—the thing that had sprung out to touch her with an icy finger, only to leap back again.

There are inescapable moments when the young, the middle-aged and the old return veritably to childhood, and this was one of them to Laurie. She became a child. Everything about her—her eyes, her lips, the very formation of her face—assumed the flushed tenderness of startled inexperience as she asked, "What was it? What happened?"

He looked at her with a questioning frown. She was real! This paradox of a girl, this package of monkey tricks and good looks, was as real as the mountain brook that thinks no more of turning a corner than a dog after a stick, and to which the creation of a deep pool or the taking of a blind leap from the top of a cliff is merely a natural incident within the normal flow of life.

"I'll talk to you, after all," he said, "not exactly as I meant to when I picked up your trail and started to track you down, but I'll talk to you."

"What about?"

"That's the question. Where shall we begin?"

"Where we left off?"

"No, no! Don't let's quarrel again today. Even a bobcat can go an hour or two without fighting. Can't you pass it up for a little while?"

"It isn't me—it's you!" cried Laurie with unfeigned astonishment. "I'm not a bobcat. I hate squabbling and I've got just as nice manners as a girl can have and live. It's you. You say things to make me angry and words tumble out of my mouth I never knew were there. You do it on purpose, and you're getting ready to do it again."

"No, I'm not," Dunstan assured her. "What's the use of lying to you or to myself any longer? You've made a hole through my brain and that's what makes me act and talk so crazy. I didn't realize until this minute what had happened, but a hole through the brain can explain anything."

"Not to me," she asserted promptly. "It just sounds silly and doesn't mean anything at all."

"It's so unreasonable," he continued, as if she had not spoken. "You'd think a man who'd buried himself in the Lower Alloways marshes and never wandered farther than the Barrens would be allowed to mosey along through life without running head on into a female bullet."

"I don't like being called a female anything. I hate the word."

"Nobody can blame you, because its use nowadays is almost always vindictive. But try to put yourself in my place for a minute. Consider what happened to me. I heard a catbird calling, and since it wouldn't come to me I went to it—and what did I see?"

"Never mind what you saw," said Laurie quickly. "Please!"

"All right, we'll skip that. I can't say much for what you had and have on, either, but you yourself were unwarranted, except on the old legendary basis of naiads and things like that. You were the spirit of laughter, the embodiment of fun, untrammeled by the clanking chains of ought and oughtn't. I mean you belonged in woods, but not these woods, and to all time, but not these times. You were incredible—that's easy. But you remain incredible—and that's inconceivable."

There was a long silence during which he seemed to be immersed in his own thoughts, isolated in a world in which she could have no part. Carried back into the realm of dreams and unbroken illusions, for a moment his face assumed such a boyish look that she was startled by its intrinsic youth. So Rex might look, or even Young!

"Who would be Hugh Dunstan, Esquire, sixty-five years ago?" she asked out of a clear sky.

"Eh?" he exclaimed.

She repeated the question word for word and added, "Who would he be? I want to know."

"My grandfather. . . . Why?"

"Where is he now?"

"Dead."

"I'm sorry."

"That's the first sappy thing I've heard you say," he commented bitterly. "You're not sorry at all, and it would be silly if you were, because nobody else is or was."

"But I am!" declared Laurie. "You see, I've got a letter to him."

"A letter of introduction? You ought to be glad he's dead. You're shot with luck."

"It isn't a letter of introduction. It was mailed to him and he never got it—at least, he never opened it."

Dunstan frowned. "Are you stringing me?"

"What's that?"

"Kidding—pulling my leg?"

"No."

"Then how did you get it?"

"Somebody gave it to me to mail. They sort of stole it off the table in Oak House sixty-five years ago. They really meant to mail it then, but it got all muddy, so they were afraid."

"I gather you must actually have mentioned the name of Dunstan to your stout grandfather," said Hugh, frowning. "What did he do?"

"He blew up and sent me to bed—but I'd had my supper."

"Yes, but you must have come back at him or you wouldn't know anything about Oak House or the letter."

"It was he came back at me. I wouldn't have had the nerve—not for a while." Her eyes took on the absent but intent look of one who gazes on a far-away scene. "The little boy with the lady must have been your father."

"What lady?"

"Do you live in Oak House alone?"

"No—yes—sometimes. . . . What little boy?"

"Why are you here, anyway?"

"Because it's the nearest I can get to being nowhere."

"You must have traveled a lot. I'll bet you've been to Japan."

"I've been everywhere men go, but I came back because there are fewer people here to the square mile of mud than anywhere else in the world." He stared at her fixed eyes and then shouted, "What little boy? Did you hear that?"

"The little boy with the lady," said Laurie quietly. "I can see them quite plainly. He's holding your grandmother's hand. They were going up the old brick walk, but they stopped with their eyes and mouths wide open when they caught sight of the two naked boys streaking across through the big oaks and diving into the swamp."

Dunstan threw himself on his back and relaxed. "Go ahead, keep on lying. I like it. It's soothing, like David playing his harp to the mad king. Lie softly and I can listen all day."

"I'm not lying; I'm just telling you how I came to get the letter. Since your grandfather's dead, to whom does it belong now?"

"All right, I'll play. It belongs to his estate and should be divided half to the widow and the rest in equal parts among three heirs, whose shares, owing to decease, must be subdivided three, two and three. . . . No, no. I'm all wrong—wrong from the start. There was no wife—not legally—so there couldn't have been a widow." He laughed unpleasantly. "A mother, but no wife."

"But," stuttered Laurie, her eyes returning at last, "there—there must have been ——"

"You know a lot about it, don't you? Digging up the Dunstan family skeleton and sprinkling its bones all over the Barrens! For anybody that's so particular about other people minding their own business, you're some little tomb hound."

"I was only trying to figure out what to do with the letter," said Laurie penitently, after an awed pause.

"It should go to the collateral heirs," he said flippantly. "You see, there were heirs in spite of no widow; so you tear it into three, two and three."

"I know what I'll do—I'll mail it and let the post office tend to the rest."

"Laurie—do you mind my calling you Laurie?"

"It depends on what you're going to say."

"I was going to say you're packed full of sense—so much sense that you're the one remaining wonder on earth."

"Just because I thought out what to do with the letter?"

"That's a mere item. You're Miss Jersey, aren't you? Plastered on the front pages and you can forget about it!"

"I haven't forgotten; I think about it all the time."

"Do you remember when I was worried about telling you how you could make a lot of money whistling, but I wouldn't if I were you?"

"Of course."

"Well, it was the same sort of itch, only bigger and harder, that made me come after you today."

"Did you really start out just to see me?"

He frowned thoughtfully and she was surprised he should ponder over so simple a question. "I've been wondering myself," he answered finally. He turned on her impatiently. "Can't you ever stay on the track—not even around a gentle curve?"

Her face grew older as he watched. "Whose track, yours or mine?"

"You beat me, hanged if you don't. I wish I'd never joked with you."

"Why?"

"Because I'd like to talk to you just this once, me to you, one traveler to another. Does that sound barefooted, or whatever it is you pretend you don't understand?"

"No."

"Will you listen to me for a while—really listen?"

"Yes."

"I came after you pretending to myself I was the Salvation Army, but now when I look back and think it over, I can see the faker walking in my rags. We're talking the truth, aren't we?—for the moment, I mean?"

"I've never lied to you—not even when I said I loathed you."

"That wasn't one of the times that sounded like a lie. But no matter; try to listen just a little longer. What I really was after was a cure—a cure to the broken leg you'd given my other cure. What I was expecting—and hoping down in the bottom of my mean soul—was that I'd take one look at you and get back my solitude."

Her eyes opened. "How?"

(Continued on Page 70)

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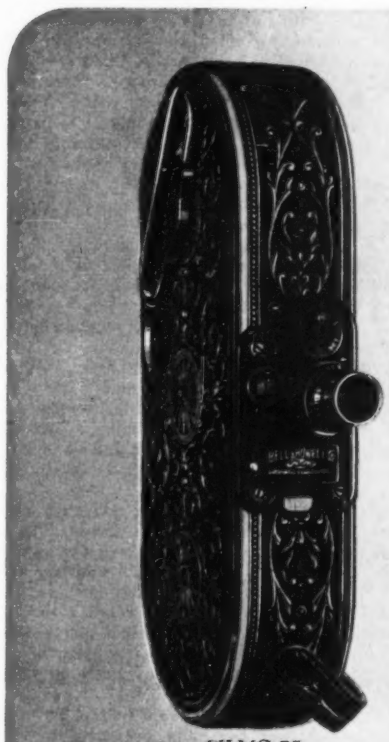
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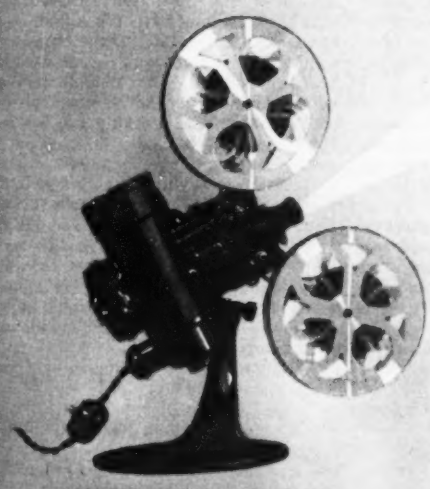
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(Continued from Page 68)

"No wonder you ask. I was looking for Miss Hoboken, Miss New Jersey, pawed over by every baby-doll ragpicker in the state and served up in tinsel and war paint for the rest of us to eat the leavings."

"That's funny," she laughed, and then sobered and frowned. "I never would have thought you read the papers."

"That's off, of course," he continued. "Seeing you hasn't cured the broken leg; if anything, it's bent the other. But that doesn't count either. I've got over thinking what I can do for myself, and if you'll let me—if you'll take alms from the heart of a beggar—I'd like to give you something."

"Is it expensive?"

He hesitated, but his eyes did not move from hers. "I paid everything I had at the time for it," he said when he spoke. "In the order of importance, money, five years, first youth and faith."

"You're not old. Every time I see you, you sort of get younger. You're nothing but a boy with a long grouch."

"I give it up!" he groaned. "You don't even want to know what it is!"

"Of course I do, Hugh. I'll call you Hugh. Does that make it all right?"

He shook his head.

"It makes it worse—a lot worse. There goes the other leg."

"Poor Hugh!"

"Go to the devil!"

"But what can I do?" She held out her hand, palm down. "Give me my present, please!"

He stared at the hand, fascinated. "You've got it," he whispered. "The curse is in you."

She snatched it back and color flooded her cheeks. "What do you mean? Now you must tell me—you must!"

"Why bother?" He sprang to his feet. Though she had not seen him pick it up, he held the terrapin rod like a staff, and stood looking down at her with blazing eyes. "Nobody but an actress ever held out her hand like that for a gift. The blight is on you and you'll never escape it. You can paint love for others to look at, but never know it yourself. With all the green world to live in, you'll never be able to step out of your dishpan with a string of lights on its tin rim. You've been a girl, but you'll never be a woman. That's what I wanted to say—the present I had for you—and I throw it at you. You can take it or leave it." He turned and went from her with long swift strides.

"Hugh!" she called. "Hugh!"

She scrambled to her knees and then to her feet, wondering not what had come over him but what was happening to herself. She had a queer warm feeling in her breast as if, whether she liked it or not, she had to go to him. She stood poised for a moment and then dashed after him. He could easily outrun her if he tried, but she knew he would not run. She caught up to him, touched his arm, and whispered, "Hugh—please!"

When he kept on doggedly, she sprang in front of him, whirled and planted herself in his path. He stopped and stood like an image, looking through her with unseeing eyes. She tried to catch and hold them, but his gaze had no substance; it was as though he possessed merely the ghost of sight. She began to tremble with anger and caught at her breast with one hand, then she threw herself upon him, wrapped her arms around his neck and dropped her head against his cheek.

She could feel his hands creeping down her back, his fingers eating into her flesh. They held her, seemed to pause, then descended to close like an iron clamp around her waist. The next instant her whole body was wrenched free and sent spinning, to fall headlong in the sand. One whirling arm struck against the trunk of a pine and she felt the burn of its rough bark, breaking through the skin. She reached out, caught the tree, struggled to her feet and stood leaning against it for a long time, watching the tiny drops of blood ooze from her bruised wrist.

She would have liked to cry, but blood was not the sort of thing you cried about. She started to walk home slowly, still wondering what had come over her. Could you be in love without knowing it? Could you like somebody you truly thought you disliked? Could you be attracted by the unattractive? All these questions sounded absurd, and yet she had run after Dunstan and had thrown herself into his arms. The strangest thing was that she did not feel ashamed; she was not even particularly sorry.

She was walking with her eyes down, but she knew that somebody was standing in her path even before she looked up to find herself face to face with Rex. She caught her breath, not with fright at first, but with consternation at the sight of such a figure against the background of the Barrens. His neat clothes with their built-out shoulders and his straw hat, worn slightly cocked to one side, were so incongruous as to verge on the ludicrous.

The thought flashed through her brain that rough as was Dunstan's habitual appearance, it had never made him look absurd. But on the other hand, however inappropriate Rex's apparel, there was something in his face which made him belong to all time and that suited him to any surroundings. He was too taken up with what he was feeling to worry about how he looked.

"What on earth are you doing here?" she asked wonderingly.

"I won't say the same to you," he answered with the bitterness of disappointment. "I'm here because I thought it would be a safe place for you to see a Donovan without getting yourself in the black."

"It is," said Laurie unsmilingly. "What did you want to see me about?"

A flash of anger flamed in his eyes, followed almost immediately by a stricken look. His hands opened and shut convulsively, as though they were totally unaccustomed to control.

"You hadn't ought to talk that way, Laurie," he whispered hoarsely. "You know I can bust you whenever I'm a mind to, but God knows I don't want to. I'd been watching the house all morning, and when I saw you make a break for the woods I hung back for a while, then I asked myself where would be the harm in my talking to you if nobody knew anything about it?"

"No harm at all," said Laurie, her voice steady but her pulse beginning to beat faster. She was afraid of him—all the more afraid because he seemed afraid of himself. "What did you want to talk about?"

"I wanted to tell you what I tried to put across once before—that you don't have to go around plastering yourself all over the outside of the fence. What's the matter with me? I know I've been a bootlegger, but I can quit, can't I? Is it money you want? If that's why you're making a billboard of yourself, you can quit here and now. I'll back my roll against the next man's to give you anything you ask for." He threw out one hand in a despairing gesture. "Aw, what's the use?"

He had been saying all the things he had planned to say before he had seen her with Dunstan, but now he spoke without conviction and without hope, so that the words had sounded even to his own ears as if they had been warmed over. He looked at her dully, waiting for her to speak, and the longer she hesitated, the more did his smoldering anger come to life.

"I suppose you're asking me to marry you," she said finally.

"Sure."

"I can't marry you, Rex. I don't want to marry anybody."

"You don't, eh?" he muttered, moving toward her almost imperceptibly. "Then why were you wrapping yourself around that wharf rat's neck?"

She drew back instinctively, but was too angry to guard her tongue: "That's my business, isn't it?"

(Continued on Page 73)



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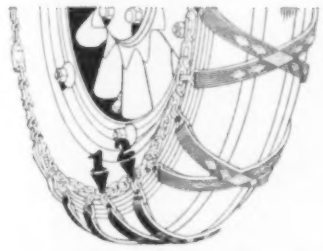
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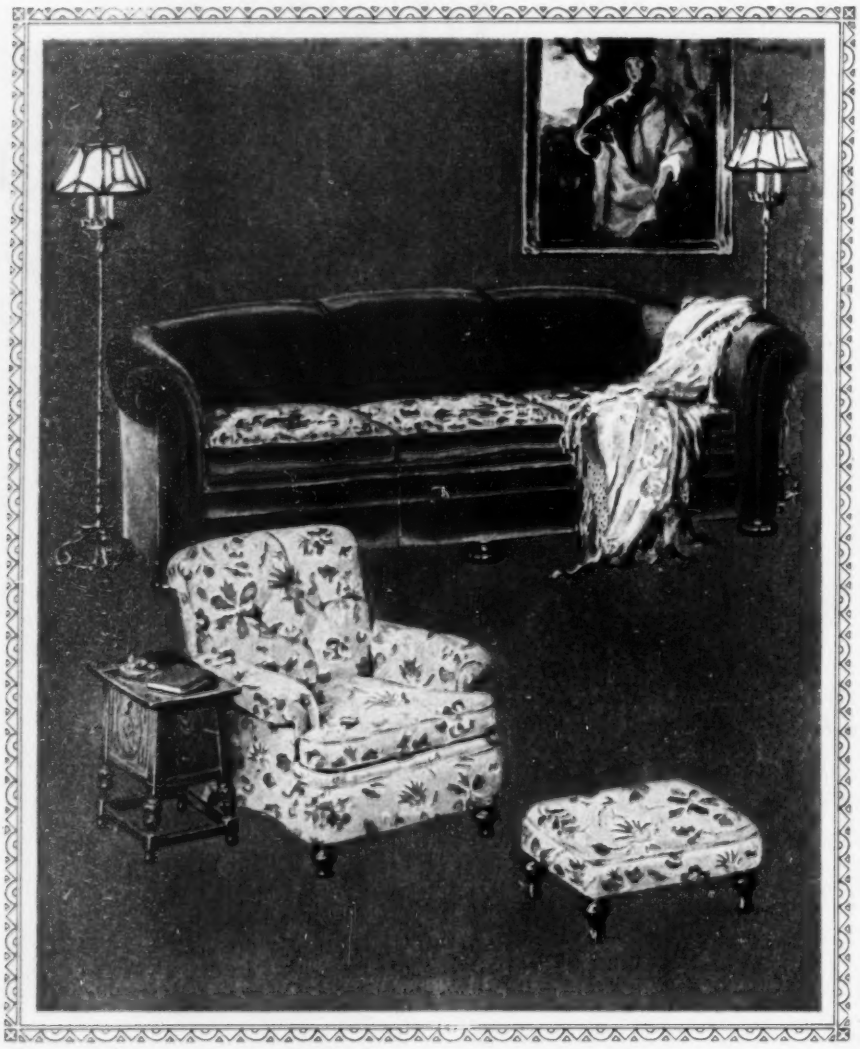
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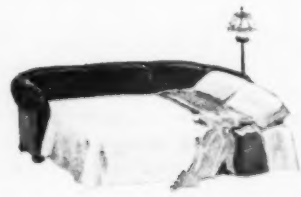
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(Continued from Page 70)

"Oh, is it?" He approached, still without appearing to move. "If that's your line, let's see you try it again on me. Come on now."

Looking at him, and feeling rather than seeing him come nearer, the blood in her veins seemed to turn to water. She believed she could outrun him if she could get a start, but already he was so close he could scarcely miss her if she attempted to dodge. Suddenly her eyes veered to look beyond him and her tense face broke into a wavering smile.

"Oh, Young!" she gasped.

The ruse worked. As Rex whirled around, she shot by him and ran as she had never run before, not excepting the memorable occasion when she had fled from the stranger in hip boots. She heard him call out a sharp order, but not if a bullet had whistled past her ear would she have stopped before reaching the shelter of the Tavern. Slipping into the house without being seen, she went up to her room, drew the curtain and threw herself on the bed.

Her heart was thumping like a trip hammer and her lungs felt as if they would burst; but even after she had begun to breathe easily, she continued to lie with her eyes wide open, staring at the dim ceiling. It struck her as strange that she was angry neither with Rex, with Dunstan nor with herself. Anybody could have seen they couldn't help acting the way they had, and as for herself, she was in the same boat.

It was floating somewhere and nothing she could do would stop it. It wasn't her fault that Rex filled her with terror or that she liked to be with Dunstan even when he made her unhappy. She could forget she was Miss New Jersey and take Rex to spite Hugh, or she could keep on being Miss New Jersey to escape from Rex; but whatever she did, the boat would keep right on to wherever it was going and she would be in it always, because you can't jump out of what you are.

On that thought she drifted into sleep and when luncheon time came her aunt knocked on the door, opened it noiselessly and then closed it again. Only near the dinner hour did Laurie appear in the main room before the assembled semicircle of the men of the family. She was scarcely surprised to find that Young was there, but avoided looking at him.

George and her father were in from their work, their hair still wet from the wash at the kitchen pump. Her uncles, Jap, Warren and Alfred, who by every rule of decency and usage should have been at their respective firesides, sat side by side on a settle, their grimy hands spread on the table like heavy crabs at rest. Old Jasper was perched as usual in his chair, rocking it backward and forward with a jerky though slow motion. Apparently nobody had been talking, but all drew varying breaths of satisfaction as she entered.

"Why are you all staring at me?" she snapped.

Grandfather Jasper stopped rocking. "What's come over you, Laurie?"

"You all look as if you'd been waiting for a cut off the roast," she said, speaking truer than she knew, "and now it's come!" She turned a chair half away from them and let herself fall into it in a manner as different from her usual self as her speech.

There was a puzzled silence; then Young said with a fatuous chuckle, "Great stuff, Laurie. They're right when they say you're a born actress."

She whirled on him. "You too!" Her head fell forward, dropped to her arms and she burst into tears, sobbing out the overwhelming fullness of her heart.

"Laurie!" groaned Jasper. "Laurie!"

Her uncles arose, one after the other, and walked out without saying anything, but each regarded her with the luminous gaze of an ox at the instant when its placidity has been disturbed by the goad. Jap and Alfred had already bought new cars on credit, while Warren, more timorous, had placed his order in such a way as to insure prompt delivery when he should give the word. Already he was ashamed of his old car. He rode home with Alfred, but though the distance was nearly a mile, the brothers did not speak—not even to say good night.

George gave Young a sneering look, but Young was too dumfounded at the effect of his words to notice. His jaw hung open and his eyes were full of moisture. He had made Laurie cry at long intervals, but never before like this. He wished passionately that everybody would go out so he could be alone with her. Elmer did not look at his daughter; he kept his eyes fixed on his father and formed the name Laurie soundlessly with his lips in exact imitation of the old man. Aunt Laura came in from the kitchen, carrying a heap of hot plates. At the sight of Laurie's twitching shoulders she stopped and swayed so that the top plate slid off and crashed on the floor.

The four men were startled into spasmodic movements and exclamations, but apparently Laurie had not even heard. Her aunt set down the plates with trembling hands and moved quietly but swiftly around the table, picking up an abandoned piece of needlework on the way. She placed a chair noiselessly near the weeping girl, steadied her fingers and began to sew.

Laurie looked up finally, saw her aunt sewing peacefully, and promptly straightened in her chair. This was as it should be in Bull Tavern—mind your own business and let everybody else mind theirs. She found her handkerchief and used it up on her face and eyes; then Aunt Laura handed her another, and that was enough—it was almost as if she'd had a wash.

"She's all right now," said Jasper in a loud whisper, rolling his eyes toward Young and settling back contentedly.

"Sure, she's all right," said Young, his voice sounding throaty and soft.

"When did you get down?" Laurie asked him.

"We haven't been away—not very far," he explained. "Rex said he'd had enough of riding, so we spent the night at Salem. You going to be ready in the morning, Laurie?"

"I guess so."

"Guessing won't get you there. You'd better make sure. You got all those appointments, and if you miss them, they tell me it's no joke getting new ones. There isn't much time now for that sort of thing."

"Don't worry," said Laurie. "You talk as though you were afraid I wasn't going through with it, but I am."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

a nail in here and another here. Ho, ho, ho! The naughty hammer bounced and knocked the veneer off the table leg. But we don't care on Christmas Day, do we? Now, there it's all fixed! Up she goes, upsy-daisy! Look out! Well, why didn't you get out of the way, for heaven's sake? Didn't you see it wouldn't stand up? It's about three feet too tall for the room. Papa didn't figure on that, but he doesn't cry, does he? We'll just pull the standard off the bottom and saw off the tree here and nail the standard on again. Oh, pooh-pooh-pooh, sawdust never did a rug any harm! Happy, happy all the day. The standard's all bent, but we can prop up that foot with a book.

Now, up she goes again! There she is, firm and fast! Now for the little electric lights to string on the tree. Remember how lovely they were last Christmas? Now screw the plug into the electric-light socket. Ha-ha-ha! Of course you'll get a shock if you stick your thumb in the socket. Laugh, I tell you, you little rascal! This is Christmas Day. Look at papa laugh—ha-ha-ha! Here, papa will fix it. —— ——! Ow! Blew out a fuse! And the electricians all closed till tomorrow! What! You're laughing at your father? I'll teach you to laugh, you brat! Take that and that and that! That'll teach you to laugh! And on Christmas Day too!

—MORRIS BISHOP.



DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Old-Fashioned Mother: "Yes, We Permit a Certain Amount of License on Christmas Eve"

A Weighty Argument

DAYS, weeks, maybe fortnights, I've spent,
Just waiting for girls I have dated—
For slow girls, forever belated;
For show girls—their speed's overrated!
Months, years, maybe decades, I've spent,
Just waiting.
Through blizzards and showers,
On corners, at stage doors, in bowers,
Forhours and hours and HOURS.
Myself, I'm a punctual gent;
Quick, eager—in fact, hurly-burly—
I always get places too early!
And waiting for girls gets me surly.
That's me—I'm a forehanded gent!
Strange, though, how these slow girls entice one's
Regard. They're not frigid-as-ice ones.
The late ones, I've noticed, ARE *nice ones.*

—*C. Wiles Hallock.*

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THE Knapp-Felt *Overton* is the new hat for the Holidays, and after. In keeping with the Spirit of the Season the *Overton* is of exceptional quality and attractive coloring.

The Hat for the Holidays is the Knapp-Felt OVERTON



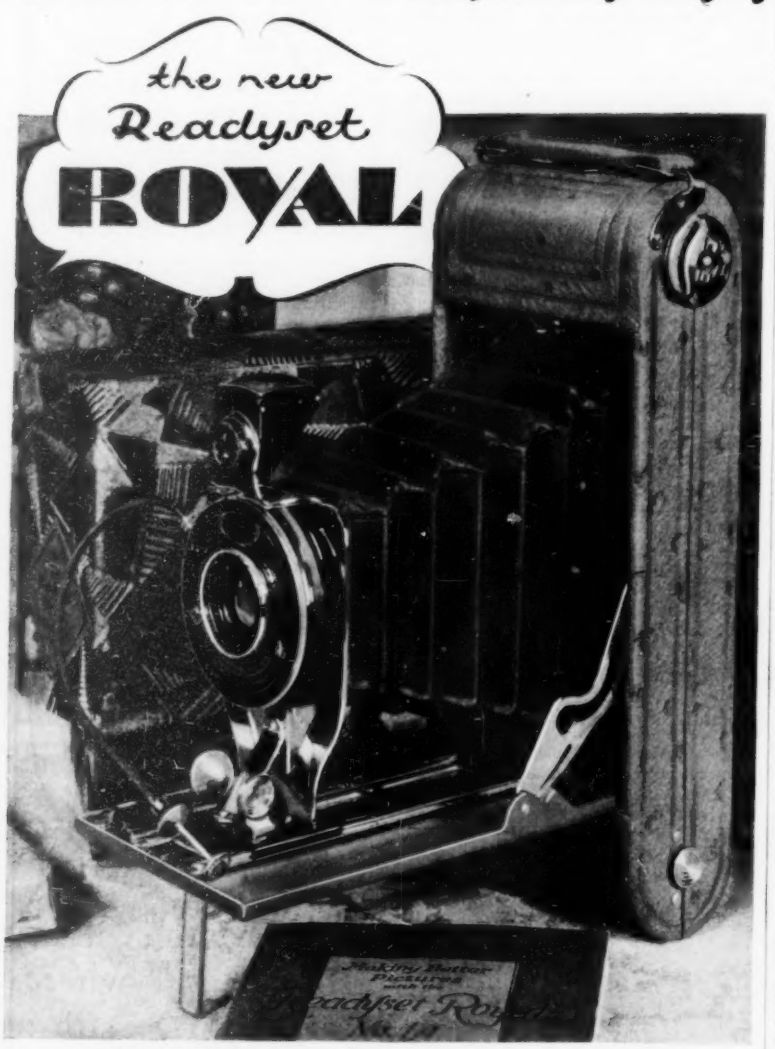
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The wonderful color effects of the *Overton* are unusual mixtures of fur combined with expert craftsmanship in felting the bodies. It is new and attractively appropriate to the dress-up season when we should all look our best.

Knapp-Felt Hats range in quality from $8.00 to $40.00 each. The Superfine Grades are $20.00, $25.00 and $40.00.

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A NEW GIFT
enters the Christmas lists



"AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL CAMERA"

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INDIVIDUALITY! Character! Color! Proportion! Contour! Measured by any or all of these artistic yardsticks, the new Readyset Royal lives up to its title, America's most beautiful camera. And for those to whom there is no beauty without utility, the Royal appeals as the most beautiful expression of the popular Ansco Readyset, long recognized as the simplest folding camera. No focusing. No adjusting.

The beauty of the Royal is of the virile, not the fragile, type; a ruddy, healthy, firm-flesh brand of charm that you know will last. Mellow ostrich-grain leather, tastefully etched shutter plate, distinctive russet bellows and visible Antar lens combine to make a camera you feel like caressing—and just pine to use.

One big Christmas shopping thrill will come when you see the Readyset Royal—a succession of thrills if you buy one for your personal use or as a gift. Look for the Royal display at your local photographic dealer's, or at your favorite drug or department store.

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Binghamton, N. Y.

Please tell me where I can see the Readyset Royal in my city; also send me free copy of booklet, "Simplified Picture-Taking."

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AGFA ANSCO CORPORATION
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

LOVE

(Continued from Page 9)

Mrs. Lovejoy yawned. "Abbie, nobody's so bad as a handmade aristocrat. I think she'd look after her property, but she isn't sure an empress ought to. I don't think she's hard-hearted for a minute. She pays her servants splendidly, and her coachman's whole family lives on her. And she's sweet to Dick Two."

"I suppose she thinks those are aristocratic traits," the girl thought, balancing the ball on a hard palm. She was really looking at Freddie's forearm while she watched the parasol fluttering across the street. "But those apartments! And her own house, for that matter! She won't have electric light, you know, because Colonel Burdick never would have had it; and the windows are just crusted with lace and those awful wadded silk curtains, because she hates to change."

"Very well, Abbie," Mrs. Lovejoy said; "but she wore black for him ten years and she was in the front hall when he came home from his office every day, with a rose for his coat. And the only time mother ever heard of her losing her temper—and mother knew her very well—was when the cook didn't put enough sugar in Colonel Burdick's mint sauce. It was in 1890, one Sunday lunch. She went out in the kitchen and simply fired the cook."

"I should think he'd have stifled, Polly!"

"My good daughter, *c'est de votre âge*. But he loved her. When President Cleveland came here, Colonel Burdick went up to him at a reception and said, 'Although Mrs. Burdick is not a Democrat, sir, she would be charmed if you would dine with us.' It keeled men over right and left, because he made it sound as such a condescension on her part. I can just remember Colonel Burdick putting her cloak on after a play, when I was ten. He made a ritual of it. After he'd taught her a little ceremony, they played it for all it was worth. You babies see nothing in it, but there is something. It holds something together. It ——"

Mr. Richard Lovejoy, blinking, came rumpled out of the hallway with a check in one hand and a book in the other. He said, "Polly, I'm very sorry. This was in the mail day before yesterday, and it's been on my desk ever since. It's from that article on Puritan textbooks. I'm very sorry, my dear."

"That's all right, Dickie."

"But I'm so sorry," he said, and tucked the green paper in her lap, among the mob's shirts, and said again, "So sorry."

"That's all right, dear."

It held something together, I thought. Freddie shifted queerly on the steps and wanted to look at me. Del Lovejoy, as a fair diplomat, changed subjects slightly, not too widely, when the screen shut after Mr. Lovejoy's linen coat.

"What did Colonel Burdick look like, Polly?"

"He looked a little like that Holbein drawing in the collection. I think Richard Two's in such favor because he and the drawing have a faint resemblance, although Dick doesn't look in the least like Colonel Burdick. It's a relayed sentiment. . . . I can't imagine what she talks to Dickie about, for the life of me and a pair of garters."

"Aw," said Eustis Martin Lovejoy violently, "Dick was captain of the track team in high school, wasn't he? Well, then!"

"My son, I can't imagine Mrs. Burdick listening to a word about sprained legs, or hurdles, either, and he never talks, anyhow. And get the babies out of the water, please, someone."

"I'm out, Polly," said Samuel Norton from behind a bronze dog.

"Bless you, Snorty! Is it Frederica who's making all that waterspout? Come and drip on Polly, Snorts. We'll let your rags dry on this nice hot step and you can have lunch in a napkin."

Samuel Norton let himself be peeled of his soaked clothes and remained stately and plump with nothing on but a tooth, neatly drilled for its string by Valentine Joe, which he had swallowed on Monday last and recovered.

"Your figure," his calm mother reflected, "would worry me, if anything could. You look too like a cherub. I hope you don't turn out an alderman, lamb. Your front line bulges. I think we'd better get the starches out of your diet."

Samuel Norton paid no attention. He reached a foot to feel the green freckles on Freddie's arm and asked, "When you 'n' Abbie get married, will you give her all the checks outa env'lopes?"

Abigail said, "Run down the porch and try to catch this, Fatty!" and shot the ball along the planks. Then her white skirt whipped after Samuel Norton when he scampered, and the ball, as she knew it would, rolled from the other end of the veranda into bushes.

"We've got to go wash for lunch," Freddie grunted, and got up to six feet five inches. "See you later, Polly."

I knew that all the older Lovejoys looked at one another unhappily when we walked away. Just what Snorty would get was problematical. I have not yet explored Mrs. Lovejoy's methods with the last pair of twins. But my host was eating the mortar off one wrist as we walked, and I hunted the foliage for a subject when we were strolling under the maple beside the garage, still crowned by a gilded horse in honor of Grandfather Lovejoy's famous mares.

Our rubber soles hid us, as for sound, to Richard 2d, and we bumped into him leaking from the street door with a roll of white paper under the sleeve of a clean blue shirt. He blushed.

"What was that for?"

"What?"

"The kid got red."

"Aw, he's too shy," said Freddie, picking up a pebble from the gutter. "He draws like a streak. Polly pretends she don't know it. Goes over and copies the Burdick pictures. I caught him doin' it once. Polly just pretends she isn't on. Thinks it'll put more fight in him if nobody pets him for it. It's funny Abbie doesn't notice."

Richard 2d walked close to the fence all the way past his father's lawn and then trotted on an oblique into the iron arch of the Burdick estate. Mrs. Burdick flapped the handkerchief at him from a cane chair, in the mode of 1885, under the portico of painted wood. We watched him hold open the door for his hostess.

"Does she understand painting, Freddie?"

"Not for a minute! She just admires it because Colonel Burdick did. He was certainly a successful husband. Her son was a cipher for fair. It's good young Ed's got horse sense. Wad of money there, you know."

But Freddie did not want to talk, even about the campaign for the symphony orchestra or a battle royal with an intrenched millionaire who was being nasty suddenly in a fight over the new schoolhouse on Roosevelt Avenue. He bathed, he put on reasonably good clothes, he came down his walnut stairs and ate luncheon, and a nervousness kept rippling his little nose, his freckles and his bleached eyebrows. He confronted the precise situation of knowing that Abigail Lovejoy loved him, and he did not know what he ought to do about this.

"I'd hate not to be a successful husband."

"You're too well used to being successful, Freddie—Harvard crew, Military Medal, boss of Lutherville."

"Uh-huh. The crew's my one real success. They just shoved medals on the regiment. Dad was boss of this town. I walked into it, because a fellow with four

(Continued on Page 76)

A HOLIDAY DINNER? Here's a dessert that cannot fail!

It's a Hostess Cake, Madam,
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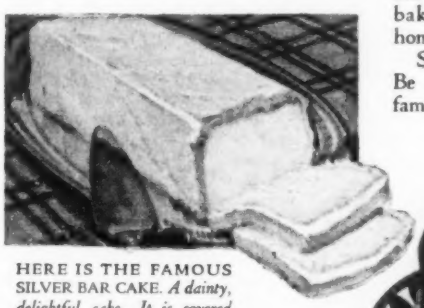
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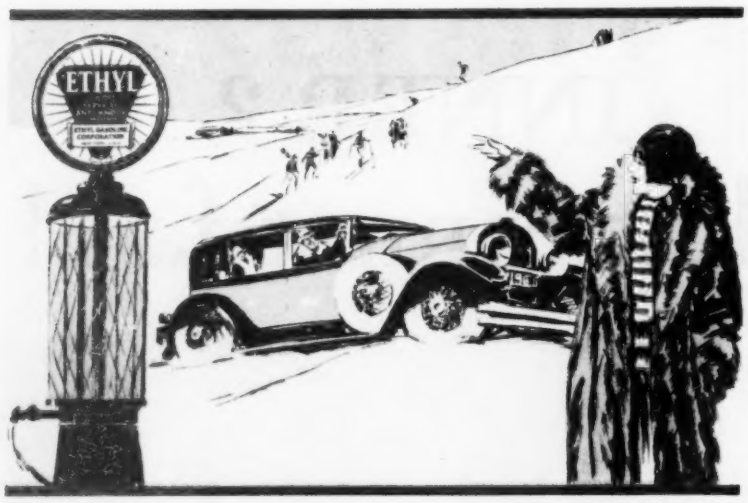
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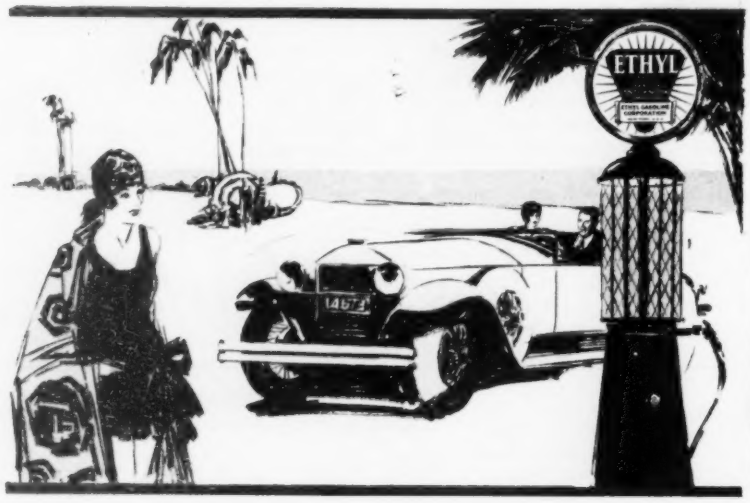
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(Continued from Page 74)

million can be disinterested, unless he's a hog."

"Stuff!"

"Thanks," the lean giant said, putting three lumps of sugar in his coffee. "Yeh, but to be a flop in—in matrimony. I'd hate that!"

"I've a friend who's been married rather often—five times, I think. He says that politeness was the basis of his one success. She happened to die. A little ceremony isn't at all a bad thing, Fred."

"M-m-m-m—but how's a man gonna be ceremonious with—with a modern girl?"

"You might begin practicing on your grammar, Frederick."

"Snail's feet," he said, putting an elbow in some lemon jelly, and began brooding. Having brooded for ten minutes, he added, "An' cow's wings!"

"As a matter of fact, Fred, you're very fond of her."

"I know I am, dammit! But she's twenty-two and I'm nearly ten years older. And look at me!"

He did not even expect me to suggest that he was not so plain as his bathroom mirror had lately told him. This instrument could only say that his rough yellow hair was agreeable to look at and that his green eyes were big.

"There's no such thing as a modern girl, Fred. Women have always been more modern than the most modern man. They move one inch ahead of alterations in manners and ——"

"I hate epigrams. Shut up!"

"I'm sorry. The habit comes on one, after thirty. Why don't you try being deliberately engaged to Abigail? It's ruined two other affairs for you. The young lady you called Nicky and the other one—on your escape from whom, Freddie, I now take pleasure in congratulating you, because I met her the other day in London and those sapphire eyes are not what they were—those two got fed up when you were admittedly their property, with rings and things. If you want to cure Abigail of this fancy, kiss her and get a ring."

"I've thought of that—only," he said, "I dunno it'd work."

"You can only try, Fred. She'll discover that you're odiously selfish, as only devoted public men are. She'll get tired of waiting in your car while you bawl out a street cleaner or argue with old ladies about schoolbooks on windy corners. She'll want you to hold her hand, and you'll be holding a committee about an art museum. She'll find that she has to share you with Lutherville, and ——"

Down in Lutherville, some plebeian touched a button. A multiple banshee screamed above the city. Freddie upset his chair and left a rag of flannel from his coat on the hasp of a French window. He was gone with the first shriek of the fire whistle. His car's horn yapped, his hair flashed. He had started for his job. I was alone in the high square dining room with my coffee cup. And, as three cheap tenements, properties of the richest man in Lutherville, chose to take fire from one another, I was alone the rest of the afternoon. Freddie romped to and fro in Lincoln Street, beyond the railroad station, getting filthy with muddy water and hoarse with pleasure, scolded by the firemen and solacing outcast tenants. A parrot belonging to a Mrs. Donati bit him petulantly on the wrist about four. He came home toward six and nodded, sweeping past Abigail Lovejoy and me, as we sat on the curb in front of his house. He was now a foul object.

"The gods did not assign him beauty," I said.

Abigail picked a pebble out of the gutter and drawled, "I rather loathe his freckles in summer. He looks so scaly."

"Do you suppose he'd run after fire engines in New York if he could be transplanted?"

"Just try to transplant him!" She threw the pebble skillfully over a small kitten that was wandering unchaperoned out of the Burdick yard. "No, he wouldn't run to a fire in New York. It's not his town. He loves Lutherville."

"Do you?"

The slender young woman passed a dark hand over her hair, already being ribboned with bands of a pure white through its blackness.

"Uncle Kurt sent me to Bryn Mawr, you know, four years ago. I lasted about three months. . . . I never hated anything so much as Paris, when we went over. . . . There was still some money then. And I was thirteen and ought to have been cracked about it."

"Heaven help your mother! The babies weren't born, but how did she handle the rest of you, in Europe?"

"Oh, she just took Del and Elspeth and me. Grandmother was still alive. Such a shame. Dickie didn't get to go. He's travel-crazy. I really think the reason he thinks he's fond of Mrs. Burdick is that she talks travel to him. It's all she can talk! She tells anecdotes about what Lord Salisbury said to the colonel in 1892 at Cowes, and what the Leland Stanfords had for dinner in San Francisco in '88, and what the colonel said to President Hayes at the White House, and what he thought about Granada in 1878, and all that. She did love her man. . . . You were asking if I love Lutherville. Sorry to be so provincial. Yes."

Lake Place was utterly empty. All the aristocrats were golfing, or riding in one another's cars out to the new tea house in Cashmere, or yelling at one another from canoes on the shallow lake, or taking naps in the big shapeless houses of wood and brick among so many trees. But it was Abbie's privilege to sit on any curb in town and pitch pebbles at things. Perhaps, I thought, if she was not a Lovejoy, with the biggest private library in the state at hand, and Freddie Gross' cars at her call, she would like to go away.

"So Richard Two is travel-mad?"

"Yes. It's the one thing he will talk about. He knows what color the Taj Mahal is, and the rocks in Arizona. You really interested him yesterday talking about that palace in Avignon. . . . He's such a cold kid, too, except to mother. He isn't interested in anything much. It really startled us when he took to being athletic. He deserves a lot of credit for that. He was the only delicate one of the whole mob when he was little, and he isn't really very strong now."

"Oh? Another athlete by force of will?"

"Another?"

"And," I said, "he's rather cold to the mob's affairs? And you think he just thinks he's fond of old Mrs. Burdick?"

"What are you driving at?"

"He loves her," I went on, "and make no mistake about it, Abbie. He loves an idea in her, and not the enameled old freak herself. He will love so many things in people, and not the people themselves, and batter his nerves to pieces wondering why the ideas are not the people. He's going to have a bad time. Yes, he knows the colors of the Taj Mahal and the rocks in Arizona. The earth is not under his big feet, but in his head—a wonderful procession of sounds that are colors, sights that are musical notes, ideas that are chalk and wood.

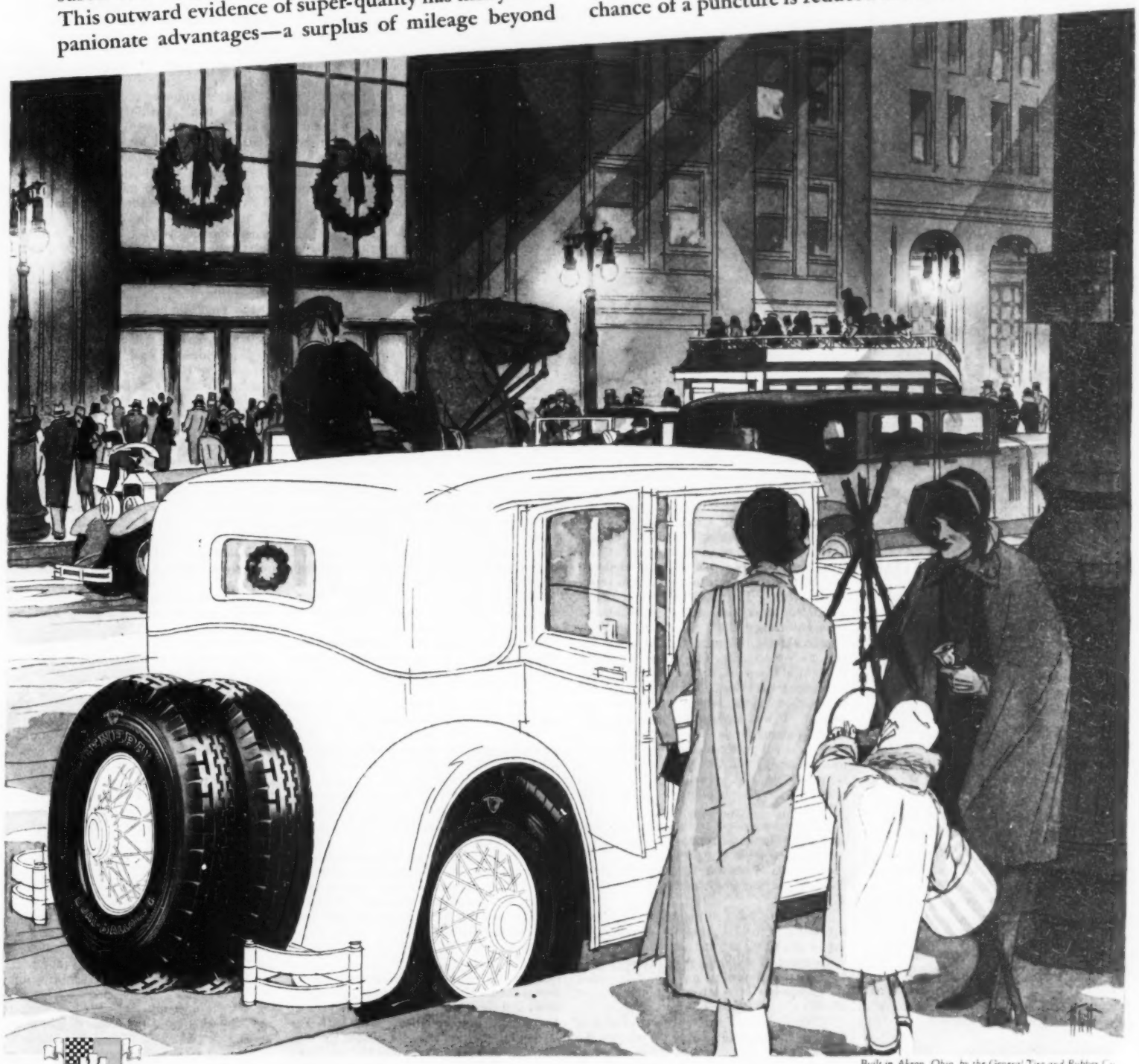
"He's going to have a bad time, and give you all a bad time. He will love the wrong women, because they say the right thing about the shape of a leaf, one afternoon, and he will imagine into them subtleties and perceptions such as no known woman ever gave a man. He will stick to treacherous men because their opinion of the late Robert Burns or the painter Cézanne is the same as his. He will overvalue and undervalue, and be crazy for artifices one day and raw Nature the next. He will weep tearlessly over a barren wall paper that echoes into his mood and yawn when he sees the Elgin marbles in the British Museum. He will suddenly remember that he ought to be practical because he is a grown man, and startle you all by understanding

(Continued on Page 78)

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(Continued from Page 76)

some horrid complication of transferred mortgages that'll be puzzling whichever of the mob is a lawyer then, and then he'll forget to use his brains about a tailor's bill next day.

"Heaven help him! But he loves his old inamorata now, Abigail, because she is old and her clothes belong to history, and her silly chatter leads him up and down and around this visible world, and in the end he will only love the world and your mother and one or two other people. But the world is a rolling thought in his poor head. He will never see life, because he sees too much. He loves too much to love anything completely. He ——"

"When you get oratorical," she said, "your nose wriggles."

"I was just trying to break some bad news gently, Abbie."

"Piffle! You mean he's going to be some kind of artist?"

"I fear it. He may be a superior chemist—it's the most rarefied form of art left in the world—or Satan knows what. Or he may be going to invent a new smelting process ——"

"Never! He's horribly afraid of fire!"

"He's probably horribly afraid of a quantity of things, more than that. Because people do not love without being afraid. . . . That sounds rather obscure, but the grain of common sense in it will occur to you one of these days."

"Thanks. You always treat me as if I ——"

"I know. One gets instructive after thirty."

Abigail tossed a pebble in the air and caught it dexterously on her knees. "Did you ever want to take a dear, pretty, fat little brother and skin him alive?"

"Poor Snorty!"

"Well," she said, getting up, "I'll see you after supper."

She could count on seeing Freddie five times a day, at the least. This was the trouble. She saw him and he saw her. Her mother belonged to Freddie as a hereditary friend. He was in and out of the Lovejoy house everlastingly, being scolded, bringing one of the mob a present on birthdays and sitting on the steps. He was never away long enough to give him time to think much about the Lovejoys. It had been like that all her life, and now that she was old enough to serve on civic committees, it was worse. They had become companions in an enterprise. He lounged on the steps and talked about the drains on West Center Street. He spread his legs on the parlor's forlorn rug and asked what she thought of the publicity for the Lutherville Symphony Orchestra. He took her driving to look at slums where something was needed. It was too bad, because her white gown, passing under the leaves, whirled with printed patterns that enhanced the moving body, and her voice, shouting to some brother, was a warm swell of forceful music. And, she thought, he did not hear her voice.

"S'pose we go over to the Lovejoys'," he said, after Sunday supper.

"Suppose we don't, for once."

"Yeh, but I wanted to ask Polly about those wops that got burnt out this afternoon."

"She'll just tell you to go and hire rooms for them, Fred. I have to work. Stay home and think of your sins."

He stopped stuffing one of his pipes with tobacco and looked at me.

"Say, what's the lousiest thing you ever did?"

"I don't know. Probably one of several things I've forgotten. But I'll tell you the one that sits on my pillow at night occasionally. I was nearly burned to death twice when I was a kid, and fire petrifies me. I once let a woman in a lace dress pick up a blazing oil lamp from a bridge table at Lake Placid and carry it out of the house. I simply stood there, you know, with my innards frozen and let her do it. Two other males at least contested the privilege of being killed with her. As Mrs. Burdick would say, *Cela me revient dans les nuits d'insomnie.*"

"I don't mind fires. Must say, I lost ten pounds goin' over in 1918 on the transport, dark nights. I'd a lot rather be burned than drowned."

"You've odd tastes, Freddie. . . . What's that?"

I came across the library to see. It glimmered in his hand, and maintained its green life as only an emerald can, with scarcely any light on its square face. A ring of platinum would hold this terrible possession to a woman's finger. It was like a little block of green swamp water hung to a hoop of white ice.

"One of mother's. . . . If I put this on Abbie, y'know, it might be the lousiest thing I ever did."

"Then don't do it, Fred. . . . Get to work on your symphony correspondence."

He did. He sat by the fireplace and frequently grunted, filling the coal scuttle with bits of paper. The richest man in Lutherville, not liking Freddie Gross, had printed a frantic letter in the Pioneer denouncing the orchestra as something the town did not need and a menace to something he called "the spirit of solid citizenship." Freddie had his own troubles. I was having mine, of an impractical sort, at his desk, wondering if an eminent statesman had known just what he meant by a speech made in 1882 and, if so, if he meant what he thought he meant.

"Fred, would Mrs. Burdick have known the once famous and now forgotten Senator Asa Melancthon Potter? She seems to have been in Washington a good deal."

"She might. Go and ask her in the morning. If he said anything to Colonel Burdick, she'll remember that. . . . I wish she'd let me start an art museum."

"Get Richard Two to tackle her."

"By gum, I think I will! It ——"

Silk whirred on the planks of the veranda. I thought, "How funny! There are kids who've never heard a woman's skirts dragging, like that, on wood." It went in and out of my mind. And then I had to wonder for a pulse, if the old woman's coming had put her in our heads. Her ruffled gown flared in the glow beyond the copper screening. She was filmed in a yellow dressing gown, a kind of tent of little frills and patches of tawny lace, with many bows and many twinkles of metal buttons. It was magnificently decorous, wonderfully discreet.

"Do you excuse me, Frederick. *On arrive sans cérémonie!* May I come in?"

"Sure. . . . Somethin' wrong?"

She waved the skinny cigarette and the laugh tinkled. "We old women! A little nervous! But the servants are out, Freddie, and ——"

"Now," said the giant, "it ain't a burglar. It's just a nasty mouse."

"Dear Freddie! *Mais non.* . . . I'm afraid smoking so much doesn't improve one's senses"—she was shaking with fright, but the voice was steady—"and I did laugh this afternoon! Dickie was so sure something was burning. . . . Fred, the house is on fire! I'm sure of it! I s-saw smoke. I ——"

He went through a screen, and the lilacs under the veranda crashed as he landed in them. The woman blinked, leaning on a chair. But her absurd empresshood stayed with her, as the dyed hair stayed placid in its tiers above her eyes.

"So absurd! B-but ——"

"Some water?"

"Please!" But then she screamed, as my feet moved. She screamed in a thin, rising howl and beat her hands on the cameos at her throat. She screamed, "Oh, God! The collection! I can't face Colonel Burdick if anything happens! It was the last thing he said. He said, 'Laura, when you go, make 'em safe in your will. Save the money for it, Laura. It's to be a museum.' . . . He was dying. He was —— Oh, God," she said, with her hands on her face, "don't let it happen!"

Abigail Lovejoy said, outside, "Has something happened? I say, what's happened? I saw Freddie running!"

A snake of white ice was around my throat. Innumerable nails kept me standing on the floor. There were scarlet wavers climbing from the floor of her drawing-room against priceless canvas, signed by dead men. I knew it! But I do not at all know how I found myself in her drawing-room, with four gas jets dim over my head, ripping a square filled by a woman's lazy face and a bonnet of 1850 down from a satin wall. I had got there, and I cannot even brag of it. A gilded chair sagged under my feet while I tore at the wires of the picture. It must get out of here, and that was all. And there was smoke in the place.

"Here," Freddie gulped, in the doorway, "the fire box is ——"

"Do it yourself, Freddie!"

The chair smashed, but the portrait came down with me. I heard him say something about a pantry, but I was out of the front door and getting down the wooden steps with the picture in my hands. I swung sideways from a body in the gloom under an oak.

"What's happened to her?"

"Fire box, Dickie!" Fred bawled. "Fast!"

He had sprained his ankle. Even if I had known that, I wouldn't have stopped in my course across the street into the Lovejoy veranda. Some of the mob were on the steps, their heads black balls against the light from the hall. It was William James who took the portrait by Constantin Guys from me, and the hard control of the family now paid silently. They knew what to do. The fire whistle, screaming above Lutherville, was the signal for a rush. One of the boys whooped, racing, and Lake Place broke everywhere into lights. Globes flamed on porches and in trees above the Parton swimming pool. Masses of dusty leaf were glittering, strung to arches of bough, illumined from below. When I was back on the Burdick steps, Del Lovejoy ripped my coat with a corner of the Holbein drawing in its frame of black oak.

"Careful of that!"

"Tell the kids what to do!"

Richard 2d yelled in the hallway, his hair wet already, "Curt, the one with the red fella on horseback in the library! Get 'at! Vally, the Degas in the yella room!"

"Which is it, Dick?"

"Ballet girls! Hustle! . . . Keep outa here, Bimmy! You're too short to reach up! . . . Excuse me, Fred."

Freddie spread himself on the stairs and shut all passage with his arms and legs, eating a lip.

"Keep down, Dick!"

"There's the Lawrence in her boud——"

"You can't go up!"

"I've got to! She'll die if ——"

"No!"

I had time to remember that this boy was scared of fire. Smoke flowered now in great tufts of heavy gray on the height of the paneled stair well, under the gilded gas jets. The planks had been quietly burning for days, maybe, in a closed bedroom and the fire had crawled down into a hollow wall, to rise through some rotten wood into the third story.

"I got to get that for her! It was the first one he bought!"

"Firemen'll be here in a minute, kid!"

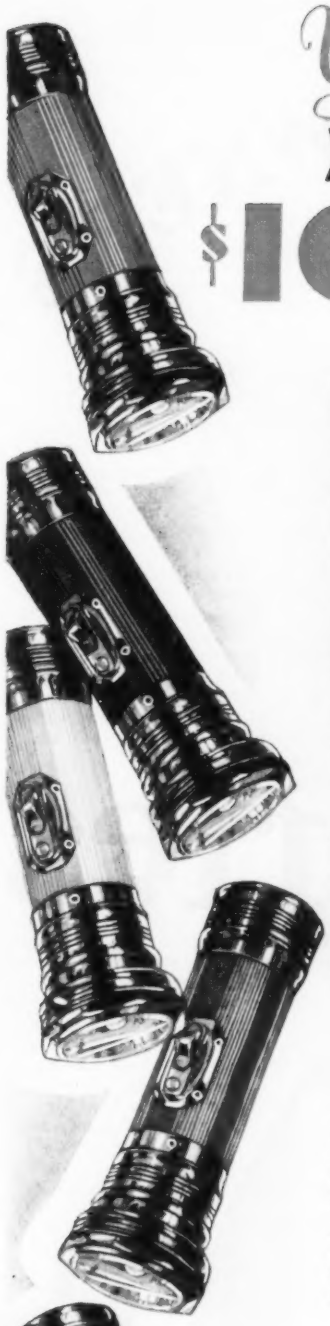
"Water'll spoil it!"

Richard 2d went under and between Freddie's legs in the next second and was hurtling up the stairs. I merely gaped. A boy ran past me with two small pictures in his hands, held upright, and his lip caught in his teeth.

"I've broken my leg," Freddie said, to nobody, for he did not know I was there, and made one of his life's first failures by fainting and falling in a crumple of yellow hair and tweeds on the polished floor below the last step. Richard 2d jumped clear over him, coming back with the insipid Lawrence and a black velvet box. The boy's face was dead white and his hair seemed just brown.

"Got her jewels, anyhow," he said, in the coldness of sheer effort, and was out of the

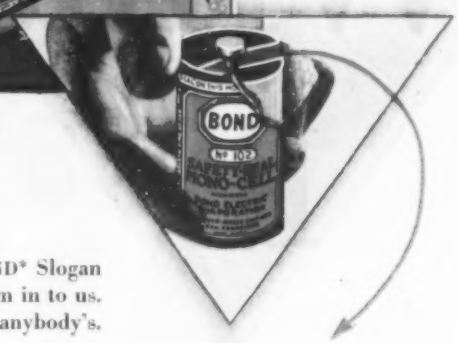
(Continued on Page 81)



You still have time to enter the YALE-BOND Slogan Contest

$10,000 IN PRIZES





1st PRIZE	2nd PRIZE	3rd PRIZE
$2,000	$1,000	$500

1180 Other Valuable Awards!

DECEMBER 31st will ring down the curtain on the great YALE-BOND* Slogan Contest. You have until then to prepare your slogan ideas and get them in to us. Your chance of winning one of the big Cash Prizes is still as good as anybody's.

Nothing difficult about *this* contest! All you need do is to acquaint yourself with the six distinctive features of YALE-BOND* Flashlights and Mono-Cells—select the feature which you think *most important*—and write one or more slogans about it.

Gifts that will *Live* for Days to Come—

BOND FLASHLIGHTS AND BATTERIES

What could be more appealing as a Christmas Gift than one of these novel BOND Flashlights in *color?* . . . Red, green, blue, ivory, maroon —*here's* a gift that's sensible, useful, durable and good-looking! . . . Each of these new BOND Flashlights combines the six important YALE-BOND features—the Candle Light, the Fibre Case, the 3-way Safety Switch, the Shock Absorbers, the Safety Seal and the "Mystery Feature." Every member of your family will want one. *Get them in different colors!*

Why not a complete new set of BOND Batteries for the radio? What marvelous batteries these are! From the moment you turn off your set they start to *recuperate*—restoring their own energy just like the human body itself during sleep. That is why BOND Batteries deliver ultimately *more* power and cost *less* per radio hour than any you have known! For perfect, economical radio reception, take no chances—buy BONDS! They can always be depended upon to give your set a silent, uninterrupted flow of power.

Full information about the Contest is contained in a special folder, including the Official Contest Blank, obtainable from authorized YALE-BOND retailers everywhere. Go to your dealer today. Get as many blanks as you want. Examine carefully an actual YALE-BOND Flashlight and Mono-Cell. SEE what each feature is! Then submit as many slogans as you wish.

BOND MONO-CELLS

make any flashlight better and BOND Flashlights best! Each BOND Mono-Cell is made with the Safety Seal, an exclusive BOND feature which protects the power by preventing energy-draining short circuits. And the "Mystery Feature"! Ask your dealer about it, or send in the coupon below.

If it is not convenient for you to locate an authorized YALE-BOND dealer, send in this coupon and all information will be forwarded Free of Charge.

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Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Please send me Free Contest Blanks.

Name (Print) .....

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BOND ELECTRIC CORPORATION

(Formerly Yale Electric Corporation)

Chicago JERSEY CITY, N. J. San Francisco

Manufacturers of

Radio "A", "B" and "C" Batteries

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PROTECTING THE CAR OWNER'S



POCKET BOOK

A Willard Battery is built to do a better job in your car. And it does. Willard Service is given to keep you on the safe side of every avoidable battery trouble. And it does. Why *should* you experiment when Willard Batteries cost so little and Willard Service protects so well?

Willard Batteries plus Willard Service



(Continued from Page 78)

doors into the crowd piling up the steps. But men were in now, and some fellow in blue pajamas dragged Freddie's shoulders through the door. We got him down on to the lawn, and I had time then to see upper windows brightly pink with fire, and to see the fire chief's scarlet car flash under the lamps of Lake Place.

"Second floor, Milligan!" Freddie yelled, sitting up against a maple. "I shut the door! Get your hose in fast! It ain't busted. Say, would you think a sprain could hurt that much? I fainted!"

"Try dislocating a shoulder a couple of times," I advised. "Here, stand up and hop over to ——"

"You go to hell! . . . Here's the hose," he said, with fine satisfaction, to welcome a thunder on the asphalt.

I had never thought how beautiful the line of a ladder is, with pink light coming down its staves. That got into me, as the ladders rose and a policeman shoved me clear into the street and water smashed on the windows.

"Servants out, Freddie?" asked the fire chief.

"Yeh. The old lady's at my place."

I had got back to Freddie, leaning on his maple, with a cigarette in his face. An exultation had overcome me. We had beaten something to it! Mrs. Lovejoy was through with the count on her veranda. The Dürer, spurious or not, was reposing against one of the bronze dogs, and Del had put the Holbein drawing on his father's desk for its supreme safety. We had beaten something to it! I wanted to yell. Rubber coats squawked, brushing one another in the wide doors.

The firemen heaved chairs and tables down the steps. A bronze statuette bounced on the wet turf. Water was spraying back from the high windows in vast fans of rosy glass.

"We can save the old dump, Freddie," the chief said, prowling back. "But it's a fire trap! Gee! All those panels an' —— Hey, I told you to keep outa this!"

"I'm through," said a young voice.

"What y'got there? Clothes?"

Richard 2d said coldly, "They suit her," and went staggering through the gates, hidden as he reeled along by the masses of stuff tossed over a shoulder. The frills and silks gleamed in the light of Edward Burdick's motor lamps. The boy threw the wardrobe into her grandson's car.

"Well, I'm damned!" said the fire chief.

"Love, officer. Young art's first ideal is artifice."

He left me, heartily shocked. He told Freddie afterward that his cousin in Cleveland was a good brain specialist, and my folks ought to get me there as soon as possible.

I skipped the round of two hoses and climbed a fence and limped up Freddie's steps, wanting to sing, still. Bushes shut off the light from the burning house and someone had turned out the lamps in the library. But I had to have a drink of water if I died for it, and I stumbled into a woman in the doors with an impatience. She stood between me and the pantry.

"Fred! . . . Oh, do get mother, and don't let Dickie come here!" Her arms went around my neck. "Please hurry! I can't stand it here alone! B-but someone's got to stay here—w-with it!"

"What's happened, Abbie?"

She clutched me, because I was human and this fear was new. All the fire of being had blinked out before her, and she was alone with horror and her youth in the darkened house.

"I ran in to tell her they were taking the pictures over to our place, and she said, '*Mais c'est magnifique, ta famille!*' And she was so polite! And I went for some water, and she said—I was in the dining room—she said, 'Colonel.' And she was all alone in the library—she was alone! And get Freddie here! He'll know what to do!"

The blaze of my modern smart cigarette lighter rose in the library and washed the dressing robe and the dyed hair for a breath, for she imperially sat, her head bowed, in the broad chair, and her hands were twinkling with jewels on her lap. I stood, wanting the boy who had loved her as a shape of art, perhaps not knowing that, to see her so, and then blew out the trivial flame.

"Oh, do get Freddie!"

"Yes, sister."

"And don't let Dickie come here!"

I was limping down the walk when Edward Burdick grabbed me and said, "Is grandmamma here? The house is gone! Not worth saving! Is she ——"

"She won't know it," I said.

"Her heart? Is she conscious still?"

"Gone," I said.

"And she thinks—thought the pictures ——"

"No, Abbie told her."

He said steadily, "Well, that's fine. Everything goes to a museum for the town, you know. And there's something handsome for young Dickie—fifty thousand when he's twenty-one. And her jewels go to Mrs. Lovejoy. I s-suppose she's been an awful joke around town, but she was white, you know."

"I know," I said.

"Is that Freddie?" Abigail cried from the dark porch.

"He'll be here in a minute," I promised, and ran down the sidewalk.

But the crowd had been thrust back to the other rim of the wet street. The foolish old house was ascending, in a whirl of red spray and sparks, and its death was a loveliness of piling flame above the trees. Rubber coats shimmered only on the lawn. The ladders had come down and a French maid was shrieking for her lost clothes in the crowd. Everything went swiftly. There would be a new house here, and an art gallery would make Colonel Burdick remembered in the town.

"Golly," the giant said, standing on the Lovejoy steps, "she's grand!"

"Can you walk if I help you?"

"Yeh. Why?"

"Abbie's found out that one does not love without being afraid. Come along."

THE MIDDLEMAN

(Continued from Page 30)

the doctor had wired a peremptory message to St. Louis to the effect that it must be made to give satisfaction at once or taken out. The house dispatched Sam to the scene in company with a factory expert to see what might be done.

I met the two in the hotel of the small town. The factory expert was an efficient, businesslike-appearing individual, obviously impressed with the importance of the situation. Sam was just the opposite—genial, a bit countrified and ready to enter into conversation with all comers. While the expert went to the telephone office, Sam visited up and down Main Street with the storekeepers, most of whom had stock in the telephone company.

There happened to be a turkey drive in town that day and I saw him in the middle of Main Street conversing earnestly with the committee in charge. After a while the expert reported he had made some minor adjustments on the switchboard and thought it would work all right. But when Sam went to the doctor's office he was informed irritably that the service was no better than before. The doctor could not even talk to his own residence. Only a small first payment had been made on the switchboard and it looked as though the St. Louis house might have the equipment thrown back on its hands. I had finished my work in the town and was standing in front of the hotel, when Sam came by and asked me if I would like to take a walk.

We went out to the doctor's residence, just beyond the corporate limits, where Sam borrowed a ladder and climbed to the spot where the telephone wire entered the building. The town was in a section where there were frequent and violent electric storms and the telephone wires were hooked over a loop so a householder might run out and unhook it when a storm was imminent.

The doctor's house had recently been painted and a clot of paint was in the loop of the wire. Sam scraped this off with his jackknife and then asked permission to go in the house and call up the doctor's office. There was a perfect connection. We walked back to the business district, where he told a number of the merchants of the result of his investigation and visited the newspaper office to suggest that the editor run an item in his next issue regarding the bad effect of paint upon telephone wires. There was some good-natured laughter up and down Main Street and the $5000 switchboard remained sold.

It was a bit of resourcefulness I have never forgotten. Sam Culberson drew a salary for selling equipment only. Technically it was not his business to cultivate the good will of a lot of turkey raisers and small-town merchants, or to climb up the sides of houses. But he did these things just the same. Knowing him as well as I do, I am sure he never bragged about his attainments at the home office; but somehow he must have been found out, for it was not long after this that he was taken off the road to fill an executive position in his organization. I still see him occasionally in New York City, where he is one of the ranking officers of a great electrical manufacturing concern that has branch houses all over the country.

Not everyone is gifted with resourcefulness, for that implies a great deal of imagination; and I believe imagination is a thing one simply happens to be born with or without. But if a man lacks imagination he can make up for it by practicing a habit that is within the power of everyone to attain—namely, the habit of doing plain hard work. In the traveling-salesman business this is far more important than appears on the surface. Particularly during late years we hear a lot about the brilliant exploits of salesmen who hypnotize their customers into giving huge orders by the observance of the latest rules of approach, by dominating the situation, and all that. But personally, I don't believe it is possible to learn salesmanship out of a book. And in the long run the man who calls on every dealer in a town is pretty apt to beat the man who works his sales psychology on two or three big dealers and passes up the little ones on the side streets.

When I was with the Gibson Mercantile Corporation I used to hear of a man named Albert Steele, who covered the Southwest for a New York jobbing house that specialized in American-made watches. Salesmen who knew him said Steele did more than $200,000 worth of business and earned in salary and commissions $15,000 a year—extraordinarily large figures for those days. On one occasion I met him in one of the big Texas cities. We chanced to arrive on the same morning train that was two hours late, and we went to the same hotel. I had nothing to do, because the train I was to take to another town had already left and there was no other until evening. When I introduced myself to Steele he asked me if I didn't want to go around with him; he said he had a number of people to call on, but these would not take up all his time and meanwhile we could make something of a holiday of it.

I was curious to see how a man worked who earned $15,000 a year with a line like Steele's. He was in the middle forties, rather slow of speech and action. He was a native New Yorker, but said he did not care for big-city life; he had been traveling since he was twenty-one and for fifteen years had lived in Little Rock, going to New York only twice a year to consult with the officers of his concern. There was a twofold motive in living in the Southwest—he could spend more time with his family, and he believed living in the same section where he sold his goods gave him a better idea of the requirements of the public. As we started out from the hotel I asked him how many dealers he called on in the Texas city, and he said ten. I inquired if they were all regular accounts of his.

"Bless you, no," he answered, laughing. "I wish they were. I have called on two of them regularly for the past eight years and have never sold either of them a dollar's worth."

I remarked that eight years of unsuccessful effort ought to be enough to warrant leaving them out of his calculations.

"I don't know about that," Steele said cheerfully. "I've called on people longer than that without results, and yet finally made customers of them. You see, it's this way: A firm may be perfectly satisfied with its wholesale connections; a lot of wholesalers have carried their dealers along through difficult times, renewing their notes when they couldn't pay, and all that. In such cases I have no argument; loyalty to people who have treated you liberally is a fine thing. But sometime there may be a change in conditions and the dealer will be in the open market. Then, if I have been calling on him regularly, not boring him but letting him see I'm ready to serve him, I certainly have a better chance to get the account than some man who has just dropped in for the first time."

At the second place we called, Steele's philosophy was vindicated. Not wishing to be in the way, I stood on the sidewalk while he went in to speak to the proprietor, and when I saw the two enter into what seemed to presage a lengthy conversation, I went to the corner for a cigar and a bit of window shopping. I got back twenty minutes later, just in time to see Steele coming out of the store with a yellow order sheet sticking from his inside pocket.

"Only about $400," he said, "but it's a beginning. I've been calling on that merchant eight years and never sold him before. He was ripe for a change and I happened in at the psychological time."

He explained the reason for his good luck. It seems there had been a shortage of American watches in the popular-priced grades, while those of high price were comparatively plentiful; and some time previously the merchant had given an order to his regular jobber. In order to be sure of getting enough low-priced timepieces—bread-and-butter goods, Steele called them—the merchant included in his order a number of expensive items costing $100 and upward. These last were shipped promptly; but the popular sellers that the merchant needed badly were placed on back order, and not only had never arrived but no apology from the jobbing house was forthcoming. Under these circumstances the merchant decided to change his source of supply. While we were lunching together a little later, Steele got out the yellow order sheet and wrote some instructions at the bottom.

"I'm taking no chances," he remarked. "I'm writing the house to go over the order piece by piece. If there's a single item they haven't in stock, they are to scour the market for it and if necessary pay a premium. After that, if there is anything short, they are to notify the merchant before shipping anything. Tomorrow I'll send them a telegram on the subject."

Late that afternoon we called on Steele's last customer, one of his regular buyers, and he asked me to go into the store with him. The merchant wanted nothing; but as we

Continued on Page 84



Portrait painted for the Hoover Company by Paul Trebilcock.

—but I can't say this to my husband



MY HUSBAND will give me this Christmas, as he does every year, some lovely and very useless trinket. He likes to be extravagant and a little foolish in his gift to me. He feels that way about me.

But sometimes I wish—how can I say it? He wants so much to please me—only, like other men, he's just a bit unseeing.

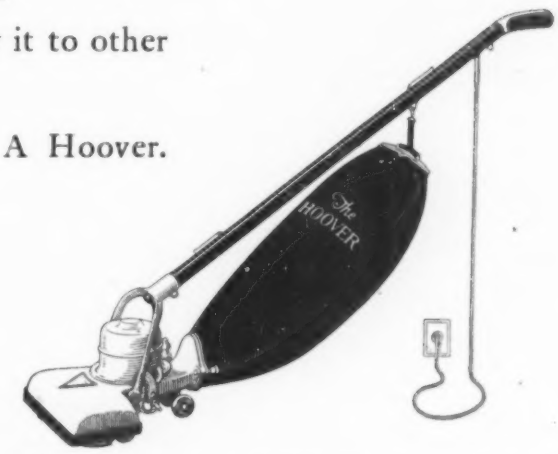
To him I'm still the girl he married. Young and strong and radiant with health. He doesn't know—no one but the woman who cares for a home can know—how much of that youth and strength and health can slip from one under the burden of cleaning duties just a little heavier than they need be.

Yet how can I suggest the gift I really want? He would only laugh at me. Tell me that Christmas is no time for such a sensible purchase. That I must have something for *myself*.

If only he could see that what I want *is* for myself. More for myself than any pretty trinket. That it means the very preservation of those things about which he cares so much. My youth. Freshness. That sparkle which is unwearied health.

I can't say this to my husband. But I can say it to other husbands like mine:

Why not give her this year what she really wants? A Hoover.



"GIVE HER A HOOVER AND YOU GIVE HER THE BEST"

(Continued from Page 81)

were talking a tall individual wearing an enormous felt hat and spurs came in and expressed a wish for a gold-plated timepiece with a steer's head engraved upon the back. We heard the salesman say the stock unfortunately contained no such article. Excusing himself, Steele stepped forward to state that he had a sample of what was wanted in his trunk at the hotel and if the gentleman would wait a short time he would get it. This was agreed to; and Steele, the $15,000-a-year traveling man, cheerfully trudged the four long blocks to the hotel in the hot Texas sun for an item that sold at wholesale for nine dollars and on which his commission was considerably less than one dollar.

As he is a man of little imagination, I have an idea Albert Steele has never speculated on the subject of whether the traveling salesmanship profession is a desirable one. Merely, it was his job and he worked at it in the only way he knew. Once a year, at Christmas, I get a card from him. He is in his sixties now and is, I understand, worth something over $100,000, all invested in income-bearing Little Rock property. He has an assistant who does most of the traveling, but once or twice a year he goes over the territory himself to visit his old friends and customers.

I have noticed that in the long run a wholesale firm's success or failure depends on the quality of its traveling men. And by the same token, a firm that treats its travelers like human beings gets more out of them than the firm that treats them like machines. One of the causes of the downfall of the Gibson Mercantile Corporation was a certain callousness toward the men who sold its goods on the road. At one time a promising young fellow named Willard Betts, who had been city salesman, was started on a regular territory that comprised a lot of small towns and villages from Southern Illinois to the Gulf. The trip down took him almost three months, and during that time he was remarkably successful, sending in an average of two or three fair-sized orders every day.

When he left Chicago it was agreed he would not have to work back, but could take a boat from New Orleans to St. Louis and then on home by rail. On reaching New Orleans, however, he got a letter from the house instructing him to cover a list of towns on the west side of the river up as far as Cape Girardeau, which meant another six weeks.

He obeyed orders, but never was a more complete failure registered. On the entire return trip he sold less than $2000. He told me afterward that he tried his best, but somehow all the ginger had gone out of him and he could not interest a buyer as he had done before. He seemed to have lost his courage.

The peculiar part of it was that this state of mind was permanent. He was a failure on the road from that time. Later, he quit the Gibson Corporation and took a job in a Chicago department store.

In 1916, when I had been back with the Empire Wholesale Company about a year, I made up my mind to put into practice some changes in regard to our traveling force. Always previously the salesmen were expected to make their homes in Statesburg, which I presume was a custom handed down from the days when a man would cover his whole territory and then come into the house to look after the shipment of the goods he had sold. I felt the necessity for a man's living in the same town as the home office was a thing of the past. We were traveling about twenty men at the time, and as the different ones came in from their trips I suggested that they might be better satisfied to make their homes at some central town of their territories. Most were men of families, and almost without exception they said they would prefer to do this. The other change I decided on was quite revolutionary for that time. I planned to furnish automobiles for those whose territories were thickly settled and let them use these company cars where practical instead of depending altogether on railway trains.

It seems curious that so short a time ago as 1916 my announcement of these two simple and obvious changes of policy should have caused a commotion among the members of the board of directors of the Empire Wholesale Company. At that time I owned but a small amount of stock—about $30,000 worth, representing the cash I had salvaged from my chain-store enterprise—and whatever important innovations I decided on had to meet the approval of the board.

Thaddeus Carpenter, true to his promise to give me free rein, seldom questioned my plans, and in fact came to the office not more than once a month or so. But there were six others, mostly retired business men of the city who had bought company stock for investment, and some of these were less amenable. In particular there was Luther Gilbert, next to Mr. Carpenter the largest stockholder, who held the honorary title of treasurer. Mr. Gilbert had made a fortune out of a retail coal-and-ice business and I can describe him best by quoting what Thaddeus Carpenter once said to me.

"Luther is all right," was his remark, "only he thinks the Philadelphia Centennial is still running!"

Another board member, sometimes difficult, was my old friend Heber Arkwright, of the Second National Bank, who used to scold me during my office-boy days when I failed to hand him my pass book right side up, and who never seemed to realize that I might have grown to man's estate and judgment.

At the board meeting, when I announced my intention to allow the traveling men to live where they pleased and to furnish certain ones with automobiles at company expense, these two members immediately objected. Mr. Arkwright merely said "No!" contemptuously and for the rest of the time sat indignantly silent. Luther Gilbert was more voluble. He was a fat little man who, when excited, always became red in the face and ended his sentences with a challenging "Huh?"

"Things have come to a fine pass," he began, "when the Empire Wholesale Company lets its drummers dictate where and how they're going to spend their time. When I was in the coal-and-ice business, I saw to it that my drivers stayed around the yard when they weren't delivering so I could see what they were doing. I guess no one here will deny that I made a success of my business, will they, huh?"

Though these remarks were addressed to the company generally, it was my plans that were under discussion and I answered pleasantly as possible:

"You'd hardly class a traveling salesman with the driver of a coal wagon, would you, Mr. Gilbert?"

He answered firmly that a hired man was a hired man, whether he sold goods or delivered coal and ice, and should be treated as such, after which expression of opinion he addressed a separate "Huh?" to each director in turn. Mr. Carpenter, as majority stockholder, could have put an end to the discussion any time he pleased, though he enjoyed these scenes so much that he usually let them run on for sheer pleasure.

"I guess John is right, Luther," Mr. Carpenter said finally. "After all, a traveling man is entitled to some home life; and besides, I can see where it may be an advantage for him to live in the territory where he sells his goods. He can get the viewpoint of his customers better that way than if he has to live here in the city."

Mr. Gilbert grudgingly conceded the point. As a matter of fact, I had settled it with Thaddeus Carpenter previous to the directors' meeting. But Mr. Gilbert was not yet through.

"You can do as you please about where the salesmen live," he said fiercely, "but I'll be darned if I'll ever consent to buying automobiles for them. It's sheer extravagance!"

I knew my main fight was going to be over this innovation, for even Thaddeus Carpenter was not thoroughly convinced of its economy. I had got data from a number of wholesale concerns that had already tried out the automobile in their selling operations, and also had maps showing the locations of towns on several of our travelers' territories, together with the railroad schedules. I passed these around as evidence that in many cases a man could make two or three towns a day by automobile where by rail he would be limited to one, and with little more expense.

Even in 1916, with the automobile in a fair state of perfection and road-building operations under way almost everywhere, these facts were news to most business men, and all those present, including even Heber Arkwright, studied the exhibits interestedly—that is, all but Luther Gilbert. He sat stubbornly in his chair, refusing to look at anything, and evidently trying to think of some further argument that would restore his prestige. At last he had it.

"You say these salesmen can make better time if you give them cars," he challenged me, "and you claim to have figures to prove it. But I guess there's one thing you haven't thought of. When a salesman spends his Sunday at home, what's to prevent him from using the car to run around and wear it out joy-riding? That's one little thing you hadn't counted on, huh?"

All the men present, including Thaddeus Carpenter, looked at me expectantly. I knew I had to be convincing or my plan might go by the board.

"As to that, Mr. Gilbert," I answered, "if we've got a man who is energetic enough to drive a car around the country six days a week and still have enough energy left to want more riding on Sunday, I'd say he had the qualifications of a ripping good salesman."

I won my point; and after six months' trial no one connected with the Empire Wholesale Company, either the directors or the traveling men, would have thought of going back to the old régime.

XIII

PERHAPS some of the business-men readers who have followed my story thus far have the feeling that I put too much emphasis on the financial side of business and too little on selling. It may be I am inclined that way, because so much of my early training at the Empire Wholesale Company was in the credit department. During the past few years, I know, the belief has gained ground that volume is the main objective, and that if a firm or corporation can increase its sales every year all other problems will take care of themselves.

Yet I still stick to my belief that good financing comes first. If any business man will take the trouble to investigate the history of an assorted lot of enterprises, I think he will find that those have lasted longest where the financing was made the first consideration. Business cannot always be booming. There will always be peaks and hollows. At the Empire Wholesale Company we have a collection of old letters and other records running back more than ninety years, to the time when John Hartwell bought the business from the heirs of the Redfield brothers, who first established their enterprise in the Western Reserve wilderness. In the early days most of the hardware and fine cutlery was bought in Sheffield, England; and evidently John Hartwell was a man who placed great stress on his financial arrangements, for in almost every letter that he wrote to Sheffield manufacturers there were comments on existing American monetary conditions and shrewd forecasts of the future. One letter, written in the fall of 1836, contained these lines:

> Business in this country is brisk; almost too brisk, I fear, to continue at the present rate. Speculation is rife and many people are spending beyond their means. Should a stringency occur, I fear I may not be able to pay your invoices as promptly as in the past; and I will ask you, therefore, to ship only one-half of the merchandise that I ordered in my recent communication.

There is no record to show if the Sheffield manufacturer granted John Hartwell's request, though it may be assumed he did; for the Hartwell enterprise weathered the disastrous panic of 1837 without apparent difficulty.

I do not believe we are going to have such violent business depressions in the future as we have had in the past; but good financing—by which I mean a reasonable provision for emergencies—is just as important as it ever was. No man can surely say how much profit he has made until he has paid off his last creditor and has the receipt in his pocket.

I am always reminded of this when I think of what happened to the Walcott Metal Works. This was an old New England family concern that made a line of small tools, advertised and sold throughout the country under the concern's trademark. Retail prices on the tools were set at the factory and ranged from one dollar to five dollars. Though the profit allowed jobbers and retailers was small, everyone liked to sell the Walcott line. The quality was first-class and the line was so well known to the public that selling was almost automatic. To use a modern business term, consumer acceptance was so well established that a dealer only had to display the Walcott line in order to sell it.

One day in January, 1919, I received a letter from Hugh Walcott, president of the concern, stating that they were considering a change in policy and as a matter of courtesy suggested that I might attend one of their conferences at which the subject was to be discussed. For many years the Empire Wholesale Company had handled the Walcott products and the warmest personal relations were always maintained. We were buying close to $75,000 of their tools every twelve months. Though Mr. Walcott's letter was noncommittal, I surmised the change they contemplated might be that of eliminating the jobbers; and as we didn't want to lose the handling of this profitable and easy-selling line, I decided I ought to go.

The Walcott plant was located in an old-fashioned town about three hours from New York, and it was easy to see that the Walcott family was the dominant influence in the community. I registered at the Walcott Hotel. Across the square was the Walcott Theater, and the principal community playground was named Walcott Park. The plant was housed in a long brick building, covered with ivy, located on a spur of the main-line railroad.

It was a fine-looking lot of old-fashioned New Englanders that gathered around the conference table that morning, headed by Mr. Walcott, Sr., president of the concern and practically the owner. Others were business men of the town, manufacturers and merchants, who had been allowed to buy a little stock from time to time and had been made directors, mainly on account of friendship for the Walcott family.

All these wore black frock coats and heavy silk watch fobs with the exception of one old gentleman, Mr. Batchelder, who displayed, instead of a fob, a large gold watch chain in the shape of a train of railway cars. I learned that this unusual bit of jewelry denoted Mr. Batchelder's position as a director of an important New England transportation system.

Besides myself, there were only two young men present. One was Charlie Read, the concern's sales manager, who had worked up to that position from assistant shipping clerk; the other was Bruce Walcott, son of the president and heir to the Walcott fortune. Bruce was about thirty-five years old at the time and for some years had been in charge of the concern's office in New York City.

It didn't take me long to realize that it was Bruce Walcott's party we were attending, and that Bruce had made up his mind in advance what was to be done. He opened proceedings by stating that he had talked to many of the progressive business men of the metropolis and all of them

(Continued on Page 86)

From 8 drinks a day in 1886 to 8 million a day in 1928







8 million a day

Just a drink but—what a drink! Pure, wholesome, delicious and refreshing. Before Coca-Cola had its beginning, the few scattered soda fountains over the country were closed down from October to April. ✿ ✿ But the drink with that tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment brought realization that "thirst knows no season." More and finer fountains quickly followed—open and inviting you to pause and refresh yourself throughout the year. ✿ ✿ The first year of Coca-Cola an average of eight drinks a day were served. ✿ ✿ During this year the average is more than eight million a day.

The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS



The makers of
STROWGER
P-A-X
PRIVATE AUTOMATIC EXCHANGE

pioneers in the field of automatic telephony, have now adapted the same time-proven switching mechanisms to a wide range of equipment that is proving indispensable to industry and commerce. Typical among such developments are those described below—all having as their background years of research and sound engineering practice.

SAVES YOUR TIME

HALF a minute lost may seem trivial—yet such a loss on every inside call amounts to many working hours per day. Strowger P-A-X, the modern system of automatic interior telephony, *eliminates this waste.* There is no delay—no waiting—no loss of time. Operation is instantaneous, and calls are completed within five seconds from the lifting of the receiver.

And the numerous other Strowger Automatic developments—being largely adaptations of the same time-tested and proven automatic switching mechanisms—are meeting with equal favor in a wide and rapidly growing field. The following are typical yet outstanding examples of Strowger Automatic Communication and Signalling Equipment which are receiving the endorsement of the industrial and commercial world:

The Strowger Fire Alarm System—A system so sturdy and so simple that it is being adopted by industries throughout the country. The fire boxes have no moving mechanism. The system cannot be put out of service by "grounds", "shorts" or broken connections; it gives both visible and audible signals; its functioning is entirely automatic. Bulletin 1016, which gives full details, will gladly be sent on request.

The Strowger Tele-Chec System—Primarily developed as a signal system for theaters to regulate the flow of patron traffic to various parts of the house, the Strowger Tele-Chec System is indispensable wherever there is necessity for the rapid and accurate transmission of numbers or codes by means of visual signals. Its applications are unlimited and many of them are described in Bulletin 1019 sent on request.

Strowger Railway Communication Equipment—Includes push-key senders for dispatchers' lines, trainmen's telephones and pole jacks, linemen's test sets, repeating coils, relays and allied equipment. Descriptive literature on application.

STROWGER AUTOMATIC
Communication, Control and Signalling Systems

Strowger Automatic Equipment includes Public Automatic Telephone Systems P-A-X (Private Automatic Exchange) Watchman Supervisory Systems Tele-Chec Systems (for Theaters) Industrial Fire Alarm Systems Supervisory Control Equipment for Industrial and Commercial Devices, and Railway Signalling and Communication Systems.

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Factory and General Offices: 1015 West Van Buren St., Chicago, U. S. A.

Sales and Service Offices in the Following Cities:

Atlanta, Ga.	Detroit, Mich.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Boston, Mass.
Los Angeles, Calif.	Cleveland, Ohio	St. Paul, Minn.	St. Louis, Mo.
Dallas, Tex.	New York, N. Y.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Seattle, Wash.

Export Distributors:
For Australasia—Automatic Telephones, Ltd., Sydney
For Canada—Independent Sales & Engineering Co., Ltd., Vancouver
Elsewhere—Automatic Electric Company, Ltd., Chicago

(Continued from Page 84)

agreed it was foolish for the Walcott concern to continue its old-fashioned practice of selling through wholesalers.

He believed the Walcott business could be tremendously expanded by putting on a crew of salesmen and selling direct to the retailers. Evidently Bruce had already brought his father to his way of thinking, because the old gentleman nodded approvingly at everything he said, and every once in a while glanced around at the others to see if they admired his son as much as he did.

I will say, however, that old Mr. Walcott was extremely courteous to me as a representative of the wholesalers. He explained to the others that the Empire Wholesale Company was one of the first jobbing houses to handle Walcott products in a large way, and that he had sent for me with the idea that I might like to present the wholesale merchants' side before any definite decision was taken. The way things were going, I knew anything I might say would have little weight, but decided to do my best.

"It seems to me," I said to Bruce, "that the wholesalers are doing a pretty good job in distributing Walcott products. We handle your goods on a 15 per cent margin, and it might be a good idea to find out if you can do it yourselves as economically as that before deciding to eliminate us."

Evidently Bruce had been waiting for this. He consulted a sheaf of papers that he had before him and then said triumphantly:

"I can answer Mr. Draper's argument in very few words. We have already gone carefully into the question of expense, and Mr. Draper may be interested in our findings. For his benefit I will state: Some weeks ago we sent a crew of salesmen into the state of Maine to sell direct to dealers, and a trial of one month showed we could sell our goods at an expense of 10 per cent. I wonder what Mr. Draper will say to that."

"I haven't anything to say, Mr. Walcott," I answered, "except that the state of Maine isn't the whole country."

"Of course it isn't," Bruce countered; "but if we can sell our goods there at a 10 per cent expense, we can do it in other states."

"Perhaps so," I said, "though I think you might find it would cost more money to sell to dealers in some of the Western states, where the towns are so much farther apart than in New England. But I would like to ask: When did you make this experimental sales campaign?"

He answered that it had just been completed.

"I hope you'll pardon me for one more observation," I said. "Right now, in 1919, we are in the midst of the greatest sellers' market the world has ever known. The world is hungry for goods, and it may be that experiments made at this time won't fit conditions a year or so from now."

I had said about as much as seemed proper and was about to take my leave, when old Mr. Batchelder, the gentleman with the curious watch chain, leaped to his feet with surprising agility. As the second richest man in town, Mr. Batchelder resented a bit the supremacy of the Walcott family, I learned afterward, and seldom missed an opportunity to challenge the Walcott judgment. He pointed an accusing finger at Bruce.

"I can see plainly enough that you've made up your mind to do this thing," he said belligerently, "and as your family owns nine-tenths of the stock in the concern, I reckon there's no way to stop you. But as a minority stockholder I've got some rights. When a corporation makes a radical change in policy there's always a chance that the new plan won't work out just according to schedule. What I want to know is this: Has the Walcott Metal Works got enough of a cash surplus to stand a loss for a year or so in case anything goes wrong?"

Bruce Walcott answered with just a trace of boredom. "The Walcott Metal Works is a nationally known corporation," he said, "and even you will admit, Mr. Batchelder, that its financial position is unquestioned. We have not a large cash surplus at present, but that is because during the war we put our profits back into the business in the form of new buildings and equipment. If we happen to need additional cash, we can get it."

Mr. Batchelder would not be convinced. "I think we ought to hear more from Mr. Draper," he said, turning to me, "because he represents a jobbing house that has been selling Walcott products for a good many years. I'd like to ask Mr. Draper what his firm is going to do in case it is left out in the cold."

"Much as we would regret such a situation," I answered pleasantly as possible, "there would be only one thing for the Empire Wholesale Company to do—we should take on some competing line."

"There isn't any line that even remotely competes with ours," Bruce interrupted. "The public demands Walcott Metal Works products!"

"Perhaps so," I said. "But I am afraid you overlook the fact that the wholesale merchants throughout the country have considerable influence; and if they all start pushing some other line, who knows but that the other line may become as popular as the Walcott product?

"You see, it's this way," I went on: "If the Walcott Metal Works had always sold direct to the retail dealers, the jobbers wouldn't make any trouble. But you've let the jobbers make a profit on your line for a good many years, and it's natural they're going to try to keep on making a profit. If you'll pardon a rather ordinary comparison, it's like a dog that will keep away from a piece of meat if his master tells him to. But if the dog has once started to eat, he is liable to snap when anyone tries to take it away from him."

Old Mr. Batchelder broke into a most irritating laugh at this, which action on his part did not tend to soothe Bruce Walcott's feelings, and the latter said with some asperity that the discussion had been unduly prolonged and he believed it was time to arrive at a decision on his plan. I took this to be my signal for departure, and had got part way to the door, when Charlie Read, the corporation's sales manager, spoke up for the first time.

He was a genial, rather countrified appearing young man who evidently considered himself one of the family, for he addressed the son of the president with hearty informality.

"It's all right, Bruce," he said. "I don't think your plan is any good, either, but we'll go ahead and sell the merchandise anyhow."

This remark, made in all seriousness, seemed to strike old Mr. Batchelder as inexpressibly humorous, and he laughed more heartily than before. Up to that moment I believe there might have been a chance to argue Bruce out of his project, but there was no chance whatsoever after this irritating outburst.

The subsequent history of the Walcott Metal Works is too well known to need elaboration. For something more than a year it made considerable progress under its new policy of eliminating the wholesalers and selling direct to the retail trade. When the break in prices set in, during the spring of 1920, it had book assets amounting to close to $7,000,000 and was apparently in condition to weather that storm without serious trouble.

But there were certain flaws in the reckoning. When the corporation sold its products to wholesalers it received its money very promptly—usually within two weeks; for wholesalers almost invariably discounted their bills. But all this was changed when it began selling retail dealers. No great number of these discounted, and many took an unreasonably long time to settle. Instead of the corporation getting its money in two weeks, the average was more than two months. It was doing about $10,000 worth of business a day during

(Continued on Page 89)

FREEZE *with* HEAT

THE ELECTROLUX REFRIGERATOR

No Moving Parts

No vibration, no noise ..no wear

A tiny gas flame does all the work of making cold



Above—The Chef Model—7 cubic feet of food space—50 ice cubes.

Left—This tiny gas flame takes the place of all machinery in the Electrolux.

WHY didn't someone think of it long ago? That's what you're going to say when you understand what little there is to be understood about this remarkable refrigerator.

Heat power replaces motive power in the Electrolux. Physical action takes the place of mechanical action.

Gone is all the old complicated train of machinery—the motor, the pump, the compressor, the flywheel, the belt, the valves, the springs. Gone too are all the noises, the oiling, the adjustments, the trouble and replacements that naturally occur with these parts.

In their place has come Electrolux, the modern gas refrigerator—noiseless, inexpensive, permanent.

A simple principle

Like most truly great discoveries, the basis of the Electrolux is simple—a fundamental law of physics that almost any schoolboy knows. And for six years the application of this principle has been tested and perfected for practical household operation after its discovery at the Royal University of Technology, Stockholm, Sweden, in 1922.

Since its introduction to this country, the Electrolux has been examined with microscopic thoroughness by architects, engineers, national and local testing bureaus, women's institutes and big public utility companies by the hundreds. Never has a new product received more complete and enthusiastic approval. And with all this testing, no one has yet found any good reason why the Electrolux should ever wear out, any more than your kitchen sink.



The Tuscany—39th Street near Park Avenue, New York City. Equipped with Electrolux as are so many of the newer and finer apartments.

No machinery at all

There is no moving mechanism. Just a tiny gas flame, a trickle of water, and an ordinary freezing liquid. The flame expands the liquid to vapor. The water condenses it back again. And there you have the whole story, for in this cycle of physical change, intense, even cold is produced.

There is not a thing to renew or replace, ever, unless it be the inexpensive little gas burner, after years of use. The refrigerating liquid is permanently and hermetically sealed within the system. There is not the slightest sound or vibration to this refrigerator. No mechanism to wear, to need oil, to get out of adjustment.

The flame burns continuously. Once you light it, the chilling action starts and goes on endlessly without further attention from you. Should the gas flame ever go out for any reason, no harm is done. The chilling action stops, that is all. The gas automatically shuts off and cannot come back on until you are ready to light it.

The quantity of gas and water consumed is negligible. The flame is little bigger than the pilot light on a stove. The water flow is a mere trickle. That explains why the Electrolux is the most economical refrigeration system in existence.

With such a unit only the finest cabinet would do. So the Electrolux cabinet is built of the highest-quality materials. A hardwood frame—screwed, not nailed together. An exterior of rigid steel with a lacquer finish. Inner wall of rust-resisting Armco Ingot Iron finished with fused on, vitreous porcelain, satin-smooth and seamless. The insulation is extra-thick cork. The hardware is heavy brass, chromium plated. Lines and proportions are particularly pleasing.



With the Electrolux you always have plenty of clean, pure ice cubes on hand to make drinks taste better.



The Combination Electrolux Refrigerator and Gas Stove cooks and refrigerates at the same time.

IT COSTS LESS to operate

Gas and water are not only relatively cheap, but the Electrolux uses only a tiny gas flame, a mere trickle of water. That is why the operating cost is ridiculously low. Ask your gas company or dealer for exact figure in your locality.

Today this marvel is used in tens of thousands of homes. It is being adopted for the finest, newest types of apartment houses. It is revolutionizing the industry, for it has made the mechanical type of refrigerator seem old-fashioned.

At the display rooms of your own gas company or other Electrolux distributor you will find a wide range of sizes and models on view. The Combination Electrolux Refrigerator and Gas Range in one unit, the Table Top model, the Kitchenette model, are particularly interesting. Each is offered in a choice of white or four lovely color combinations produced by a special new and exclusive "veiling" process.

Prices range from $225 to $550, f. o. b. Evansville, Ind. In addition to the usual manufactured or natural gas, the Electrolux can be operated with either Pyrofax gas or a small electric heating element. If not convenient to call in person, use coupon below to bring full information. Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

ELECTROLUX

THE GAS REFRIGERATOR

MADE BY SERVEL

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SERVEL SALES, INC., EVANSVILLE, IND.
Gentlemen: Without obligating myself, please send me free, illustrated literature giving complete information about Electrolux.

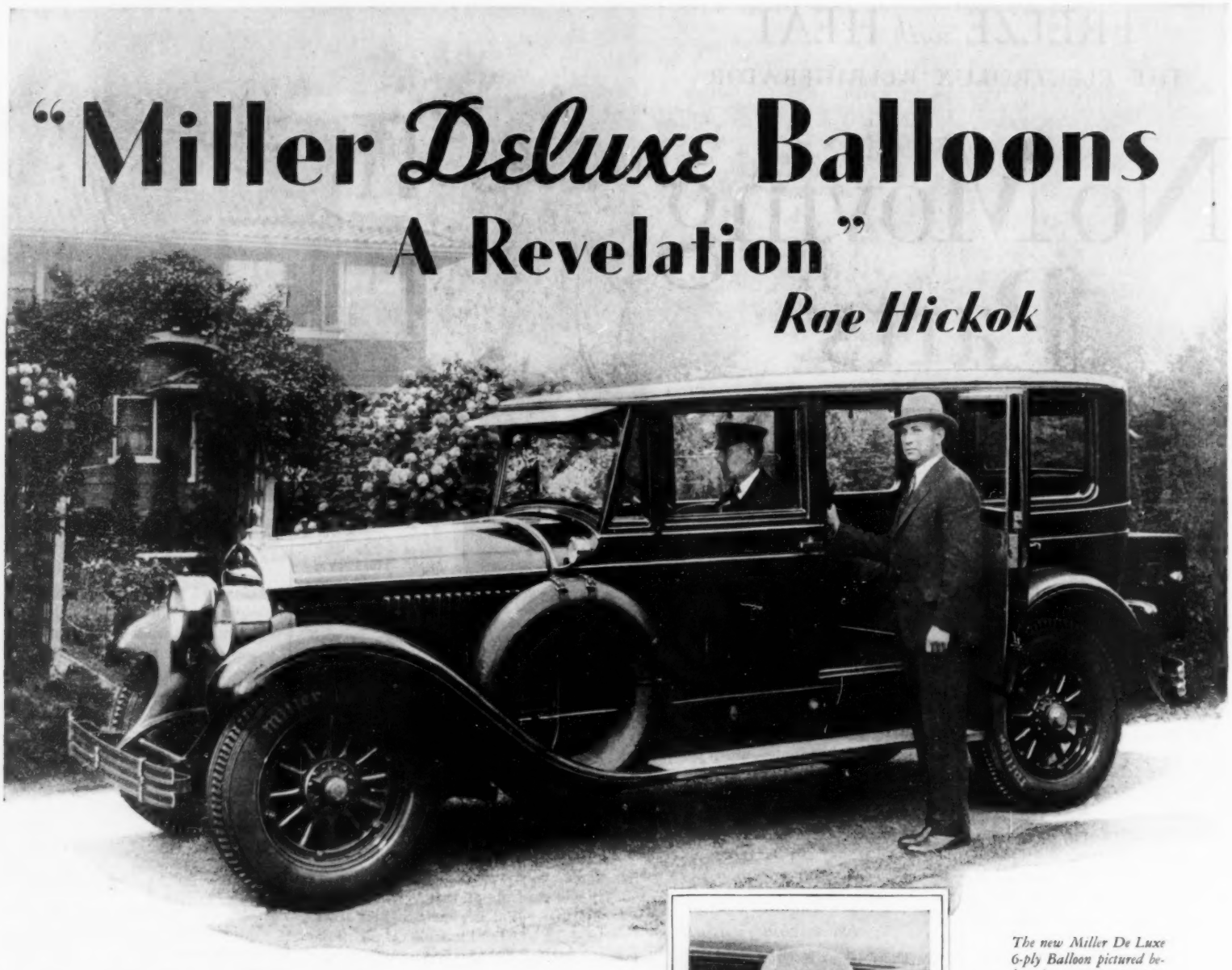
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"Miller *Deluxe* Balloons A Revelation"

Rae Hickok





"I have owned automobiles for many years, but this is the first time I am able to grow enthusiastic about tires. I have just equipped one of my cars with Miller De Luxe Balloon Tires. The difference is quite a revelation. It is tire security I never expected to enjoy."

Rae Hickok

President, Hickok Manufacturing Co., Inc.

The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.



OF all the superior qualities in the New Miller De Luxe Balloon, these command your interest *—and your action!*

Users frequently receive, from this amazing new tire, *double the mileage of ordinary balloons.*

Sensational as this seems, it is, in fact, conservative, as shown by actual tests over a period of months on the country's most severe testing grounds.

You will receive wear that defies punctures. Due to its 50% heavier tread, you ought never to puncture this tire from ordinary causes.

You will drive thousands and thousands of miles beyond the life of ordinary tires, and the road-gripping ability of its scientifically designed tread will still be there—clear cut and effective.

You will drive this tire as long as you are likely to keep your car, and, regardless of speed, road, or driving condition, it will live up to its promise of extra mileage, extreme durability, freedom from puncture and slow tread wear.

These are qualities that *must* appeal to you who look twice at your tire dollar—to you who require thousands of extra miles. And to you who seek beauty in a tire, there isn't a car built that can't be improved in good looks with Miller De Luxe Balloons.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N. Y. AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Miller

TIRES · TUBES · ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS · DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR · SHUGLOVS · RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS · MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

(Continued from Page 86)

1919. This meant that $500,000 of its capital was tied up in book accounts.

This alone would not have upset so strong a concern, for its credit was unimpaired and it could easily have got in additional capital. But here Bruce Walcott made another financial miscalculation. When the business slump of 1920 set in he borrowed $1,000,000 from New York banks.

In addition to this, he issued notes for another $1,000,000 that he disposed of to Wall Street brokers. There was no reason why he should have split up his obligations in this manner, except the fact that he could get money on his notes at half of one per cent less than his banks charged him. Bruce Walcott went bargain hunting for money and got what he went after. But it was his cheap money that eventually broke up his show.

Of course the opposition of the wholesalers tended to increase his difficulties, but I think not enough to have bankrupted him if he had financed more wisely. He should have realized that it required more money to sell direct to the retail trade, and the thing to do was to have gone after permanent capital rather than depend on temporary borrowings. The Walcott line was without doubt the best value on the market; yet the wholesalers had to have something to take its place, and most of them found similar goods that reasonably satisfied their customers.

Where the Walcott Metal Works lost out was with the thousands of retailers throughout the country who had poor financial ratings and to whom it was not safe to sell without close supervision. Naturally the Walcott concern, trying to do a country-wide business from a New England headquarters, had to pass up these shaky risks. But the wholesalers who operated in strictly local territories could take more chances because they were in almost daily contact with such dealers. On the shelves of thousands of small retail shops Walcott products disappeared and were superseded by merchandise of less-known brands, bought from local jobbers.

Even so, more intelligent financing would have carried the Walcott concern through. Bruce Walcott should have faced the fact that when he scattered his borrowings instead of concentrating them, he opened the way for serious trouble.

The trouble was not long in arriving. The notes that were sold in Wall Street began to fall due and receipts from sales were not sufficient to take care of them. When Bruce went to his banks and asked for money to help pay these notes, he was naturally informed that though the banks would be glad to renew loans they themselves had made, they did not feel like making new loans for the purpose of paying debts to other people. In other words, if the Walcott Metal Works had borrowed all its money from banks, it would have been taken care of.

In the meantime prices on merchandise of every sort had gone down. But the Walcott concern could not afford to reduce its prices. It had a tremendous stock of finished goods on hand and a general reduction of its prices would have been reflected in its financial statement. To keep up its credit, it had to show on its books that it was still worth the $7,000,000 that its statement showed at the time it had floated its notes and borrowed at the banks.

Then Bruce made another unwise move. He could not easily sell his merchandise at the prices he was asking, and in order to stimulate sales he put on a high-pressure sales campaign. An army of go-getter salesmen was recruited and turned loose on the merchants of the country with orders to get rid of merchandise by every means possible. Extra-long credits were granted to merchants who would buy in quantities; and where long credits were no inducement, the salesmen were empowered to place goods on consignment. This high-powered campaign naturally cost a great deal of money. It is said that the Walcott selling costs at the time ran as high as 50 per cent.

The time finally arrived when it was no longer possible to conceal the fact that the Walcott Metal Works was in difficulties and a bankers' committee took charge of its affairs. At once the $7,000,000 assets began to shrink. The committee's first move was to reduce prices to conform with the existing market, and this lopped off more than $1,000,000. But this was only a beginning. As soon as the reduced prices were announced to the trade, the merchandise that had been put out on consignment began coming back in huge quantities. A great deal of the merchandise that had actually been sold also came back. There was little chance for argument in such cases. The high-pressure salesmen had made so many fictitious promises during their campaign that there was no alternative other than to submit to every claim.

A receivership followed the bankers' committee. During these two régimes the shrinkage in values and the losses in operation brought the Walcott assets down to $4,000,000, and the money borrowed in New York was still unpaid. When the business was finally disposed of at forced sale, it did not bring enough money to pay the creditors in full.

It is easy to say Bruce Walcott dissipated the family fortune because he eliminated the jobbers. Time and again I have heard speakers at jobbers' conventions hold up the Walcott failure as an argument that the jobber is an indispensable factor in American business. Personally I can't take quite that view. I would say rather that it was an argument against bad financing. Bruce put the cart before the horse. He changed his selling policy first and financed himself afterward. If he had reversed the order he might be in business today.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



Morning Mail of a Gentleman Who Has Just Given Up Smoking



The Year Around

This Gift Brings Joy
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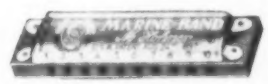
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It is easy to learn—simple to play—yet it is a real musical instrument. Its tonal accuracy and musical range satisfy completely the desire for self-expression which is equally natural to girls and boys, men and women.

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SPUR TIE adds a welcome note. All tied for him, to do away with the fuss and bother of doing it himself. And tied *correctly*—by nimble feminine fingers trained to give Spur Tie that envied, hand-tied touch and flippant flare.

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SPUR GARTERS, SPUR SUSPENDERS, SPUR BELTS—QUALITY HIGH AND SMART AS SPUR TIE

VIOLENT RAY

(Continued from Page 17)

"With you pitchin' it is. B'lieve me, brother, I has heard tell of you fo' a long time. Lemme straduce myself. My name is Florian Slappey."

"Ise much obliged to meet you, Mistuh Slappey."

Florian lowered his voice: "Is you positive shuah you is gwine win fo' us?"

He was so earnest that Ollie experienced a moment of doubt. "Well," he said hesitantly, "anybody's libel to be mistaken."

"Yeh!" Florian dug him in the ribs playfully. "You has got too much modestness. But, boy, listen! Does Dorping win this game there is gwine be the brokest bunch of cullud pussons aroun' Eighteenth Street tomorrow night you ever seen in all yo' bawn days."

Ollie half closed his eyes. He was beset by doubt.

"Spose you leave me do the worryin'," he suggested with perfect honesty.

They escorted the supposed Mr. Mustard to a large sedan in which he rode in state to Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored. The Birmingham sporting fraternity had reserved for him a large corner room.

A group of small boys thronged the sidewalk in front of the hotel entrance and cheered lustily as Ollie entered the building. He was thrilled, yet for some unaccountable reason he was not as pleased as he felt he should be.

Nor did anything occur that night to put him more at ease. He entertained much company, including the manager of the Birmingham team. This person was large and muscular and decidedly impressive. He explained the situation to Ollie pretty much as Ray had done, but he went even further.

It seemed that the wagering on this particular contest had exceeded anything ever before known in Birmingham. The feeling was running high, thanks to the unpleasant termination of the fourth game of the post-season series. The park was certain to be crowded; he prophesied that eight thousand pairs of eyes would be focused upon the imported hero.

Ollie was amazed that such keen interest should be exhibited in the game when he knew perfectly well that Birmingham also had a team in the Negro National League—a prosperous circuit including such cities as Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and Kansas City. Explanation was made that the little team was made up largely of local players and therefore had a more personal appeal.

Mr. Napp was not overly happy. He began to doubt his ability, and as he struggled to sleep that night, awful pictures passed before his staring eyes.

Suppose he wasn't so good a pitcher as he and Ray Mustard thought? Suppose he went in the box and his offerings were slammed to all corners of the lot? It might be that he would be suspected of double-crossing, since Birmingham fandom seemed convinced of the fact that he was invincible. Whether or not the truth ever did come out, the morrow held potentialities of excessive embarrassment.

He prayed for rain, and brilliant sunshine was the answer. There wasn't a semblance of cloud in the sapphire sky. By 9:30 in the morning he was waited upon by Eddie Creech, the Birmingham manager. Eddie also happened to be the catcher for the local team and he wished to discover what he was expected to do in handling Ollie's offerings. Furthermore, with some apology, he proceeded to outline the batting weaknesses of the various Dorping players.

Ollie was too nervous to pay attention, and Eddie apologized again for daring to speak to him about something of which he was master.

"Us is crazy 'bout you, Mistuh Mustard, an' we know you is gwine pull us over. Was anything to make us lose this game ——"

"Ise gwine do my best," insisted the harassed Ollie.

"I know. An' tonight us celebrates."

"Says which?"

"Us celebrates the vict'ry. They is gwine be a big dance at the Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. We is givin' it in yo' honor."

Ossa on Pelion. Disaster brewing. Ollie Napp had lost all relish for the occasion. He most devoutly wished that he hadn't come. But gamely he struggled to conduct himself as he felt Mr. Mustard would have him do. He looked forward to the afternoon with profound dread.

The game was scheduled for three o'clock. At 1:30 Lawyer Chew, Florian Slappey and Semore Mashby came for him in the attorney's car. They rolled along the smooth paving toward the ball park, and the closer they approached the more apparent it became that a capacity crowd would attend.

Baseball was in the clear September air. En route to the park Florian Slappey described most graphically the arrival of the special train from Dorping. Four hundred colored fans, a brass band, the Dorping team, and a mint of money.

"Man, I never did see so much cash as them Dorpingers brung over with them. They want to bet it on their team."

"But they want odds," snapped Semore Mashby.

"Yeh! An' why shoul'n't they? Ev'ybody admits us has got the best team, barrin' pitchers. An' now, since we got Ray Mustard flingin' fo' us, they ain't got a chance."

Ollie was forlorn. "S'pose I hadn't of been able to come," he asked, "which team do you reckon would of won?"

"Us!" said Florian. "We got a heap the best team. But just the same we wasn't takin' no chances. An' them Dorping fellers an' their money—gosh, they sholy is glutinous fo' punishment!"

"They must be," smiled Lawyer Chew. "But Ray Mustard is gwine whip 'em, ain't you, Ray?"

"I—I reckon so, Lawyer Chew. But I got to have a li'l' he'p fum the team too."

By two o'clock fully a thousand persons were in the bleachers. At 2:15 the grand stand commenced to fill. The managers went into conference and decided that ground rules would be necessary—a hit into the crowd to yield a maximum of two bases.

At 2:30 the Birmingham team trotted out on the field for practice. Their white uniforms were newly scrubbed and they presented a decidedly snappy appearance. But the crowd did not accord them any special applause. The fans were watching.

And then he appeared. Walking slowly, his face set in grim, rigid lines, Ollie Napp moved out on the field with Eddie Creech. He appeared before the crowd with all of the enthusiasm with which early Christian martyrs must have made their debut before Roman multitudes. Given his choice it was not at all certain that Mr. Napp might not have chosen combat with a few carelessly selected lions.

But the very fear which beset him caused his manner to appear all that the crowd had expected of a great star. The stricken light in his eyes was interpreted to mean disdain; his slow, almost faltering steps flashed a message of confidence. The crowd roared. The Dorping delegation hooted. Somehow, Ollie was uncomfortably convinced that the Dorping crowd had the right dope.

Eddie Creech donned his mitt and tossed out a new ball. The fans watched spellbound as the great Ray Mustard began to limber up.

Queer how he did it. Even Eddie Creech thought that Ray wasn't limbering very fast. After ten minutes of tossing the ball back and forth it was coming to the catcher without stuff—stuff being the technical term for that elusive something which marks the difference between greatness and mediocrity in pitchers.

The stranger had speed enough, but apparently nothing else. A roundhouse curve, a tiny break on his fast one—nothing more. Eddie Creech, considerably worried, conferred with him.

"What's the matter, Ray? Ain't yo' arm feelin' good?"

Ollie gave a very sickly grin. "Never felt no gooder, Eddie."

"But you ain't got nothin' on the ball—not a thing."

Frightened, Ollie faltered, "Who says?"

Mr. Creech perceived that he had committed a tactical blunder and hastened to apologize. "Well," he amended, "I reckon no bush-leaguer like I has got any right criticizin'."

The Dorping team finished practicing. The park was a riot of color. Special police were on duty, in memory of the fracas which had marked the termination of the last game. One of the three umpires addressed the assembled fans:

"Bottrees fo' today's game: Fo' Dorping, Taylor an' Brown; fo' Bumminham, Mistuh Ray Mustard an' Creech."

A roar split the September air. The local team trotted out on the field—that is, eight men trotted. Ollie ambled with all the enthusiasm that a convicted criminal exhibits en route to the gallows. The die was cast! It was sink or swim now, and Ollie was agonizingly certain that the former would be the order of the day.

He oozed three practice balls over the plate. Out of the corner of his eye he could see a group of men moving through the crowd in the stands. These men were carrying large wads of money and Mr. Napp realized that betting was still rampant. He was very sad.

Watching fast baseball from the stands was one thing. Viewing it from the intimacy of the playing field was quite something else again. Ollie was terribly afraid that he and Ray Mustard grossly had overestimated his pitching ability.

The Dorping lead-off man minced up to the plate, swinging two heavy bats. Ollie moaned.

"Golla," he soliloquized, "he don't need but one!"

The batter tossed away one of his bludgeons. He settled himself in the batter's box. Ollie took a large wind-up and delivered the ball. It was fast and square over the center of the pan. The batter stood motionless and the umpire yelled: "Stri-i-i-ke!"

Eddie Creech was worried. He couldn't understand why the batter hadn't poled that offering over the center-field fence. But then maybe that was big-league stuff. He signaled for a curve. It came. A typical high-school out that should have been murdered. The batter put one foot in the water bucket and almost broke his back swinging at it. Strike two. The Birmingham fans were delirious.

The third was another strike, and the first batter was out on three pitched balls. Mr. Creech was bewildered. Apparently this pitcher didn't have a thing, yet he had fanned Dorping's best hitter.

The second man up met a like fate. The third batter swung viciously at two bad ones; then stood still while a third split the plate. And now the fans woke up in earnest. This indeed was a stupendous achievement: Nine pitched balls, nine strikes, three outs! Ray Mustard, the magnificent; Ray Mustard, the invincible. Betting broke out afresh in the grand stand. Even Semore Mashby, that most cautious of all sure-thing betters, gave three to two on the Birmingham chances.

The Dorping team trotted into position. All but the pitcher. Ollie Napp, considerably dazed by his phenomenal success, paused near the bench to view his twirling opponent. He wanted to see what sort of man he was pitted against.

The opposing pitcher, who had been announced as "Taylor," walked from behind the grand stand where he had been warming up. He strolled languidly. There was a half smile on his lips and his manner indicated superb confidence.

Ollie Napp looked once. He looked twice. He passed his glove across his eyes, blinked and looked a third time. And then he was assailed by a premonition of disaster. Horror smote him right beneath the belt buckle. It couldn't be! And yet it was!

The Mr. Taylor who strolled so insouciantly into the box for the Dorping team was Mr. Ray Mustard, of Chattanooga, Tennessee! Ollie staggered. His brain commenced to function, not swiftly but surely. Ray Mustard pitching for Dorping under the name of Taylor! He, Ollie Napp, twirling for Birmingham under the name of Ray Mustard! Confusion most confounded!

He heard the crack of ash against leather. He saw the ball go soaring over the centerfielder's head. He heard the roar of eight thousand fans. He saw a pitifully slow relay on the part of a Dorping outfielder, and when the excitement died down, the runner was on third.

Thoughts crowded Ollie's brain—bitter, terrible thoughts. Something was wrong and he was trying to discover just what. He watched Ray Mustard walk the next batter. He saw the next one lift a long outfield fly, scoring one runner from third and permitting the other to advance to second while a play was being made at the plate. He saw the next batter ground out to third, and he blinked with amazement when Ray, after having two strikes on the next hitter, split the plate with a fast one and the batter poled it out for a single.

Birmingham—2, Dorping—0. The inning ended that way. Ollie's thoughts were beginning to take ghastly shape. He walked to the middle of the diamond where he came face to face with Ray Mustard.

"Wh-what kind of fumadiddles is this?" he inquired.

Mr. Mustard flashed him an evil grin. "Keep yo' shirt on an' yo' mouf shut, big boy."

"But—but I don't understan'. You was sick."

"Was ain't is."

"You mean you ain't sick now?"

"I'll say I ain't. I never was weller in my whole life."

"An' you wasn't really sick in Chattanooga?"

"Who says I wasn't?"

"Nobody di'n't say it. I just ast it."

"I reckon if I said I was sick, I was sick. An' I ain't cravin' to have you fling no pertinent questions at me."

"Dawg-gone!" Ollie was completely bewildered. "This don't seem right to me, Mistuh Mustard. You is Taylor an' I is you an' Ollie Napp ain't nobody."

"Wisdom you utters! An' you is gwine keep on bein' me, Ollie, 'cause if you says one word contrariwise, you is gwine find yo'se'f in a terrible mess."

"How come?"

"Because," explained Ray swiftly, "you has said you is me. You has assepted entertainment as such. An' was you to tell them now that you ain't who they think you is, right away they would think you was in on this frame-up, an' what would happen to you would be plumb annoying."

He grinned, waved cheerily and walked away. Ollie stood in the box as though petrified. Certain words of Ray's stuck in his brain: "They would think you was in on this frame-up."

And then, in a blinding flash of realization, the whole diabolical scheme came to him; the miserable play and counterplay; the series of deceptions in which he was unwittingly playing the most important part.

Birmingham had the better team. Given the pitching of the renowned Ray Mustard, Birmingham couldn't lose. But Dorping had heard that there was much Birmingham money to be bet on the game, and a



certain wagering group sought to empty the wallets of their sister city. Therefore Dorping had sent to Chattanooga and overbid Birmingham—that fact not deterring Ray from also accepting the Birmingham money. Dorping now had the best colored pitcher in the world. As though that injury were not enough, some Machiavellian schemer had added insult.

Dorping was not content with having the great Mustard. Birmingham must believe their own team had him. And instead, Birmingham was to be given a pitcher who the Dorping gambling fraternity knew was nothing more than an inexperienced sandlotter.

Birmingham would bet—and how! Dorping would accept all bets, at odds. Ollie began to comprehend the sinister ramifications of the scheme. He understood now why he had so successfully fanned the first three men. He understood why Birmingham had been handed a lead of two runs in this important game. Birmingham bettors were giving two to one in the stands, and lots of 'em. Dorping gamblers were covering all bets. It looked like a cinch, and the only player who knew the truth was Ollie Napp, and he didn't dare speak.

It was a certainty for Dorping. The Dorping team knew that it could wallop Ollie all over the lot whenever it got good and ready. He was desolated by the knowledge that he had been selected, not because he was a good pitcher but because he was a hopelessly bad one. He knew just what would happen from now on. Perhaps they'd let him look good for another inning or so. They might even give Birmingham another run. And then —— Zowie! A barrage of hits! And even the astute Eddie Creech would be afraid to remove his two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar pitcher from the box. Dorping gamblers would bet big money at advantageous odds and then the team would bombard the impostor.

A great and consuming anger welled up in the breast of Ollie Napp. All his life he had been a conscientious and self-respecting citizen. Until today he had never been engaged in anything which was the least mite shady, and he had been tricked into this only through his profound admiration for Ray Mustard plus his great ambition to play professional baseball.

He took stock of himself and the situation. He realized that he wasn't good enough for these teams. He was pitching with all he had and he knew already that it wasn't nearly enough. He knew that they could pound him for as many runs as they wanted, whenever they so desired. He felt a sudden sense of loyalty to Birmingham. He wanted to bring victory to these new-found friends who had treated him as a hero, these persons who had been the first in the world to make much over him. They had been friendly. They trusted him. They were backing their good opinion with real money.

And then, too, Ollie's anger was developing into a great personal hatred. All his worship of Ray Mustard was becoming converted into bitter dislike. He had been foully tricked. He considered taking one good poke at Ray's countenance, just for the satisfaction of smearing that smiling face all over the diamond. Sick! He'd like to make Ray really sick.

Desperation gave him cunning. As he pitched three balls across the plate to the first batter and watched that slugger almost snap his spine whiffing at them, an idea was born in the seething brain of Ollie Napp. He had a plan. He intended to see that Birmingham won the game.

The very thought of that filled him with exultation. If only he could do it. If only he could insure a Birmingham victory, what a glorious revenge it would be—how sweet a requital of Ray's perfidious dishonesty.

The throngs in the stands saw a change come over the supposed Ray Mustard. They saw Ollie Napp commence to act as they had expected him to behave from the first.

Facing the second batter, Ollie took on a new dignity. He became caustic. He grinned at the batter and taunted.

"C'mon, busher," he said; "stan' up there an' git this strike-out over with."

The busher scowled. He knew who Ollie was and didn't relish the rôle he had been ordered to play.

Ollie zipped one over the plate and the umpire called it a strike. The second was a wide out, at which the batter swung violently. The third was high, but the batter swung again and was out on strikes. As he departed for the bench, Ollie called after him loudly:

"Come see me after the game, feller, an' I'll loaned you the money to buy a pair of glasses."

His words carried to the stands and were greeted with guffaws. This, the fans figured, was real big-league persiflage. The next batter came in for some more of Ollie's vitriol. He was foaming with anger, but he obeyed instructions and fanned. Eddie Creech, removing shin guards and chest protector, didn't understand all he knew about his pitcher. Apparently Ollie didn't have a thing on the ball, yet he had fanned the first six men to face him. It was miraculous, but, after all, the team had paid good money for a miracle.

Dorping went into the field, and Ollie Napp, now thoroughly aroused, made a request.

"Eddie," he said, "I crave to go in an' coach."

Mr. Creech was delighted. He had expected Mr. Mustard to pitch good ball, but he hadn't expected that the great man would exhibit personal enthusiasm. The fans were delighted to see their new idol trot into the coaching box behind first base.

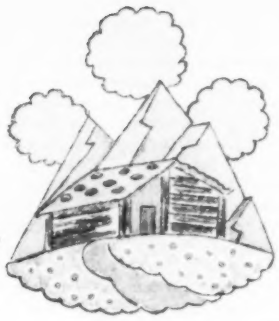
There was nothing shy or diffident about Ollie now. He pitched his voice high and commenced to deride Mr. Ray Mustard.

(Continued on Page 94)



THE PHOTO-ILLUSTRATORS, PHILADELPHIA

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VON DEM LAND WO KÄSEHERSTELLUNG EINE KUNST
GENANNT WIRD, KOMMT DER "SWITZERLAND CHEESE," DESSEN
GESCHMACK NICHT NACHGEMACHT WERDEN KANN



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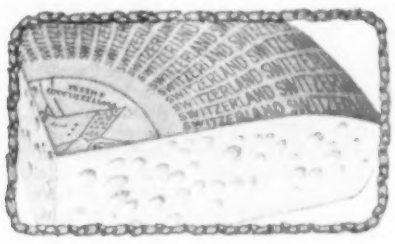
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(Continued from Page 92)

His humor was not particularly subtle, but the words carried to the stands and sent the spectators into paroxysms of delight.

"Hey, feller," he called to Ray Mustard, "who ever tol' you you could pitch? You ain't got nothin' on that ball, only a prayer. If you'll get the empire to stop the game fo' a minute I'll take you behime the gran' stan' an' learn you somethin' 'bout how to th'ow that ball so the other fellers cain't hit it."

The crowd was laughing. It was laughing with Ollie and at Ray. Mr. Mustard was peeved—excessively peeved. He gave Ollie a dirty look.

"Oh, golla!" howled Ollie in glee. "Look at them glance he flang me! He's skeered his manager is gwine heah me sayin' what a pitcher he ain't. Then he don't git the dollar-eighty-five he was promised fo' pitchin' this game. Hey, Mistuh Taylor, where is yo' street clothes at? How come them to call you Taylor, anyhow? Ya-a-a-ah!" Ray put the ball square across the plate and the batter snapped out a sharp single. Ollie leaped into the air and cracked his heels together. "Hits is the fondest things us is of! Mistuh Taylor ain't nothin' but a bat boy tryin' to look like a ball player."

The crowd was having a great time. Ray Mustard was trembling with anger. Ollie's vituperation never ceased. His raucous laugh rang out across the field. His heavy-fisted humor banged Ray right in the conceit. He danced, he laughed, he made personal remarks. He saw the next batter fly out to left, but he rode Ray so hard that the next one walked. Then Ollie broke loose in earnest.

"Where's the crazy house you come fum, feller? Hey, Mistuh Taylor, what sort of a fish is you? You winds up like a fish, but you pitch like nothin'. Oh, boy, Ise up at bat nex'! Just watch me larrup that ball! You sho better not th'ow me nothin' good, Mistuh Taylor, 'cause if you does I wallops that spherical over the fence!"

The batter hit an easy grounder to short and was safe at first when the foremost runner was thrown out at third. Ollie took some time selecting a bat. He inquired loudly whether Eddie Creech didn't have a toothpick handy, because he considered it unfair to use a real bat against such a rotten pitcher as Mistuh Taylor. Then he walked up to the plate grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Heah's where I make Mistuh Taylor sho nuff sick! Dawg-gone if I don't. Le's see that ball, Mistuh Busher! Pitch it up heah swif'!"

Ray's countenance was livid. He threw the ball with greater speed than accuracy. Ollie ducked and the ball whizzed by the catcher. Each runner advanced a base on the wild pitch. Ollie danced and laughed and taunted. The real Mr. Mustard was rapidly getting into a murderous mood.

The next ball came straight across, and it came hard. Ollie swung sharply. It went straight at Ray Mustard and it went fast. He put out his gloved hand to keep the ball from hitting him. It struck in the glove with terrific force and bounced out. Birmingham's third run skimmed across the pan and Ollie was safe on first before the furious Mr. Mustard located the ball. He fanned the next man, but he was pop-eyed with anger when he went to the bench.

Ollie walked out to the box and announced to the stands that he was going to give an imitation of Mistuh Taylor fielding that ball. He went through a ridiculous pantomime which brought shrieks of mirth from the spectators. And all through the first two-thirds of the initial half of the third inning, Ollie maintained his flow of biting humor. He didn't ride the batters; every word he said was directed at Ray Mustard.

The first two batters fanned. Eight men had now faced Ollie and eight had struck out. He looked over at the Dorping bench and saw the trembling Ray Mustard selecting a bat.

"Hey, Mistuh Dorping Manager," called Ollie, "ain't you gwine put in a pinch hitter fo' this feller? It ain't even gwine be no fun strikin' him out!"

Ray advanced to the plate. He made a most noble effort to slay Ollie with a look. Ollie grinned into his face, but in Ollie's heart was a fury which more than matched the anger of the harassed Mr. Mustard.

"You low-down hunk of side meat!" growled Ray. "Fo' six cents I'd knock yo' block off."

The remark delighted Ollie. His constant broadside of caustic comment was part of a cunning scheme. He wished to incite Mr. Mustard to personal violence. It was his grim intention to win for Birmingham, and to attain that end he knew he had to see that Ray Mustard was put out of the game. And his plan went even further than that.

He fancied that three innings had been allotted by the Dorping gamblers for the collection of bets at good odds. Nothing else could explain his phenomenal success in fanning the first eight men to face him. Ollie knew that in an inning or so they'd commence to slam his offerings all over the lot. And so ——

He glared at Ray Mustard, who was crouched over the plate and scowling.

"Git back fum them platter, foolish face," advised Mr. Napp.

"Min' yo' own business an' pitch."

"You is libel to git hit with this ball so hard it'll jar yo' ancestors."

Ray bared his teeth. "You dust me with that ball an' I'll knock ev'y toof down yo' th'oat."

"Oh, you will, will you? Well, watch this!"

Ollie wound up. Then, with every bit of speed at his disposal, he threw one straight at the cranium of Mr. Mustard.

Ray uttered a howl as he hit the dirt. He rose spitting dust and vituperation. He expressed, in a loud voice, his opinion of Mr. Napp.

"Trouble with you," grated Ollie, "you ain't got no nerve."

"If you try it again ——"

"All right! How's this?"

This was another ball flung at Ray's head with lethal intent. Once again Mr. Mustard flung himself to the ground, but when he rose it was to start venomously toward the pitcher's box.

Mr. Mustard had been goaded beyond reason. All he could see was the leering countenance of the raw amateur who wore a Birmingham uniform. As for Ollie, he stood with his hands on his hips and awaited the onslaught. He was sacrificing all for dear old Birmingham.

Ray Mustard came close and swung violently. Ollie ducked slightly and Ray's fist collided with the top of Mr. Napp's head. Instantly two umpires and three players leaped between them. They held Ollie with ease, but there was more difficulty in restraining the maniacal Mr. Mustard.

The head umpire thundered his decision. He shook his finger in Mr. Mustard's face.

"You is out of the game!" he roared. "An' you ain't comin' back!"

The Dorping manager acquired a woebegone expression. He knew there would be no appeal from the umpire's decision. Ray had lost his head and assaulted a player of the other team. Sadly he watched the real Mr. Mustard walk from the field.

Ollie also watched the exodus. But Mr. Napp was not yet finished. It was not enough that Ray should cease to pitch for Dorping. It was essential also that Birmingham should be forced to put another man in the box.

Ollie then put into effect the second and most vital part of his plan to insure a Birmingham victory. He knew that any regular member of the Birmingham staff must be a better pitcher than himself. He realized that the Dorping players could hit his curves whenever they chose. Therefore, it was essential that he be put out of the game absolutely and completely. He whirled on the umpire in apparent fury.

"What right you got buttin' into my fights, you big custard-faced hunk of tripe? Fo' six cents I'd wallop you in the eye! I think Ise gwine do it anyway!"—and Ollie Napp, ordinarily a peaceable citizen, deliberately slapped the face of the chief umpire.

Once again peacemakers separated the combatants. And once again there could be no valid protest when the supposed Ray Mustard followed the genuine Ray Mustard from the field.

Queerly enough, Ollie was smiling when he reached the dugout. Eddie Creech couldn't understand it and the fans couldn't either, and Ollie certainly couldn't explain. But he knew he had worked cleverly.

Two and one-half innings of the crucial game were completed. The great Ray Mustard, who had been counted on to pitch Dorping to victory, had been banished from the field. Ollie Napp, a raw and inefficient sand-lotter, whom Dorping had known it could pound for many safeties at any moment, had caused himself to be ejected.

Now it was strictly Dorping against Birmingham, and there was little question that Birmingham had the better team. In addition to that, Dorping had presented that better team with a neat three-run lead.

Ollie was very happy. He watched the remainder of the game from the dugout. It was a pretty exhibition of baseball. His relief pitcher allowed only one run and Birmingham added two more. At the end of the game Birmingham had won the league championship by a 5-1 score. In the stands there was vast enthusiasm as stakeholders transferred huge sums of money to Birmingham pockets.

It was indeed a large day for the Birmingham team, and the night which followed was even larger. The lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise were profusely decorated with flowers and bunting for the great baseball dance, and the occasion rapidly assumed the appearance of a testimonial affair for Mr. Ollie Napp of Chattanooga.

He was most distinctly the hero of the hour. When he had been expelled from the game that afternoon there had been a wail of protest from the Birmingham fans. Their disapproval was projected loudly upon the balmy air. But Birmingham had won the game and the championship of the Alabama Colored League, to say nothing of large sums of money. Momentary apprehension was forgotten and the fans now felt that they owed a great debt to the doughty pitcher who had fanned the only eight men to face him.

Ollie was the center of a crowd of vociferously admiring persons. A score of successful bettors banded together and raised a two-hundred-dollar purse, which was presented to him. He accepted the cash tribute modestly and eagerly.

The Dorping players were present, but their mood did not seem particularly jovial. And when the evening was about over, Ollie Napp looked up to see the portly, pompous figure of Lawyer Evans Chew approaching.

The erudite attorney was not alone. Trailing him with marked diffidence was Mr. Ray Mustard—the real Mr. Mustard. A crowd gathered as the combatants of the afternoon were brought face to face.

The lawyer delivered an oration on the subject of sport for sport's sake. He declared that now the game was over, the rival pitchers must bury the hatchet. Concealing his anger, Ray Mustard extended his hand.

Ollie Napp was not lacking in cordiality. His fingers gripped those of Mr. Mustard in friendly fashion.

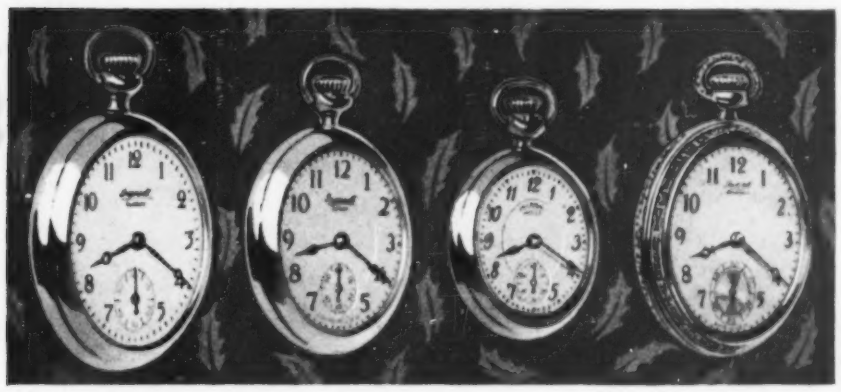
"It sholy is a pleasure to know you," he said significantly. And then an impish light dawned in his eyes. "You know," he remarked with apparent guilelessness, "you look ezackly like a sick friend of mine in Chattanooga."

"A sick friend in Chattanooga?" echoed Ray Mustard weakly.

Ollie favored him with a radiant smile. "Well," he qualified, "I ain't positive about the Chattanooga part."

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INGERSOLL presents New Pocket and Wrist Watches —gifts suitable for every member of the family



No gift like a watch, nothing used so much, carried so long, consulted so often. And there's a new meaning now in that Ingersoll Christmas-time message. For good as were the Ingersolls of the past, those of today are immensely better.

Better in looks, better in styling, with the same sturdiness and dependability that have made the name Ingersoll famous.

The line itself is better—improved by the addition of three new watches. Two of the newcomers are wrist watches, the Mite and the Alden with chromium finish case; the third is the Ingersoll Traveler.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
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Prices slightly higher in Canada

YANKEE, $1.50
New, improved model of the world's most famous and popular watch. Always dependable and sturdy. Yankee Radiolite, $2.25.

JUNIOR, $3.25
Tens of thousands of boys will want this watch for Christmas. Small (12-size) and handsome. Metal dial. Junior Radiolite, $4.00.

MIDGET, $3.25
For the smaller boy or girl. And women, too, who like it for handbag use. Smart mat finish metal dial. Midget Radiolite, $3.75.

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Jeweled movement . . . engraved design . . . chromium finish case. Smart 12-size. The best watch $5 can buy. With radium dial, $6.00.



Actual size 3½ in.

TYPE-R Jr. $3.25
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This Dainty Clock in COLOR

A charming gift. Finished in delicate rose-pink and jade green, both with the distinctive moire effect. The whole Ingersoll alarm clock line now comes in a complete range of colors and finishes that match any color scheme for any room—kitchen, bedroom, sun room or nursery. $1.50 to $4.50.



WRIST, $3.50
Now with chromium finish back that won't corrode and mark your wrist, and stylish mat finish metal dial. Wrist Radiolite, $4.00.

MITE, $6.50
New this Christmas. Very small ("0" size). Chromium finish case—engraved design or plain; radium dial; pull-out set.

$12.50 Chromium finish
ALDEN
$17.50 Rolled gold-plate
A small fine *American*-made wrist watch at an unusually low price. 7 jewels . . . 6/0 size (very small) . . . radium dial. Rolled gold plate case comes also in "cushion" style as well as in "tank", which is illustrated.



The TRAVELER, $2.75
Radiolite, $3.50
A gift of many uses—for the trip, the office desk, the night stand, or the radio table. The watch itself has chromium finish case and mat finish metal dial. The folding case is covered in Textil, which looks like leather but wears better. Choice of six beautiful colors—blue, tan, green, rose, light blue and red. Stands 3 in. high.

Ingersoll



God rest Ye, Merrie Gentlemen

LANCASTER is beaten. The white rose mocks the red. Another winter . . . another Christmas . . . and England lies under forgetful snow.

Yew logs blaze beneath tavern rafters. All night the sound of singing comes from the castle. The boar's head is crowned with rosemary. The spiced brown bowl is passed from hand to hand. Lancaster or York? Who cares? Noel.

* * * *

Another Christmas. The old words, the old songs come back. In thirty million homes the old customs are renewed. Holly and mistletoe, carols beneath the sky, and gifts exchanged, symbolic of the day of peace.

And what more ideal gift than the New Frigidaire? What better way to say the old, old phrase, "Merry Christmas"? For the new Frigidaire contributes to the happiness and safety of every member of your family, every day in the year. It is beautiful, powerful, incredibly quiet. It assures the constant low refrigerating temperatures which safeguard health and prevent food spoilage. It freezes an abundant supply of sparkling ice cubes. It provides delicious frozen salads and desserts. It brings a new convenience and a new economy into housekeeping, and it does all this, day after day, month after month, quietly, surely, automatically.

Let the New Frigidaire do for your family what Frigidaire is already doing for more than 750,000 others. And let it carry your Christmas greeting down through the months and years to come. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

The Poets' Corner

Singer of Songs

A Christmas Passional

SINGER OF SONGS, now that the waning time
Assumes the vesture starry and sublime
Of that mysterious birth that takes the world
With love, triumphant in its great, still strength
Over the strong—put on a fuller rime!
Break out a banner, and let be unfurled
A flag of passion for the soul of man
And all that to the hope of him belongs;
Above the struggle and the tumult scan
Man's growing destiny, Singer of Songs!

Sing us a song of bravery and cheer,
Singer of Songs, in rimes that ring out clear
As swords that strike in sunlight. Travailing sore,
The world that labors upward needs your song.
Not rimes of smooth deceit cajoling fear,
Holding a glad, false meaning and no more—
But sing the song that stirs the inner sense
And wakes the hidden strength that sleeps in men
Till, fledged with power almost omnipotence,
Each knows himself a bright star's citizen.

Sing us a song of right that wins at last,
Singer of Songs, her high, predestined cast;
Of justice that cannot remain obscure—
No more than dark can stay the dawning east!
Sing of flags breaking from the foreward mast;
Sing of the unseen conflicts that perdure
Good for the growth and vigor of the soul;
Continual conquest of the base and mean
Till victory's victory write the finished scroll
And largest glory crowd the final scene!

Sing us a song of sure and great belief,
Singer of Songs; portray life's only grief,
That we're too credulous in small affairs;
That we accept the little, doubt the great,
Nor move hand to the garnering of the sheaf
Where, nodding fruitful gold, the harvest bears
The food of faith that must starved doubt dispel.
Sing us of hopes purveying merchandise
Of heaven—that for one mite of faith they sell—
One faith-stamped coin that more than kingdoms buys!

Sing us a song of love that cannot fail,
Singer of Songs—of love's ship crowding sail
And bosoming full into life's blowing sky,
Trusting behind the clouds the faithful sun
Without which wind nor weather could prevail
To paint horizons with variety
And set the dawn's and evening's hues in bloom;
Then gather morn and dusk in one soft star,
The star of love! One light that must illume
The heart, whose ways so weary are, and far!

Sing us a song of life that cannot die,
Singer of Songs—of death the dusty lie
That masks in hooded grief the face of truth!
Sing the soul's certain everlastingness,
Putting the cerements of an old thing by
In hushed, surprised, sweet laughter of new youth
That comes upon her like expected dawn;
Sing us of wings that stoop upon us here,
And of the vision never quite withdrawn
When the last leaf of memory falls sere.

Sing, Singer, sing us all our quested hope;
Bravery that stands as sure as heaven's cope;
Justice, resuming brightness from the dust;
Belief, when lack of faith has lost its war;
And love, which gets the hand of God, a-grope;
And life, whose victory conquers in her trust;
The twist of cynicism, pertly smart,
Has earned the little luster of its day.
Proclaim the kingdom of the greater heart
That lives, hopes, loves—that cannot pass away!

—Harry Kemp.

The Vanguard of the Fleet

THE diamonds of the moon lie strewn
On a deep of ebony,
While eastward the galleon of the dawn
Looms up from the open sea.

Her battle lantern the morning star,
Her sails of saffron and blue,
Her pennant a-gleam like the crimson cross
The old Crusaders flew.

And in the shadow of her sails
There glide those long, lean shapes,
The greyhound vanguard of the fleet
Swift-steaming for the Capes;

Slim and sinister silhouettes,
Swinging in silent line,
Bringing the breath of dawn with them,
And the scent of deep-sea brine.

—Douglas Cary Wendell.

A Modern Girl's Love Song

YOU say I am afraid of love;
You taunt me
With cowardice because, I know,
You want me.

You say I am afraid of love;
And deeply I resent the slam, dear.
I hate your saying I'm afraid—
Because I am, dear!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

SANDY INLET

(Continued from Page 11)

got some extra rope and we lashed the trunks and suitcases on top of the lumber behind the plow and the other junk. Then I had the four large females and the gentleman from New York sit on the suitcases, using the blankets and sweaters as cushions. As soon as they were settled I tossed them the dog and the bird cage.

This left only the fifth lady—the good-looking one—who all this time had been standing around very modestly without attempting to boss anybody. As a reward for this good conduct I allowed her to ride on the wide, comfortable seat of the tractor with me and Andy.

[Note: I have described my handling of this party from New York in order that you may see that I am more than a mere salesman. I am an executive. And it would be a good thing to remember this in case there should ever be a vacancy in some of the higher executive positions in the company.]

By the time we were ready to start, the four large ladies on the wagon had begun to chatter once more. They wanted to know how long the trip would take, and what they could do if it rained, and was the wagon perfectly safe, and so on.

"All right, Andy," I said; "let's go."

Andy stepped on the gas, the motor let out a splendid roar, and we rolled off up the street. And that was the last I heard from the four important ladies for some time.

The noise of the motor, however, was not so loud as to drown out all conversation on the seat of the tractor. And I learned from the young lady beside me that her name was Miss Mabel Cortlandt. She was the niece of the gentleman from New York. The four imposing females were her aunts.

The tractor ran beautifully and we arrived at the canning factory on the south shore of Sandy Inlet a few minutes after six o'clock—just as I had planned. The



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tide was out—just as Captain Dobbs had said it would be—and Andy drove straight out onto the vast expanse of slimy sand that stretched away toward the wooded shore line and the Seaside Inn, five miles to the north.

I was delighted to observe that the tractor hardly sank in at all. The wagon wheels cut into the soft sand to some extent, but we had a light load—even though it included the four heavyweight ladies—and we moved along as nice as anyone could wish.

We passed very close to a bunch of clam diggers from the factory. They looked at us as if they thought we were crazy, and shouted and waved for us to stop, but we had no time to bother with them. And soon they were left far behind.

As I am always polite and aim to make a good impression on everyone, whether they are prospective purchasers of tractors or not, I started in and explained the advantages of the Earthworm to Miss Mabel Cortlandt. And after I had touched on all the high points of this subject, I began to point out the beauties of the sunset. The orb of day was fast going down on our left, lighting up the water-soaked sands far up the inlet with a beautiful golden glow. It reminded me of a song I had once learned, and at once I began to sing it: "Out on the Deep When the Sun is Low." But just as I started, Andy stopped the tractor.

"What time did you say the tide was due to come in?" he asked.

"Ten o'clock," I said. "Why?"

"Look over there," he said. He pointed toward the east. The flat sands stretched out white and bare.

"You see that black line about a mile or so away?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "It looks to me like the edge of the water."

"It is the edge of the water," said Andy, "and what's more, it's moving toward us all the time. The tide is coming in."

"That's impossible," I said. "Captain Dobbs told me the tide wouldn't come in until ten o'clock."

"And who is Captain Dobbs?" asked Andy.

"He is the man," I said, "who owns the motorboat that Mr. Hubbard hires to make trips over to the Seaside Inn. He is supposed to know more about the tides in Sandy Inlet than anybody else in Hubbardston."

We sat still for a minute more and watched that black line. It was getting nearer, and it was getting nearer fast. Finally, Miss Mabel Cortlandt spoke up.

"This Captain Dobbs probably knows a lot about the tides," she said, "but that isn't all he knows."

"All right," I said, "what else does he know?"

"He knows that if you get across here with this tractor his job with the motorboat will be gone. So he might have decided that he didn't want you to get across."

"Why, the dirty bum!" I said. "You don't suppose he would really act as low-down as that?"

"I don't know," said Andy, "but if you ask me, I would say we had better turn around and head back toward that canning factory. We're only about a third of the way across, and if we hurry we may be able to get back before we're swamped."

I took another look at the black line of water. It was now less than half a mile away, and it was coming fast. By this time the four ladies on the lumber wagon had noticed it too. They were waving their arms and pointing at it and yelling at me.

"All right," I said to Andy, "let's turn around and go back."

Andy started up, made a wide swing over the sand and headed for the canning factory, which was on the nearest high ground in sight.

All this time the dark line of water was coming on with incredible speed. Before we had gone a hundred feet it had reached us. A half a minute later it was way beyond us, racing up the inlet toward the setting sun. Andy put on all the speed he could and the tractor and the wagon went splashing along in swiftly flowing inch-deep water. In almost no time at all the water was two inches deep.

"Do you think we can make it?" I asked Andy.

"I am afraid not," he said. "It looks bad."

And he was right. It looked very bad indeed. In such a situation many people would have given up to panic and despair. But with me it is different. I have always noticed that my mind works at its highest efficiency when I am confronted by a great emergency.

With lightninglike rapidity my brain began to analyze the situation. I knew that the tractor could run through water about two feet deep. But if it got much deeper than that it would reach the magneto, and the whole machine would go dead. We were about a mile and a half, or half an hour's drive, from shore. At the rate the water was rising I knew we could never make it. I remembered that I had noticed the high-water marks on the rocks near the canning factory about six feet above the level of the sand. If the water eventually got six feet deep we would be in a bad way. Possibly we could make a raft by tying together some of the lumber on the lumber wagon. But that would have its disadvantages.

And then suddenly I got one of my brilliant ideas. And at once I proceeded to put it into effect. I had Andy stop the tractor and back it up a few inches to loosen the hitch. Then Andy and I got out into the ankle-deep water and unfastened the tractor from the wagon. Next we climbed up onto the load of lumber, moved the trunks, the suitcases, the blankets, the four women, the canary bird, the dog, the gentleman from New York and all the other junk up to the forward end. Then we loosened the chains and ropes that held the lumber and laid a half a dozen long six-by-eight timbers from the rear end of the load of lumber down to the sand. By this time the water was about six inches deep.

Andy then got into the tractor, drove it around to the back of the wagon and started up the timbers. It was a steep climb and the tracks were wet and slippery, but Andy was a splendid driver. And finally—to the accompaniment of encouraging shouts from the young niece, hysterical screams from the four other females, shrill barking from the dog, weak chirping from the canary bird, and silence from the poor little gentleman from New York—Andy got the tractor up on top of the load of lumber.

We lifted the six-by-eight timbers back in place, tightened the chains and ropes so that none of the lumber would be washed away, and made everything shipshape by lashing the trunks, the suitcases and other perishable baggage on top of the big tractor hood as high above the water as possible. Then Andy and I helped the four fat ladies and the gentleman from New York up onto the tractor. As the seat was already reserved for Mabel and Andy and myself, it was necessary for these other people to perch around on the grouser box and the gasoline tank. One of the ladies held the bird cage in her lap, and another took charge of the pup.

At once I made a short speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, "I wish to assure you that you are perfectly safe. If you will do as I tell you and keep quiet, no harm can befall you. Our present situation is somewhat inconvenient, I will admit, but it is not due to any negligence on my part. I was treacherously and infamously given false information as to the time of the tides by a man who posed as my friend, but who has turned out to be my enemy.

"When I started to cross these flats I had every reason to believe that I had ample time to get to the other side. When I discovered that the tide was rising, I attempted to get back to shore. But it was too late. Consequently I have placed the tractor, as you see, on top of the lumber wagon and I have placed my passengers on top of the tractor. We are perfectly safe. All we have to do is wait until the tide goes out again, when we can proceed on our way."

"But the tide isn't going out," said one of the fat ladies. "It's still coming in. And it's going to get so deep that it will go right over the top of this machine and we'll all be washed away and drowned. It's terrible! Oh, why did I ever come? I demand that you take us ashore at once."

"Madam," I said, "I had not finished my talk. If there were any way to take you ashore, I would take you—if only for the sake of getting rid of you. But it can't be done. You will have to stay here, and while you remain you will have to do exactly as I tell you. We are now upon the high seas. Legally speaking, this tractor is now a boat. I am the captain, and under the maritime law of the United States of America I have complete authority over my crew and passengers. If there is any insubordination or disobedience of any kind, I can shoot you or have you tried for mutiny."

As I finished this talk I scowled as darkly as Mussolini himself. And I was gratified to see that the four hysterical females from New York appeared to be completely awed. Andy and the gentleman from New York said I could count on them. And the young niece somewhat surprised me by telling me privately that she was having a swell time, and wasn't it too exciting for words, and she thought my address was wonderful, because it was the first time she had ever seen anyone who could shut up all of her four aunts at the same time.

I thanked her and then borrowed an umbrella from one of the aunts and took a sounding. The water was about a foot and a half deep. Furthermore, the wind was freshening and little waves were beginning to dash against the wheels of the wagon. As the sun sank lower the tide rose higher, and just as the sun disappeared the water reached the bottom planks of our load of lumber. As the darkness deepened, the water crept up farther and farther. The wind blew in stronger and stronger from the sea, and the spray from the breaking waves began to drive over the top of the lumber. The fat ladies, although I had them too much awed to make a disturbance, nevertheless kept up a continuous chattering. One of them suggested that if we could signal to the shore, somebody might come out in a boat and rescue us.

"It's a splendid idea," said Mabel. "I'll light off some of these fireworks. Maybe they'll send a boat, or maybe they'll shoot us a line and we can all go ashore in a breeches buoy."

And right away she climbed out over the suitcases on top of the hood, pulled out the box of fireworks, and amused herself for an hour or so sending up rockets and shooting off Roman candles. But nobody came out from the shore. Probably nobody saw us. Or if they did, they thought we were just having a premature Fourth of July celebration.

At ten o'clock the waves were washing right over the top of the lumber and we all began to get pretty anxious. The current was strong. It was still flowing in from the sea. There was a pale moon, but it was a dark night just the same. It was cold and none of us really knew how high the water would rise before it started down again.

"When I studied geography," one of the aunts said, "I was taught that the tide in the Bay of Fundy rises seventy feet. What if it gets that high here?"

"It won't get that high," I said.

"What if it rises only half that far?"

"It won't," I said, although I wasn't sure. "And what is more, I don't want any more pessimistic remarks like that out of anybody."

At eleven o'clock the water had risen at least another foot, the wind was still strong, the waves were slashing against the side of the tractor at a great rate and the spray was dashing in onto the floor in front of the seat.

"If it comes much higher," said one of the aunts, "we're lost. And I think it is time you did something, Mr. Captain. This lumber is the only chance we have of saving our lives. But as long as this heavy iron tractor is on top of it, holding it down, it can't do us any good. What you ought to do is run the tractor off of here while there is still time. Then the lumber will float up to the surface and we can use it as a raft."

"Not on your life," spoke up Andy. "This tractor belongs to the Maine State Highway Department and I am responsible for it."

"And what is a tractor," asked the lady, "as compared to our precious human lives?"

At this point I decided to end the discussion. "The tractor will stay where it is," I announced very decisively, "and this discussion will cease at once. If you people don't shut up I will have you prosecuted for mutiny, lese majesty, and piracy on the high seas."

They shut up. At half-past eleven it looked as if the water was going down. And at midnight we began to see the uppermost planks of the lumber under the tractor. We knew then that all was well.

And the next two or three hours were really not bad at all. Mabel and I climbed out over the trunks and suitcases, and sat on top of the radiator at the extreme front end of the tractor and admired the stars and the moonlight on the waves. We had one interruption when one of the aunts protested that I was getting too familiar with her niece—which was absurd, because I was only protecting her from the cold and the damp sea air. After I had threatened to put the aunt in irons for the rest of the voyage, she quieted down.

Gradually the water sank lower and lower until finally, just as the sky to the northeast began to brighten with the dawn, I looked down and saw wet, shiny sand all around us.

Andy and I put the big timbers in place at the back of the wagon. Andy backed the tractor down onto the sand and drove around and hitched onto the wagon once more. As far as I was concerned I was ready to go on to the Seaside Inn. And Andy and the gentleman from New York and his niece were game. But the four aunts set up such a roar and demanded so loudly to be taken back to the nearest dry land that I decided the easiest thing to do would be to humor them.

Consequently, we set off full speed for the canning factory, and in about half an hour we had almost reached the shore line. I had decided to dump my passengers at the factory, where they could telephone for a taxi to take them to town, and I was then going to turn right around and head for the Seaside Inn, which I was certain I could reach before the tide came in again.

But about a hundred yards from shore we ran into a patch of mud which was much softer than the sand. The tractor stayed on top very well, but the wagon began to sink in so deep that I was afraid it would get completely stuck.

"Whoa!" I said to Andy. "I think we had better unhook the tractor, drive it around and hook onto the rear, so we can pull the wagon backward out of this mud. As soon as we get the wagon onto the firm sand we can hook on in front again and circle around this soft spot."

"All right," said Andy. "It's a good idea."

Unfortunately, it was not a good idea. We had no trouble hooking on to the rear of the wagon, but as we pulled it backward we must have backed the nut off the end of one of the axles. When we were just about halfway out of the mudhole the left hind wheel came off, the left hind corner of the wagon dropped down, and the four ladies, the gentleman from New York, the four trunks, the eighteen suitcases, the road plow, the nail kegs, the dog and the canary bird all slid off gently but firmly into the mud. It certainly was lucky that Andy, Mabel and I happened to be on the seat of the tractor.

For some reason or other, the four aunts seemed to blame me for this accident, although it was nothing that I could have foreseen or prevented and was obviously due to faulty design in the wagon. They shook their umbrellas at me and told me exactly what they thought of me—which apparently was not much. After what they said, it would have served them right if I had let them waddle ashore through all the mud.

(Continued on Page 101)



INCLUDE HART BRAND

In thousands of Christmas baskets—
to thousands of Christmas homes—
on thousands of Christmas tables—

Hart Brand Vegetables and Fruits will gladden happy eyes, delight hungry appetites. Snow on the outside, cozy warmth within—and steaming, heaping dishes of peas, corn, beans—a whiff of spring on the wintry air—aromas that drift back to the sun-kissed, breeze-swept fields of Michigan, where thousands of fertile acres grow the finest food products in the world.

. . . . . .

—And though Christmas comes but once a year, Hart Brand Vegetables and Fruits fill every meal with Christmas joy *every* day *throughout* the year.

Always look for the red heart on every can

W. R. ROACH & COMPANY, *Grand Rapids, Michigan*

VEGETABLES HART AND FRUITS
THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

Put this economy thought in your family budget . . .

WINTER foot protectors—boots—rubbers—arctics—galoshes—all travel miles.

One pair of better quality—like Hoods—will outwear and so cost less than two pairs that are made to sell at a price.

Hood makes rubber footwear to fit all pocketbooks. The Hood arrow is put on those built to give a full measure of service.

• • •

Made by HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
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Style, comfort and service have been so long identified with Hood products that their factory at Watertown, Mass., is now the largest single rubber footwear factory in the world.

BOOTS

For every purpose—the proper styles and heights for hunting, fishing, mining or farming.

GALOSHES

Styles in keeping with the modern trend in protective footwear. Fabrics to harmonize with any costume. Snug, comfortable, yet smart.



ARCTICS

For the farmer or outdoor man there is no greater value for your dollars than one of the many Hood Arctics.

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This year's new line of rubbers and lastics is smart evidence of Hood's style leadership.



Look for the Hood Arrow

HOOD

RUBBER FOOTWEAR | CANVAS SHOES | PNEUMATIC TIRES | SOLID TIRES | HEELS – SOLES | TILING

THE SYMBOL OF WORLD WIDE SERVICE IN QUALITY RUBBER PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 98)

But I am naturally chivalrous and kind-hearted, so I had Andy make several trips with the tractor and carry them and their belongings over to the canning factory.

You might have supposed that this kind treatment on my part would have earned their gratitude. But such was not the case. They all trooped into the factory—which was not locked, although the workmen had not yet appeared—and one of them called up Mr. Hubbard on the telephone. She told Mr. Hubbard to come out and get them at once, and she said that they had been thrown in the mud, insulted, kidnaped and half drowned by a crazy tractor salesman. After the telephoning was over, they all stood around and glared at me—that is, all but the gentleman from New York, who was too timid, and his niece, who was too sensible. As there didn't seem to be much I could do for these people, and as some of them did not seem to be enjoying my company, I withdrew and went out with Andy to work over the wagon. After hunting around a while we were fortunate enough to find the nut which had come off the axle.

"If we were on a hard road," said Andy, "and if we had a good jack we could lift up this axle and put the wheel back very easy. But as it is, I'm afraid we'll have to take off the whole load of lumber."

"I'm afraid you're right," I said.

Pretty soon we saw Mr. Hubbard driving up to the canning factory. He had come in a hurry. At once the four excited females gathered around him, talking fast and furious, and apparently giving him their version of what had happened. They must have poured him out a good earful, because very shortly we saw him coming across the sand like a cavalry charge. Andy and I walked forward to meet him, and he was positively foaming at the mouth.

"This is the damnedest proceeding I ever heard of!" he said. "What do you mean by pulling off such a stunt? You told me you were going to haul a load of lumber over to the Seaside Inn. Instead of which you kidnap a lot of my guests. You take them out into the middle of the bay. You pretty near drown them. You scare them half to death. Then you wreck my wagon and dump them all into the mud. It's an outrage!"

"But, Mr. Hubbard," I said, "you don't understand. I can explain everything."

"I don't want to hear another word," interrupted Mr. Hubbard, "and I don't want any explanations. I don't want anything more to do with you. I wouldn't take your tractor as a gift. The best thing you can do is get out of town as fast as you can. If you ever even speak to me again I'll knock your block off."

And before I could answer he turned around and went back to his automobile. The party from New York all piled in. I heard Mr. Hubbard tell them he would send back a truck for their trunks and suitcases. Then they drove off toward Hubbardston.

Andy and I sat down on the shore to consider the situation. I shall have to admit that I was not completely satisfied with the way things had been going. Of course I was not to blame for the treachery of Captain Dobbs, nor for the unfortunate loss of the wheel from the lumber wagon. But I realized, nevertheless, that I was to a certain extent in wrong with Mr. Hubbard. I knew that if I was to sell him a tractor I would have to overcome a certain amount of sales resistance. And I decided that the only thing to do was to take that load of lumber across to the Seaside Inn as soon as possible. This would give me a talking point with which I could once more approach my prospect.

"Andy," I said, "if we are able to get this wagon repaired, are you willing to try another trip?"

"Sure," said Andy.

By this time it was almost seven o'clock and the workmen had begun to arrive at the canning factory. The boss of the clam diggers was very much interested in the tractor and asked me what sort of a trip we had had. I had to admit that it was not so good.

"We saw you starting out last night," he said. "We yelled at you to tell you the tide would soon be in. When you paid no attention, we decided you probably knew what you were doing. We decided your machine was probably fast enough to get you across ahead of the tide."

"It wasn't," I said. "Would it be possible," I went on, "for me to hire some of your clam diggers to help unload that lumber, put the wheel back, then reload the wagon?"

"I'm afraid not," he said. "We only have about an hour before the tide comes in, and I will have to keep all hands busy to get out enough clams to keep the factory going until this afternoon."

"Maybe," I suggested, "we could speed up the clam digging a little with our tractor."

"You could try," said the boss clam digger.

"Come, Andy," I said. "Let's see what we can do."

We ran the tractor out to the disabled wagon and hitched onto the big road plow. Then we drove back and forth across the mud flats, plowing big, deep furrows, and in about ten minutes we had turned out more clams—according to what the boss clam digger told us—than twenty men could dig in a whole morning.

The boss clam digger was very much pleased and he let us have a dozen men to unload the lumber, put on the wheel and reload the lumber. Meanwhile, three men with baskets picked up the clams.

When the tide began to come in, a little after eight o'clock, we had our lumber loaded and the wagon and tractor parked beside the canning factory all ready to go. And the canning factory had about three times as many clams as they could have dug in the same length of time by hand. It was a very satisfactory arrangement all around.

The boss clam digger told me that the tide would go out again at about four in the afternoon and that the sand flats would be free from water from then until about eight. As I felt that this information was reliable, I decided to start out for the Seaside Inn at four o'clock. In the meantime I have been sitting around the office of the canning factory writing this report, and eating great quantities of excellent steamed clams which the boss clam digger was kind enough to offer me.

It is now noon and the tide is almost at its highest point. But before long it will be running out, and as soon as it gets off the flats we shall be on our way. The boss clam digger will mail this report when he goes home to Hubbardston this evening. And tomorrow I expect to send you another report stating that I have successfully demonstrated that it is possible to haul freight across Sandy Inlet. I also hope that either tomorrow or sometime within the next few days I may be able to get hold of Mr. Hubbard and talk him around into a reasonable frame of mind.

Very truly yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: Saturday, July 4, 1925.
Written from: Hubbardston, Maine.
Written by: Alexander Botts, Salesman.

My report today will be a short one. A whole lot of things have happened, but it will not take long to tell about them.

Yesterday afternoon at about one o'clock, soon after I had finished my yesterday's report, an airplane went by over the canning factory. It was coming from the direction of Hubbardston and it headed out over Sandy Inlet toward the Seaside Inn, so I knew that it must be the airplane salesman taking Mr. Hubbard for a hop. As the machine went over, I noticed that the motor was missing and spluttering a good deal. But it flew right on until it got more than halfway across the inlet. Then it seemed to hesitate. And finally it glided down gently into the water.

Everybody around the canning factory immediately became very much excited. Because this plane was not a seaplane. It was only a small land machine with wheels on the bottom. The boss clam digger got out a couple of pairs of big field glasses and we stood on the shore and trained the glasses on the plane. It seemed to be about three miles away. Its nose was completely under water, while the tail and the rear edges of the upper wings stuck up into the air. As we looked we saw two men climb up on top of the wings and start waving their arms.

"They're not killed anyway," said the boss clam digger, "and I hope they're not hurt, because we can't rescue them till the tide goes out."

"Haven't you got a boat?" I asked.

"We have an old dory with a motor in it," he said, "but it can't make any speed. And if we went out there now, we'd only get washed out to sea by the tide."

We watched the wrecked plane for about ten minutes. The two men kept up their frantic waving. Then we noticed a motorboat coming in from the sea. It was full of people.

"Good," said the boss clam digger. "That boat has seen their signals. And it seems to be fast enough to buck the tide."

We watched the boat. The tide was evidently pretty strong, but the boat came along steadily. It had almost reached the plane when it suddenly stopped. We stared at it through our glasses until our eyes were tired, but we couldn't see that it moved an inch. It seemed to be stuck.

Two o'clock came. Then three o'clock. All this time, of course, the tide was running out. And a little before four o'clock the sand flats began to emerge.

"All right," I said, "it's time for us to be moving."

Andy and I got into the tractor, and with the load of lumber rolling along behind, we started out across the inlet. Everything went fine. And about an hour later we had reached the stranded plane. The propeller had been broken and the wings slightly damaged when they hit the water, but otherwise it seemed to be all right. Mr. Hubbard and the pilot came walking across the sand to meet us. Neither one of them was hurt.

The last time I had seen Mr. Hubbard he had told me that if I ever spoke to him again he would knock my block off. But for some reason or other he had, by this time, apparently changed his mind. When I asked him if he would like a ride for himself and his friend, and a tow for his machine, he replied most politely and with many thanks that he most certainly would. He and the pilot at once climbed upon the lumber wagon.

"The motor went dead on us," explained the pilot. "We smashed things up a little when we came down. But we can fix her up if only we can get her moved out of here before the tide comes back in."

"I'll get her ashore for you all right," I said. "But first I want to see these other people."

I drove over to the motorboat, which was several hundred yards away, high and dry on top of a small rock. It had apparently hit this rock rather hard, and there was a good-sized hole knocked in the bottom of the boat. As we drove up I heard a female voice. It was Mabel, the young niece of the gentleman from New York.

"Well! Well!" she said. "If it isn't old Captain Botts himself with his seagoing tractor!"

"Right you are," I said. "This seems to be a regular reunion."

And it was. For there in the boat sat the gentleman from New York, the four aunts, the dog, the canary bird, the four trunks, the eighteen suitcases, all the various bundles, blankets, sweaters and umbrellas. And in the stern sat old Captain Dobbs.

I at once jumped down from the tractor and advanced upon Captain Dobbs, scowling in a very threatening manner.

"Captain Dobbs," I said, in a voice that resembled as closely as possible the tone of my old first sergeant in the Army, "you are the guy who gave me a lot of phony dope about the tides in this inlet. And you have got me in very wrong with Mr. Hubbard. If you will own up like a man, I will forgive you and I will salvage your boat. If not, I will leave it here where the next high tide will wash it around over these rocks and probably knock it all to pieces. What do you say?"

At first the poor old captain was very evasive. But I was completely hard-boiled. And finally he admitted that he had lied to me about the tides. He had all kinds of excuses. He was a poor man. He had a wife and children to support. His motorboat was his only source of income. And if Mr. Hubbard got a tractor he would lose his job of carrying the stuff to the Seaside Inn and he and his family would probably starve to death. I really began to feel rather sorry for the old bird.

Mr. Hubbard listened to all these explanations in silence. Then he merely said, "This is very interesting indeed," and suggested that we move out of there before the tide came back.

Accordingly we loaded the four aunts, the gentleman from New York, the four trunks, the eighteen suitcases, the dog, the canary bird, the blankets and sweaters, Captain Dobbs, Mr. Hubbard and the airplane pilot onto the wagon. Mabel took her accustomed place on the seat of the tractor. We dragged the motorboat carefully and gently off the rocks and hitched it on behind the lumber wagon with a piece of heavy rope. We drove over to the plane and hitched it on behind the boat. And then we started across the sands toward the Seaside Inn.

As we moved along we looked like a regular circus parade. And I am pleased to report I had ample power to handle the four tons of lumber, the heavyweight passengers, the motorboat and the airplane. We arrived at the inn all safe and sound, and just in time for a splendid supper.

After I had finished eating I got ready to launch forth on one of my best selling talks. But I didn't need to. Mr. Hubbard stated that he was through with motorboats and airplanes, and he signed up for a ten-ton tractor without any urging at all. His order is inclosed with this report.

Early this morning, when I started back across the sands in the tractor with Andy, everybody was on hand to wish me good-by and good luck. Mr. Hubbard thanked me, the gentleman from New York and the airplane pilot shook me cordially by the hand, and the four aunts actually thawed out sufficiently to smile pleasantly. The dog barked and the canary bird chirped. Poor old Captain Dobbs waved to me from the shore, where he was hard at work repairing his boat. And Mabel thanked me for having given her the most thrilling, adventurous and enjoyable time she had had for a long while.

As Andy and I drove out over the sand I reflected sadly that one of the most melancholy things about a traveling salesman's life is the fact that he is continually making beautiful friendships which are tragically broken when he has to move to the next town.

I was considerably cheered up, however, when we arrived at the canning factory. The boss clam digger came out, greeted me most affectionately, and at once signed up for a five-ton Earthworm to be used in digging clams. His order is inclosed.

I am leaving for Boston tonight. And in conclusion I wish to state that I think I have done rather well. I have caused two tractors to be bought where most salesmen could not have sold even one. And I have done far more. I have opened up new markets. And it is my fond hope that in the future we may sell many more Earthworm tractors for the four new uses which I have discovered: First, transporting passengers and freight to inaccessible summer hotels; second, rescuing shipwrecked mariners; third, salvaging disabled airplanes; and fourth, adding to the health and nourishment of the nation by digging vast quantities of clams.

Faithfully yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

This Christmas give

Everybody wants candy for Christmas that is "all their own". It is the child trait that returns to all of us at the Yuletide. For millions this year it will be

The Sampler

best loved of candies, in a wrap that speaks of Christmas cheer. Whatever other gifts one has, a Sampler . . . individual . . . enticing . . . satisfying, will fill a Christmas craving that will be satisfied with no substitute. When you give candy and want to be sure—select the Sampler. Choose your Christmas candy (and do it early) at the Whitman Agency near you. This is a selected store, usually the leading drug store. Whitman's candies—the only candies distributed nationally in this way—are guaranteed fresh, pure, perfect. They are shipped to each agency direct from us.



For Christmas we have dressed the Sampler in a festive wrapper that says "Merry Christmas" for you. The Christmas wrapper, the beloved Sampler, and then, the delicious contents.

Choose from Whitman's Quality Group the candy that will please the most



SALMAGUNDI
"A medley of good things" in chocolates, packed in a charming metal box—$1.50 per lb.



PLEASURE ISLAND
A real find in chocolate treasure. A romantic package $1.50 per lb. With a special outer treasure chest—$3.50.

All Packages with Special Christmas Bands



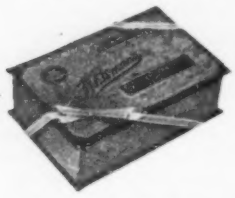
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Chocolates in a beautiful metal box with authentic cloisonne design. This package makes a distinctive, unusual and appreciated gift. 3½ lbs. — $5.



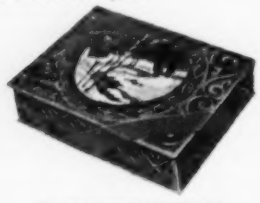
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A popular favorite of delicious centers with milk chocolate coatings—$1.50 per lb.



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All that the name implies. Delicious!—$1.50 per lb.



A FUSSY PACKAGE
Nut combinations, nut and chewy centers—$1.50 per lb.



FLORENTINE PACKAGE
Specially assorted and designed for the holiday season—$4

Write for our illustrated folder showing special Christmas boxes, bags, and baskets.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.
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CHOCOLATE COVERED FRUITS AND NUTS
A luxurious treat in chocolates. A favorite—$1.50 per lb.



LIBRARY PACKAGE
A novel package. $1.50 per lb. Enclosed in the useful green suede bookcover — $4.00.

Whitman's Chocolates



We designed a Christmas card which harmonizes with the elegant Prestige metal chest. What a worthy representative the Prestige Chocolates are for Whitman's—and for you!

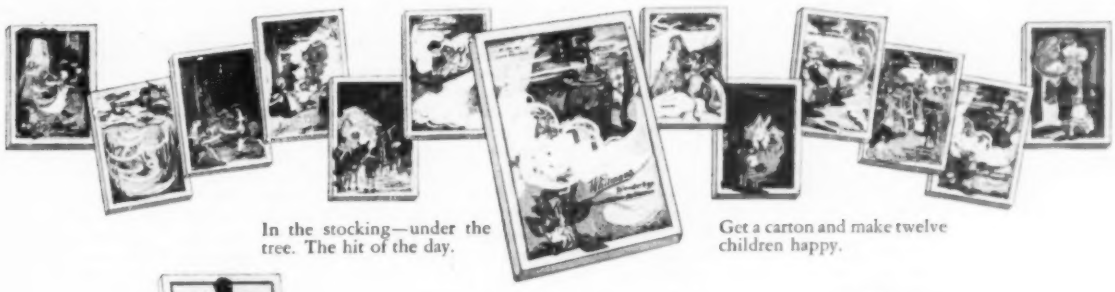
In one short year Prestige Chocolates have established national leadership in candy at $2 a pound.

Prestige Chocolates

afford to connoisseurs and those who seek an exquisite gift, a most finished assortment of chocolates. Every piece in the Prestige assortment is made for this package alone. Many of the combinations are entirely new. The most skilled candy workers have lavished labor on the chocolates to give them beauty and distinction. This costly attention extends to every detail. Packed in a smart metal chest with correct heraldic designs. In two sizes, $2 and $4.

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Christmas belongs to the children—and the WONDERBOX is their candy



In the stocking—under the tree. The hit of the day.

Get a carton and make twelve children happy.



WHITMAN'S MESSENGER BOYS
The finest milk chocolate in the shape of Whitman's popular Messenger Boy—10c



WHITMAN'S STIX
A favorite candy in a novel package that children love—10c

WHITMAN'S WONDERBOX
Children love the chocolate turtles and rabbits—the barley sugar candies. And then the wonderful pictures on the boxes—each showing Bobby and Betty seeing a fairy tale come true. Packed in cartons containing twelve boxes — each representing a different fairy story.



WHITMAN'S NEAPOLITANS
Just "A Nibble of Whitman's" chocolate—5c



WHITMAN'S HARD CANDIES
For 86 years a favorite. Different assortments.



Melodies Caught in Flight *with*

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As the Yule-logs crackle and music fills the air, enjoy the Christmas melodies to their utmost by having new Cunningham Radio Tubes in every socket of your radio.

These "ambassadors of joy" make delightful Christmas gifts.

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THERE IS NO CONVERSATION

(Continued from Page 23)

There were overtones in her voice and an indefinable quirk in her expression which convinced me that she thought Hildegarde was rather blatantly talking nonsense. I don't mean that she was so naïve as to comment to herself on the obvious fact that Hildegarde would really have suffered no anguish whatsoever if she had found that her presence caused her hostess inconvenience. The humbuggery of that she took for granted; it was on a par with her own expressions of gratitude for our visit. What struck her as nonsense, I fancied, was Hildegarde's assumption that anyone might want to be alone for any other purpose but work.

"If I'm out here with the dawgs," I could imagine her soul slowly saying, "why should I mind you and your friends butting in? Don't be silly." She didn't violently object to it. Her placid brows were even. But she did think that even if society did place on one an obligation to talk humbug, at times there was no need to overdo it.

There followed politenesses about her house, and envy was expressed on account of its propinquity to the beach, and concern lest automobilists should spoil its seclusion at week-ends; to which Mrs. Sarle replied that she had taken her pups for a run all of two miles along the sands and they hadn't met a creature. Then George Price waved his hand at the clouds and the sea, whose several sorts of grayness were divided on the sky line by a violet hem of storm, and said that was the kind of thing he would give his eyeteeth to be able to paint. Under cover of our sympathetic exclamations of emotion, Mrs. Sarle, who had been standing with her back to the sea, slued round her head and gave a look at it to find out what on earth we were all talking about. I fancy that during that scamper on the beach she had run with her nose nearly as close to the ground as the dogs. In the conversation that followed about the characteristic beauties of Cedar Corner, I noticed that her remarks, while conveying a courteous assent, showed not the slightest real consciousness of their existence. She kept on using such phrases as, "When I found I could get this place way down at the end of everywhere"; and, "Yes, I kinda like being way out beyond everywhere"; which showed that in fact no such consciousness had brought her here.

If there was anything contemptuous in this judgment, which I should be ready to dispute, it was immediately swept away by the sweetness of the smile she gave when she said that she guessed we had better go back to the house and have highballs and that she had some mighty fine rye. She was a generous woman who liked giving of her best to people who were neighborly and came visiting. She had an even more touching, more childlike kind of generosity than that; for when we started to make our way back through the gardens she saw to it that she walked beside me, and at the first opportunity which came when we paused to look at an old lead cistern in one of the sunk gardens, she smiled straight at me to show she meant well by me. I knew that this was because, as I had observed from the way she had run her eyes over my clothes when we had first been introduced, she liked the soft bright primrose-leaf green of my silk jumper. She thought it was nice of me to choose such a jolly color and nice of me to bring the result of my choice along to her; she preferred me for that reason to my more soberly dressed companions; she liked to give as proof of it this special smile, which, as they did not see it, could do them no harm.

She set us round one of the hearths in deep chairs, some of which she brought forward herself before the men could stop her with an amazingly quick stubby strength, and kicked up the wood fire to a further extravagance of flame with the heel of her riding boot. In a soft-mouthed roar to the butler, she ordered cocktails for those who liked them and drank some rye herself in the old-fashioned way, taking the rye neat from one tumbler and drinking another tumbler of water on top of it, as I had never seen a woman do before. Then, in the general atmosphere of amiability that creamed and mantled the group, the bogus invitation to luncheon was rather shamefacedly given and refused with regret by Mrs. Sarle, who announced her trip to California, but hoped she might be asked again on her return, which was to be soon, as she was going to stay on the Coast only five days.

When asked if she was not appalled at such a long journey for such a short visit, she replied that she felt anything was worth while when one was going back to one's home town. She began to recite a poem entitled That's Where the West Begins, which alleged that where mountain time begins, there also is noticeable an increasing purity of morals and generous effulgence of manners.

Running my eye wildly round the room during this embarrassing resort to the arts for illustration of her emotions, I had to admire it, for the long rays of the late afternoon sun lit up the port-and-sherry tints of the Dutch marquetry tallboy and grandfather's clock that were the special features of this end of the room, turned into jewels such touches of color as there were in the Mierweldt portrait of a burgomaster that hung over the mantelpiece, met the firelight on Mrs. Sarle's crossed riding boots; but I thought I saw in the deep shadow between a tallboy and the grandfather's clock the tortured pallor of Étienne de Sevenac.

I was perhaps empowered to see it so plainly because of my recognition that that single Mierweldt must have cost so much—much more than all his poor little pictures put together.

I courted her favor quite outrageously. When they told her I played the piano, I consented—I almost volunteered—to play then, and I gave her all the tunes she asked for with an affectation of an enjoyment like to her own, although they were as unholy specimens of jazz as you could hear in twelve months at a night club. And shamelessly, because of certain cordialities at parting, I called her at the very first moment I thought she could possibly have got home after her California trip.

She wasn't at the Park Avenue apartment; she was in Wall Street. I should have guessed that. And when I got her there, thanks, she didn't lunch. She didn't think lunch was wholesome; she just had a cup of cawfee in the awfice. But when in my infatuated curiosity I told her I had to be down in that part of the world anyhow at noon to see my broker, she bade me come in and see her. At twenty-five to one I was there, sitting facing her broad smile across a desk on which—thrill of my life—there was the model of an engine about eighteen inches long. It didn't look very new—it was probably the very one.

At my exclamation over it she murmured, "Folks not in our business always seem to find them kinda cute," smiling and sly as people are when they dissimulate tremendous pride; and her maroon coat sleeve slipped over the shining surface of her desk so that she could touch the beloved thing. That maroon coat was cut exactly like a man's, and she wore a soft linen collar and a tie which was correctly dented with a diamond pin made in the shape of a Sealyham. But again I noted that there was no implication regarding the gallant or the picturesque in her assumption of masculinity. By no means was it a case of George Sand's cigar and trousers. It was simply that she had seen here an opportunity for gratifying her passion for the commonplace and her passion for going a little further than everybody else.

By nature and nurture, she was a commonplace woman, and she must have enjoyed using all the *clichés* of speech and behavior current in the varying world to which her successive marriages introduced her. She must have liked serving salads the way which was favored that year in that district, and having the tea napkins of the size and pattern recommended in the woman's magazine that she and most of her friends bought, and talking to them about the convenience of canned goods and the purifying girlishness of Mary Pickford.

But by becoming a man so far as was possible, she doubled the number of such *clichés* that she might use; she could now talk and react not only to salad and tea napkins but to the stock market and corporation law, to Wall Street as well as to the Women's Club.

At her elbow was an indication that it was not the independence, the force, of man that she envied, but the standardization of his mind and manners, which is usually more complete than that of a woman, because an office has usually a larger crowd in it than a home. She cannot really have thought that a large cup of coffee with cream, and two heavy sandwiches, one with ham and the other with cheese, were more digestible than the kind of light meal, mainly of vegetables and fruit, that sensible people eat in their homes or order in restaurants. But she had heard innumerable business men say virtuously that they didn't eat luncheon but had a cup of cawfee and a sandwich in the awfice; and she wanted to belong to their army—their great safe army.

I recognized this without unkindness—simply to give her prodigious act its due of prodigiousness. I could not possibly have felt unkind toward her, for she was so nice. She was nice as she sat there at her desk, smiling at a world in which so far nothing seemed to be going wrong, but without smugness; rather, as if she were standing at a country porch and looking up to clear sky over hills and thinking that the day was going to be fine and the children would surely have their picnic.

She was nice, too, when at my departure she took me to the door and, looking down at my coat, stroked it with her forefinger and said, "Why, isn't that the prettiest color! And it's so soft you'd hardly think it was woolen goods. You do have the loveliest clothes."

I said "I'm glad you like it," and added, hesitatingly, before I was sure I dared add it: "I got this in Paris."

She burst into a little gentle unhurried gust of laughter. "Paris," she repeated. "Yes, they've got good clothes there." She stood for a moment with her hand resting on the handle of the open door, swinging it to and fro, smiling partly because she liked my presence there, partly because she was contemplating some memory that quite definitely did nothing but amuse her. She gave another little gust of laughter, even more leisurely and more carefree than the first. "Chanel," she said, and again her laughter rose. Positively, it sounded innocent—like a child, like a bird.

I will own I recoiled. Yet she was nice. I swear she was nice, when a sudden thought made her pull to the door and say: "Here, are you like all you ladies of leisure and eat breakfast in bed? Because if you aren't, and you start the morning the way good Americans should, sitting straight up in your chair eating cereal, I might come and eat it with you one day. I can't go up to your part of the town for lunch or for tea, and I don't reckon to dine out, not during the week, and week-ends I go to my li'l' place on Long Island. But I do ride horseback in Central Park mornings, and I'd be just tickled to death if you'd let me come in and eat ham and eggs along with you."

And she was nice when she kept her promise and came to breakfast, very stubbly and Sealyhamy, in riding breeches. George liked her; and part of the value that my husband has for me is that he does not like

(Continued on Page 107)



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September 10, 1928

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(Continued from Page 104)

too easily. He examines life with a fastidiousness which, owing to certain circumstances in my earlier life, is infinitely precious to me. But he thoroughly liked Nancy Sarle, and said that the only thing which worried him about her was that she reminded him of someone and he could not think who it was.

That somebody turned out to be a popular night-club hostess. He discovered the missing name during a week-end that we spent down at Cedar Corner not long after. The identification was made more easy by the presence in the Tudor mansion of a vast number of the friends of the late Mr. Sarle and companions of Nancy's youth, who had been at some convention at Buffalo and had whooped across country in special cars to have a look at her. They decanted themselves from brimming automobiles all over the front of the house just when we were making our mouselike arrival. In the hour before dinner they seemed simultaneously to be running a greater number than their own of steaming baths and—though I am sure their modesty was impeccable—visiting one another in their rooms. At dinner they ringed a great round table with a circle of faces round which there ran a little train of spurting shrieks and giggles that every now and then resolved into a chorus of laughter, under the conductorship of Nancy, in a bright blue satin gown. She was very like the night-club hostess then and later, when she spread out her flock over the vast continent of her reception rooms—seeing that the few sons and daughters that had come with the older people were getting their dance music all right, and that there was not too much drink in that room; rounding up the most rowdy spirits into a little library; corralling the more genteel just as dexterously. All with the right circus-master quality, that jovial and animated assumption of good will to all men whose source one felt to be a hard and tried recognition that this was an occasion when bad will could not be turned into real money; very much as I remembered the hostess on the one occasion when I went to her club. And there was the same feeling that beneath the hard-and-tried recognition there was perhaps a layer where good will again was dominant; that she was brutal only because she had such a mountainously high and austere standard of reality, because hardly anything seemed to her important enough to need dealing with by mercy and love, though she would fully admit that that was how one should deal with affairs of valid importance.

After dinner her eye lay on us just for a second, and she immediately set us down by the three or four members of her party who could give George real pleasure—old men who had been prospectors and adventurers in the old West, when lakes were still bright with being unvisited and mountains had not lost that integrity of aspect which, as one may see in Switzerland, can be sacked from a place by the eyes of admirers. Of course he sat thralled while they yarned away, telling how they had seen life itself presenting that appearance of freshness, of clarity, of simplicity, which is what he likes; not being used and second-rate, which is what he almost ridiculously fears. None of these things had she thought of, but that is where she put my husband.

He was so thralled that when Nancy came back and stood resting against the door post he did not see her. She was a marvelous sight. The blue of her satin dress, though not the same blue as her eyes, seemed likewise to be coarse, for its own texture seemed more appropriate for thick china. A ribbon of silver lamé ran obliquely across her heavy bust, which was compressed into a roundness shaped like a bandbox. Her hair had been maltreated, according to a fashion the supersession of which she had not noticed in the hurry of her marriages and her business life, into a sandy festal fuzz. For a minute she did nothing but rest, leaning backward, breathing deeply; as well she might, for it must have been a good hour since she had sat us down and began to run about herself. Then her eyes came to me, traveled to George, saw him entranced, traveled through the open doorway to the rooms she had left, narrowing as if the noise were an obscurity through which they had to pierce, to see that the people were in one way or another as well held as he, and returned to me. There was a moment when she gauged the quality of my replying smile and made sure that I was not entranced as George was; that I did not so greatly want to stay with my group. Then she crooked her finger at me.

"I shoulda told you not to come when I heard this crowd was all headed for here," she murmured in my ear, "but I kinda wanted you to come. Not that they aren't a grand crowd," she added, cutting into my assurance that we were enjoying every minute, not so much from loyalty, I think, as because she believed them to be a grand crowd, and to her justice was everything. "And the whole bunch of them would do anything in the wide world for me—except one or two." Without haste, she corrected herself: "Two or three."

Her eye ran back through the doorway to a tall shock-headed man standing by the fireplace with his back to us, flicked off him, traveled through the archway to two fattish, baldish men who were sitting at a table laughing while a little blonde pretended to read their hands, flicked off them and came calmly back to me. It was like a bit of trick shooting, and I am certain that each time it was the bull's-eye that was hit.

If ever I hear that Nancy Sarle's fortunes have been leveled by the machinations of her enemies, I shall be tolerably sure that the conspirators are one tall shock-headed man and two fattish, baldish men.

Dropping her voice still lower she said, "Listen, I have some liquor upstairs in my room you might like. It's called Tokay. I bought it off a fellow who said he'd got it out of the Emperor of Austria's cellars, but maybe he was just talking. Come on up and see." Her gaze flashed to George. "I won't ask him to come along, because I wanna take off my shoes. Don't your feet hurt—ever? But they don't look as if they did. I'll get my body maid to hunt out an old pair and feed these I got on to the cows. They couldn't hurt them worse than they do me. We won't be missed. This crowd won't go to bed till God knows when. I'd better sit down and rest myself while the going's good."

Her hand lay on my arm lightly. She took a look round the room and saw that, indeed, the going was good, and the pressure grew heavier. We passed up the staircase, along corridors, in dusk hardly dispelled by lighting deliberately contrived to be archaic, past pictures, tapestries, pieces of old furniture, at which I cast a perturbed backward glance because it seemed so wrong that they should not have affixed some number or explanatory slip which would show that the museum was properly catalogued. Seen in this luxury to which they were irrelevant, they appeared as desolate as if one had perceived them in precisely the contrary circumstances, associated with destitution, standing in the rain outside some tenement during a removal. Her bedroom, curiously enough, made nothing like such a desolate impression because of various intrusions her personality had made on the eclectically prepared scene. For some reason the four-poster looked much more as if it could be slept in than it would have if there had not been beside it a large steel safe; and a roll-top desk seemed to hold at bay specters of a hovering custodian of tourists strolling behind red woolen ropes on their way from the Prince's Bedchamber to the Queen's Gallery.

There was an elderly woman in maid's dress doddering about who did not turn her head as we entered. Mrs. Sarle shouted as one only does at the very deaf: "Hi, Martha! Git me some other slippers. These hurt." And as the maid scuttled into a farther room she pushed forward a deep chair for me. She went to a massive cupboard, flung open its doors, rooted about among the shelves with mutters, came out with the right slim-shouldered bottle.

"I don't know whether it's the right stuff," she grumbled. "I guess these fellas fool us all the time about this kind of liquor."

She poured it out into a fine Waterford tumbler that was in the cupboard too. It was divinely the right stuff, and I told her so.

"I guess I'll have some myself," she said, poured out a second tumbler and took it over to another deep chair, facing the triple mirror on her dressing table. She switched the chair round till it faced me. "Haven't really drunk anything this evening. This sort of party isn't any use unless you keep kidding 'em along. . . . Oh, gosh, my feet—my feet!" With an exasperated movement she kicked her slippers off so that they somersaulted into the middle of the room, and wriggled her toes luxuriously. "Ah, that's better! And you're right this is good liquor."

The elderly maid doddered back, knelt with an air of pious devotion at her mistress' feet and began to fit a pair of slippers on her feet.

But Nancy yelled, "Aw, for the love of Mike!" And she sent them to join the other pair. "She's cuckoo—just plain cuckoo," she said to me. "Look at what she's brought me!"

They were black day shoes. I had noticed before that often very rich and important people, especially those who have consecrated their lives to the worship of efficiency, have for their most close attendants those who obviously must owe their appointment not to any merit whatsoever, but simply to the chance that they happened to present themselves for employment at a particular place, at a particular hour, with particular words on their lips, which were spoken in a particular way. That I have always found charming—a kind of sacrifice they make to the gods who have been displaced by efficiency, the gods one is born worshiping, of good luck and reciprocal benevolence; and the presence of the incompetent Martha in my robust friend's household was as touching as if I had found that she had retained her belief in Santa Claus.

"Martha," she shouted, "I can't wear black suède with all these doodads on! Go git me something gold or silver!" And as the door closed on the dodderer she complained comfortably, "All the trouble I had fitting those slippers in Paris, and when I turn round there isn't one of them I can use."

That reminded me of what I had, oddly enough, because of a kind of wholesome intoxication I derived from watching her sturdiness, tended to forget during the last few phases of our increasing intimacy. Nevertheless it was still what interested me most about her. While Martha returned and fitted on a pair of gold kid slippers and her mistress simultaneously patted and bullied her and told her to leave them by so that she could put them on after she had rested her feet, I thought out a new opening.

When we were alone I said meditatively: "I like this room. I like it very much. It reminds me of a room in my home in England, though it's a long time since I called it my home. You see, I didn't come straight to America from England. I lived in France first for quite a long time."

She asked, as I had known she would, what I had been doing in France. I told her. I mentioned the names of various people who had been associated with my life there. I mentioned Étienne de Sevenac.

She said, stopping me as I went on with other names, "Did you say Étienne de Sevenac?"

I answered, "I did."

"A fella rising fifty, with a white face and black hair—has an apartment up past that Are doing?"

I nodded, "Yes. Do you know him?"

(Continued on Page 109)



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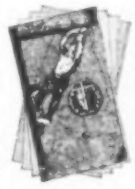


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(Continued from Page 107)

"I'll say I do! Well, what do you know about that!" she exclaimed with a full measure of that Western slowness. "Well, well, well! Fancy you knowing that fella!"

I was not quite sure, but I thought there was something odd about her confusion—something comfortable, something not really very confused. I was prepared for it when she uttered words for which I was totally unprepared, which nobody in the world who knew the situation would have imagined issuing from her lips; when she cozily settled back in her chair, gave a satisfied, reminiscent chuckle and said coyly:

"You know that fella nearly had me making a fool of myself. But I got out of it in time." She drew a deep breath. "Phew! I had a close shave!" Her laughter was pure contentment.

I gazed at her in incredulous wonder. "You know that fella nearly had me making a fool of myself. But I got out of it in time. Phew! I had a close shave!" How could that superb, barbaric act of vengeance, which, if one rose or sank to the pitch of committing it, would surely leave one crazed with pride or shame, make any human creature utter those words?

I stammered: "What do you mean? What happened?"

Mildly she answered, as one who thinks confession is good for the soul, and has in any case nothing very damaging to confess, and will enjoy a cozy chat with the confessor: "I don't mind telling you. It's all over now, but while it was on I nearly lost the dearest thing in the world to me. Lord, I was scared! For somehow I felt I had ta—— I guess I better tell you all about it from the beginning:

"Last summer I learned two things I hadn't known before. One was that when you're getting on in middle life you need to take vacations just like they say you do. And the other was that if you've gone and got yourself prominent, you can't take a vacation right here in America. Your executives won't quit bothering you. The way those boys think nothing of climbing the Rockies when you're trying to take a vacation on top of them is a great advertisement for the American spirit, but it makes it darned hard for the boss. So I sailed for Europe.

"One of our boys in the office worked out a swell trip for me. He traveled over there with his parents when he was a kid, being educated. Of course he's no good, got no punch; he's just a nice boy and we like having him round. He reckoned I oughta see London and Paris and Rome and Venice and Vienna. I guess I oughta, too, but I didn't. I went to Paris and I stayed there. I kinda liked Paris."

A dreaminess came into her eyes, and I think she retreated into the memory of a real romance, of one of those passions for places which can be every bit as sentimental as passions for people, since she hastily gathered round her her mantle of masculine *clichés*.

"Say, if all our cities situated on our rivers and the Great Lakes would do what Paris has done with its water front, the United States would be a very, very beautiful place." Then she went on:

Well, I had the grandest time, running around seeing all the old places and eating all that swell food and meeting up with my executives' wives who were over and seeing how they spent their husbands' money, and falling over folks I knew who had had the same idea of taking their vacation in Europe too, some of them folks I had known in Chicago and Denver and Seattle, when I was young. And I met one woman I'd known way back as long ago as I can remember. She was our minister's daughter and my mother used to go round and help out there when they had company. She'd married a guy who had some sort of business in Paris and he had died, and she still lives over there with her son and daughter. One day I went up to lunch at her apartment and this chap you spoke of just now was there, Étienne de Sevenac.

You know, I got him all wrong. I don't believe I ever got him straightened out completely, even at the end, but at the beginning I got him all wrong. You know that chap who acts and runs a club somewhere up by Carnegie Hall? That's the kinda chap I thought this Étienne de Sevenac was—an actor who ran a club. He had that same air of cashing in on himself. Nervous, he was, as if he just had to put himself over, as if he couldn't afford to be a flop. This girl and boy of Norrie Thompson's razzed him a bit because he was thirty years too old for them, and he kept butting in like he was one of them, and he minded. I was sorry for him like one is for actors.

Well, when the girl and boy razzed him, he made a bee line for me. I thought he must be a pretty good actor from the way he acted he'd fallen for me. How I figured it out was that Norrie had been going to this fella's club and hadn't as much sense as she used to have, and had been treating him like a friend and had spilled to him who I was and how much I had. She hadn't used to be that sort, but you never can tell as people get older. So I kept on kidding him along, and when he said he just couldn't live if he didn't take me back to the Ritz, why, I let him.

While I was saving his life this way he said the usual piece about how beautiful American women are, and I let him know right there that I wasn't one of those old women who fancy themselves as what they aren't. I told him I knew how I looked so darned well that I didn't go into the Ritz bar because of all the dolled-up cuties there. Though you could wait a long time before you found me not going anywhere I wanted to go for any reason on this earth. But he came right back by asking me to come to lunch with him the next day—and, gee, I had to go! That fella's technic was superb. I just had to go.

And I enjoyed myself. I hand it to that man every time—he certainly did know how to give a person a good time. He took me to some place right out in the Bois, and it was fine. It was a good day, and watching the women was fun, and I'll say Étienne knew how to order a lunch and how to make me feel good by saying little things all the time that didn't amount to much but were kinda encouraging. I waited for him to tell me about where he was acting and about his club, but he didn't utter a word. So I asked him straight out, and he came back at me with the bad news that he did nothing—absolutely nothing. Then he began to spill the names of an awful lot of titles and said that some of them were relations of his.

Well, then I thought I knew where I was. All these Europeans think we Americans are just mad about titles. I thought he was just one of these frauds who hang around and get hold of silly old women with a bit of money by pretending to be counts and marquises and all that, when half the time they are just cook boys and shoe shines. We had a very painful incident of that happen right near our concern—the wife of one of our presidents, a woman around fifty, who wanted to divorce her husband on account of a duke she met in Paris, who turned out to be a bell boy.

I said to myself, "I got your number," and every time he brought out a title I looked him straight in the eye. Not long enough to be rude, for I guessed this was his business, just as railways are mine—but just long enough to tell him that I knew.

The funny thing is that though he laughed back every time and seemed to know what I meant, that didn't clear him out. He just kept on hanging around. The next thing was that he had to take me to the theater. And by heck, he did! I hadn't a dog's chance of getting away. And, mind you, it was mighty fine going to the theater with him. He took me to a swell piece, with a good-looker in it who could sing and act like nobody we got over here, and he did it well. The whole evening went as smooth as oil.

So I started going around with him regular. I haven't ever met a man who managed things better than he did. And I kept things honest by giving him that look every now and then to show I was wise to it all, so that if he cared to waste his time, it was his fault not mine. And I figured that maybe when I left I'd hand him a tip on the stock market or something that could be turned into real money, for he had helped me to see Paris the way I wouldn't have done if I hadn't known him.

Well, the funny thing was that these titles started turning up as large as life. He kept on asking me to lunch and taking me to parties where everybody was the Prince of This and the Marquise of That and they called him cousin and uncle and what not. I thought at first they must be fakes and I gave him my look. I wonder now what he thought it meant. The queer thing is he always looked as if he understood it, used to laugh and pat my hand like he meant to reassure me. But then I saw that these were the genuine article, all right. They were too homely to be crooks. And I put one of my secretaries, who's quite a bright boy, on the job and he found out that they were all right, and that Étienne was all right, too, so far as family went.

I couldn't make sense of that at all. Then it struck me that maybe this chap hadn't any money of his own, and he'd gone his own way all his life, like they do over there, and had lost caste, and now he was finding it difficult to carry on that way and wanted to be respectable again, and thought he would find the comeback easier if he had a rich wife—meaning me. I thought that must be the way it was, for he just picked me up and threw me at these people, and he kept on trying to get me to doll myself up so they'd think I looked good. He took me to a swell dressmaker, who looked at me at first as if she'd been given the job of dressing Grant's Tomb, but made me some grand clothes. Not that it matters what I wear.

Then a thing happened that just knocked me silly. I haven't straightened all this out yet, you know. I just can't figure it out. One night he took me to a party that one of his aunts, a great big girl like a camel, was throwing in a kinda museum place on the other side of the river, with tapestries and those shiny kinda chandelier doodads hanging down like those things you see in a cave. It was fun to watch, but it was terribly late. I made up my mind I'd sleep an hour more in the morning—get up at nine instead of eight. So I told him to come round at one instead of twelve. He always came round just like a dawg, when you said.

Well, I had the deuce and all of work to do that morning. I had just told the boys to quit when they called up to say he was downstairs, so I doubled into my bedroom and fixed myself for lunch while he came up. When I got back into the sitting room he was looking at a model of a locomotive they'd sent me—a thing that just made me feel mad to look at, I was so sure it was the wrong type and not worth our experts' time fooling with it.

And he said to me, "You've been buying toys?"

I thought he was trying baby talk on me, and what with being mad about this locomotive and staying up so late the night before, I was feeling the oldest, meanest baby in the universe. So I was pretty short with him and told him what it was and that it made me sick.

And he said to me, "I don't understand. What have you to do with railways?"

I thought that this was more baby talk and I was ready to knock his nut off. And then I looked at him and saw he didn't know. He just did not know. He didn't know that I was the widow of Walter Sarle; he didn't know that I controlled the Southwest and West South. Well, if he didn't know that, how did he know that I was worth going after? I don't live so terribly rich. I haven't got jewels. I hadn't even got my own car. I was just living in a plain ordinary suite at the Ritz.

I was so flummoxed I gave him the information on a plate. I said, "Don't you know that Mr. Sarlé was president of the Southwest and West South Railway, and that I still potter about with the concern?"

He came right back at me. Laughing like he was saying nothing at all, he told me he was the foreign holder who bought Old Man Watkins' stock in the St. Louis and Los Angeles United in 1911.

Well, that just left me silly. He hadn't known how rich I was, so that made my idea of the poor aristocrat running after the millionairess look funny; and what made it look funnier still was that this bit of news meant that he was a darned wealthy man; not as wealthy as I am, but comfortable; and I knew enough about the kinda man he was to know that he wouldn't want to be wealthier.

Lemme tell ya something: The way people talk, you'd think that all rich people want to be richer. There's some that don't. If you get a fella that's never had to work, that's got his money from his father and he's a vain kinda chap, you'll find he won't lift his little finger to add to his fortune. If he did that it would be a kinda confession that maybe his fortune wasn't so swell, after all.

Well, Étienne's as vain as a peacock. And if he'd money, I knew he'd feel that way about it. And now he certainly had money. So he couldn't have been after my money at all.

Then what in heck was he after? I caught sight of some flowers he had sent me the day before—some very good looking roses they were—and I remember I went and bent over them as if the darned things could give me the low-down on what was worrying me. If Étienne wasn't after my money, what was he after? It must have been me. But I wasn't young. I wasn't dolled-up like the women he went with, I never had as much looks as a street car. So if it really was me he was after, it was kinda nice of him. I mean, he was giving me something for nothing. I got all embarrassed, and though I couldn't get a real kick out of it, because a fella like Etienne couldn't matter a hoot to me really, I kinda felt one oughtn't to throw anything away if it looks good, and this certainly looked good; and before I knew what I was doing, I found myself giving him the high sign that I had fallen for him too.

Gee, I wish I knew what it was all about! Because it turned out I had got it all wrong, and it nearly landed me into the darnedest foolishness. I feel all dizzy, like looking over a height, when I think of it.

Well, after that we took to going around like a coupla sweethearts. There was nothing wrong, of course—nothing wrong. And it was swell in a way. He sure did know how to give a woman a good time taking her around.

And I liked the feeling he had for me. I used to look at him and think to myself, "You poor, nice fool," and feel that I mustn't let him come to any harm. And there was another thing that was queer about it all: There's just one time in my life when I didn't feel rightly accountable for what I did and said, when I used to find myself acting up. That was when I was first with my second husband, Dwight King. I used to be like I was crazy sometimes then. If I felt sore about something mighty big, I'd shut my mouth on it and pick on him about something that couldn't have worried a cat. I used to pick on him for nothing at all so that we could have a scrap and make up. Kinda hysterical, we were. I had to divorce Dwight because I don't like going to bed at night without knowing whether the house is mortgaged or not, and for plumb silliness, at that. He wasn't any good. But I liked him. I liked him quite a lot.

Well, Étienne liked to act up like we were both hysterical—picking on each other and making up. And in a queer way, it was fine. It had the string on it that we didn't have to do it, which is what takes the fun out of golf for me. But it reminded me of the time when I did have to do it because Dwight made me so's I couldn't help it. It is a queer feeling, like going about all day wanting to sneeze and not being able to do it.

(Continued on Page 112)

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RADIANT WITH CHRISTMAS CHEER

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WAHL-EVERSHARP

(Continued from Page 109)

Oh, one way and another, he gave me a grand time in Paris, Étienne did. I had to stop over much longer than I had meant, because the Soviet Government offered us some work to do on the side, reorganizing railways in Siberia, and I had to see a whole lot of people to find out how much there was in it. But really it didn't seem so long.

Then I got news that made me feel like a dog whenever Étienne was around. They cabled me that Mary Martin was sick.

Now there's a whole long story behind that. You see the Southwest and West South, and the St. Louis and Los Angeles—that's the railway I'm interested in and the railway Étienne's interested in—are rivals. We love each other like a coupla wildcats. And the Southwest and the West South has had the St. Louis and Los Angeles killed stone-dead for a quarter of a century—if it hadn't been for Mary Martin. Gosh, the way I feel about that woman!

You see, my husband, Walter Sarle, started in business way back in the 70's with a fella from the same town called Tom Martin, and they went on from deal to deal until the early 90's, when they were going to do a merger between the Southwest and West South and the St. Louis and Los Angeles. But on the eve of the deal Walter found out that Tom was a crook and had been double-crossing him since the day they left their home town together. So there wasn't a merger, and Walter took the Southwest and West South and Tom took the St. Louis and Los Angeles and they never spoke again, except on public occasions, when they wanted to give the stock market a false hunch.

And, y'know, Walter was right. Tom Martin was a crook, and when he found he couldn't make a go of the St. Louis and Los Angeles and no one on God's earth could—Walter had the low-down on that and that's why he got Tom to take it when they unhitched—he tried all sorts of crook's games. And we knew all about them, and we could have killed the line dead twenty-five years ago if it hadn't been for Tom's wife, Mary. Lord, how I hate that woman! She was a toothache to me when she lived and she couldn't even die at the right time.

She was one of those professional good women, daughter of a Methodist minister in Illinois, wore her hair parted in the middle and brushed smooth. I never saw the woman, but I've seen her photograph till I could have cried because the condition of Walter's heart and his great age prevented me from dancing on it. Walter married me because I made him laugh, and I guess a few other ladies have been useful to him in other ways in the course of his life; but he put Mary Martin above us all. I guess men who have been pretty tough often do that. They get married with all the cuties clustering round them, and the women who've done real work for them, and they hang up the picture of a woman who isn't a cutie and who hasn't done any real work, and say, "Ah, that's the kind of woman I'm crazy about!" It's an alibi. Well, I was told from the start that we mustn't go after the St. Louis and Los Angeles until Mary Martin was dead. Tom had died back in 1915, but he didn't count. It was Mary whose faith in her dead husband mustn't be destroyed. Walter left a note in his will, begging me to respect his wishes in this matter.

Gee, how I cussed! But I got it all fixed to say go the minute she died. I had my folks at Washington ready to worry the Government with a true story of what those dirty grafters have been doing for years and bring the railway commission down on 'em like a cyclone; I'd politicians in every state that our lines cut through ready to squeal in the legislative assemblies with enough to put every president on the line in jail. I'd bought four newspapers in the West and the Middle West that would just tear the sky down with headlines. I'd got control of enough shares in the St. Louis and Los Angeles to dump on the market and start a panic. And they have nothing on us; not a thing that you call anything. And that darned woman would not die. She just celebrated birthday after birthday in her home in Indianapolis, sending messages to women's clubs attributing her great age to her not having done this or that thing that I'd bet my last cent she never had the chance to do. I hated her so I felt I was keeping her alive in my hatred like a kinda pickle. That's why all this hardly came into my mind when I spoke about the lines to Étienne. It never occurred to me that she wouldn't live to send a loving, tender, understanding message to my funeral.

Then they cabled she had pleurisy. Mind you, she was older than Walter. For a minute I was so glad I could have kissed the bell boy. Then I went all gone at the knees. What was to happen to Étienne if I put this thing over?

I tried all I could not to face it. I said, "That old Pollyanna will get better. The girls of Indianapolis, Terre Haute and other towns within the zone of her local group of women's clubs will get the low-down on the moral effect of rolled stockings on this September thirteenth same as any other." I hated her so much I knew her birthday. But the cables kept on getting worse and worse. She was making a good hard fight for it, considering how old a woman she was, but it wasn't going to be good enough.

So I sat down and tried to figure out how I could do as I wanted and not leave Étienne broke. And however long I sat and however hard I tried, there wasn't a thing in it. The big idea in the whole thing is that by shooting up the town, I should be able to buy the stock of the St. Louis and Los Angeles at rock-bottom prices after the panic and have the merger same as Walter had planned, but leave the Martin crowd flat. Well, I couldn't do it without cleaning out Étienne. It just couldn't happen any other way.

You see, this had to be kept secret. I've been a clam about it myself for years. There weren't above three people in our own organization who knew what I had been planning to do. The people I have in Washington and in the legislative assemblies, and the newspapers—they don't know what story they've got to spill; they just know they've got to spill a story when they are told. Otherwise the Martin crowd might —— But that doesn't matter. The point is that if I told Étienne what was on the way and gave him the tip to get rid of his stock, he would talk.

My Lord, how that baby did talk! His own age was the only thing he ever kept to himself. I used to listen to him by the hour, telling who'd been his sweetheart, and my blood would have run cold at the thought of how he'd tell about me some day if I hadn't known that it wasn't likely he'd ever meet a soul to whom my name meant a thing. And even if he didn't talk, the mere fact of his getting rid of his holding would have put people wise to the fact that there was something coming to the St. Louis and Los Angeles, particularly as we'd been seen about together. And I wanted those shares to fall sudden. I wanted the thing to crash down like a poleaxed steer in the stockyards. It had to be that way or maybe they'd come back at us. Étienne had to go down with the rest of 'em or I couldn't have my fun.

And that meant I couldn't have it. Believe me or not, I found I couldn't do it. If he felt about me the way he said he did, I couldn't sell him down the river.

Well, it all got perfectly terrible. The cables kept coming faster and faster and worse and worse. Mary's pleurisy turned to pneumonia. I should have dined with Étienne the night that cable came and I was in a cold sweat all the afternoon at having to face him. Then, mercifully, he sent a telegram to say he couldn't come. But I couldn't stand for anything more like that. I pushed off for Carlsbad the next day—to take a cure, I said. That'll tell you how bad I was, pushing off to a country with a name like Czecho-Slovakia when I should have been haring home to stand up to a deal. Sheer foolishness, it was.

And it wasn't any use. I kept on getting those cables in Carlsbad and thinking of Étienne. I used to go and take my waters at some awful hour in the morning, and go one of those beastly walks through those mangy firwoods that come out in restaurants like something you'd get the vet to come and see, and I would feel so hungry for my breakfast that I would think I would die. Then when I sat down in front of my cawfee and my ham I would just put my head in my hands and my elbows on the table and look at the darned things and groan. If he felt about me the way he said he did, I couldn't do it to him. And oh, Lordy, I wanted to do it! I wanted it more than I've ever wanted anything in my life.

I sicked on that bright boy I got as secretary I told you about to find out more about Étienne—if maybe he didn't want a rich wife, after all. And I got so frantic that I sat down and wrote a letter to Étienne asking if he did really feel about me the way he'd said he did. But he didn't answer, and the boy said that so far as he could reckon, Étienne couldn't want a rich wife or any other kind, because he had had a wife once who had divorced him, and it seems that in the kind of French society where he belonged they would have turned on him like a dawg if he had got married again.

Then I just seemed to lose control. I went kinda cuckoo. I used to see a man coming along one of these paths in the woods, or maybe having dinner across the room in the hotel, and I would think it was Étienne, though it wouldn't be a bit like him when one got near. He still didn't answer, and then I got a cable to say Mary Martin was sinking fast. I could have screamed the house down, because if he felt about me the way he said he did, I couldn't do what I wanted, and I just had to do it.

George—that's the secretary I've been talking about—wired to me to ask if he should say go the minute he got the cable to say she'd gone. And instead of answering, I put myself in the train and went back to Paris. I half hoped that Étienne's not answering might mean something funny, but then it mightn't. He had said something about going to the shore. I had to find out before I could do a thing. How I threshed about in that train, and it was as hot as Death Valley—and such a train—if you call it a train!

I wired George from Zurich to come and meet me, and there he was.

"She's dead," he said. "Do we say go?"

I just groaned. I said, "We say nothing at all till I've paid a call, and till then I'd be pleased if you'd describe with full detail how your aunt is enjoying her trip to Palestine with the Moravian Mission Sisters. And don't mention Mary Martin, and what's more, regard that as a rehearsal, for maybe we're never going to talk of her again. And tell the chauffeur not to drive to the Ritz—tell him to drive to where Monsieur de Sevenac lives."

"Why, Mrs. Sarle," says George, "aren't you going to have a bath and a bite to eat?"

"I've lost all interest in being clean, and I haven't eaten for days," I said. "Just you go on talking."

I was yammering when we went up that long avenoo by the Champs-Élysées. I tell you it would have broken my heart not to have gone for that gang of no-account crooks on the St. Louis and Los Angeles. But I couldn't do it if it was as he'd said. So when we had got to Étienne's apartment I just stampeded the elevator as if there was a fire and I hung onto his bell as if I was giving an alarm.

And then his butler wouldn't let me in. Can you imagine anything that would have made you madder? And I knew Étienne wasn't out, because if he had been, the butler would have made signs he wanted me to wait like he always did before. I argued with him the best way I knew how, seeing he didn't know any American and I don't know any French, and then it flashed across me that maybe he was keeping me out because Étienne had one of those sweethearts he was always talking about calling on him, and I'd give my eyeteeth to find out if he was, because if it were so, that would let me out. So I just doubled past him like a wildcat and was into the sitting room before he knew what had happened.

There wasn't any girl there. Étienne was there, all right, but he was alone. And when I saw him, something funny happened to me, like what happens to old people when they have a stroke, I guess. Remember, I had had a fortnight of this torture at Carlsbad alone, and I hadn't been taking my food, and I'd been cooking in that *wagon-lit* like a planked steak all across Europe. And I was up against the prospect of doing something that was as comfortable as cutting off my right hand. And now I'd got to hear him say whether I had to do that or not. I was so scared of hearing that I couldn't get my voice out, my sight went black, I had to hang onto some drapes there were on the doorway. I remember thinking before my sight went that he looked kinda scared.

I don't remember what I said exactly. I think I said, "Do you care for me or don't you?"

He answered something silly that didn't help, like: "What are you saying?"

It crossed my mind that wherever Mary Martin was, she would be laughing herself sick, for here was I tied up from doing the thing I most wanted in the whole wide world through going with just the kind of beau she warned the girls of Indianapolis and Terre Haute against. It came on that the sensible thing to do was to dash out of that apartment and bolt home and do what I wanted and not care a hoot what Étienne felt or didn't feel. But I had to be decent.

So I kinda moaned, "Do you really care for me like you said? Do you get me? I'm asking, do you really care for me?"

Then my eyes got better and I saw him clearly as he crossed the room toward me, and my heart nearly stopped right then, for I saw it was all right. He looked real ugly and he said something about not wanting me there, and I saw that his being with me had just been some kind of foolishness, and that whatever it was, it was over, and there wasn't a thing stood between me and the St. Louis and Los Angeles.

I could have gone down on my knees and prayed and shouted and sung, I was so happy. Then a kinda doubt came over me. It just couldn't be so perfect. Maybe he was just peeved because he hadn't expected me; maybe he'd come around and go back on it. So I had it out with him. I asked him a second time, and he said no, he didn't care a scrap, and he looked so mean I believed him. I guess it had all been foolishness of some sort, and some new foolishness had come and cut the old sort out.

I'd rather like to meet him again and find out what it was all about, but I don't suppose he'd be able to tell me himself; and anyway, he's probably sore at me. Anyway, I got it signed on the dotted line. He didn't care for me like he'd said he did, so I could go ahead. I just stood for a moment looking into the golden future. Then I remembered that George was downstairs and almost as eager as I was to say go. And I felt embarrassed being with Étienne, too, knowing that in ten days' time that poor baby wouldn't own more than his shirt.

So I made a get-away and I ran down to George. He said, "Why, Mrs. Sarle, you look a different woman!" And I felt it. I'd been all in when I went into that apartment, and when I came out I was able to go back to the Ritz and get the whole thing moving by midnight. And how it moved! There never has been any big operation of the size run so sweetly. Ten days and we had the St. Louis and Los Angeles just where we wanted 'em. That's what I'll be remembered for. And I was within a hairbreadth of losing it all and having that Mary Martin laughing at me through all eternity, just through being taken in by your friend Étienne de Sevenac!

"Well, well, well!" she said cozily, finishing her story. "I guess we're all fools once in our lives."

(Continued on Page 114)

Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup! What gives that cheery red color? Juicy tomatoes. That tempting savor? Spices. And that smooth richness, that full, round nourishing richness? Can it be cream? Yes, it *is* cream, rich cream. Tomatoes and spices and cream. What a wonderful combination for flavor! What a wonderful soup for dinner!



A friend of ours was visiting once in the country. Happening into the kitchen he found the cook busily making tomato soup for dinner.

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The Battle Creek Health Builder Keeps You Fit

(Continued from Page 112)

She turned to her triple mirror and began to powder her face and neck with a great puff, looking over her shoulder to ask, without shyness, with an air of disinterested curiosity, "You knowing the fella and all, can you believe it?"

"Knowing Étienne?" I murmured. "Oh, yes—oh, yes."

I told you, there is no conversation. It is an illusion. One human being cries out what it is feeling, another human being cries out what it is feeling. The cries get lost in the air. Neither is listening. Neither cares what the other is saying. Étienne, who thought he knew everything. Mrs. Sarle, who had reason to think she did. I was staggered with amazement, with amusement.

But Nancy Sarle had stiffened as she sat before the triple mirror, was holding her great puff in midair. And it was not her own reflection that had startled her.

Kindly, regretfully, she said to me, "Here, what've you been letting me say to you that's made you so blue?"

And for a millionth of a second, before the censor we all carry within us who respects society had pulled me together, I looked past her at a reflection that was my own and that was utterly desolate.

I told you that there was no conversation; that no one listens to what the other one says. But it appears that the intersilence of the universe is more profound even than this. It appears that even the different parts of the same person do not converse among themselves, do not succeed in learning from one another what are their desires and their intentions. The part of me that had had in hand the detective work on Nancy Sarle had pretended that it was taking all this trouble just for amusement.

As I have said, I adore strong feeling, having myself a heart that paints exquisitely but only in water colors. It shows how temperate I am, and how likely to have this dilettante passion for violent emotion that I should feel this cool, kind, amused interest in Étienne of all people in the world. For the very minute after I had seen myself in the mirror hunched in desolation, and had pulled myself together, I was presenting a picture shaped by the nicest feeling toward him. I was smiling sadly, because I had remembered a remark Étienne had made to me some years before—one of the first of many remarks he made to me that had sent a searchlight into the uncomprehended parts of his soul and shown them a desert.

"It always puts a woman at a disadvantage," he had said, "if when she reproaches you for not loving her you say very solemnly, 'My dear, I have always cared for you far more than you have cared for me.' She cannot possibly dispute that, you see, so she feels foolish, she flounders, she loses her bearings. One can make her cry then quite easily and it is all over."

Poor Étienne, he had paid so heavily for not having made this remark on the one occasion when it was more or less true! I smiled, because obviously that is funny, but sadly, because even a wolfish mechanism of cunning busy hungers has its right to pity, since it is human.

Yet what the mirror had first shown me was the truth. I was utterly desolate, because of a cry from my heart, which was not reasonable, and had not been understood by the rest of me, which is governed by reason. I have told you that I am happy with my husband and my daughters; that they live without cruelty and treacheries; that they are the inheritors of beautiful traditions and will themselves leave such as well as their bones to those that come after them. Yet I had opened my windows and was leaning out into the desert, where once I wandered for a long time and nearly met with death, almost as if I would like to wander there again—at least as if it were an important part of my life, of which I was anxious to receive news, to hear a reassurance, instead of a bad dream, an accident, something that I ought to forget as absolutely as I can.

I had pried into Nancy Sarle's story because I had believed that she had done what she did as a consequence of love, and I had longed for her to describe and justify that love so that it would sanctify my days in the desert. I had wanted her to tell me that she too had found it possible to love a cad. I had wanted her to disclose some detail, such as had not been apparent but must be latent in my own story, which would prove that it may be inevitable for a woman to love a cad. I had wanted her to lay something before me which I realized I had never ceased to seek, something which would make it right and reasonable that I should have spent ten years of my life with my first husband, who was Étienne de Sevenac, enduring unfathomable agony, sustained by unsurpassable pleasure, while I was overcome by a fatigue that seemed like the judgment of a third person, to which it was perhaps a weakness to submit; adding up with equal frenzy the reasons why I should leave him, the reasons why I should stay with him, until the same third person within me who was responsible for my fatigue presented me with ultimatum after ultimatum; that I filed in my brain as one sticks bills on the mantelpiece, knowing quite well that they must be ascending some scale of urgency, but not doing anything about them, until there came the one that had the finality and potency of a summons.

I had hoped to get from her some argument to prove that I am right in my feeling, which I never admit because it is a disloyalty to my present life, yet which makes my present life seem a disloyalty, that some circumstance connected with this anguished sacrifice of my best years to an empty man made all of it worth while. Insanely, I feel that there is a sanction for my being in that miserable and fruitless time, if I could only lay my hand on it, which transcends all the claims that I can make for myself because of these later years when I have been building up a tranquil home for people who are among the salt of the earth.

No, I am insaner than that. I know that it cannot be so. But I actually wish that it were so. I had been listening to her story as one who awaits a miracle. Yet what I said at the beginning was true. I have no feeling left whatsoever for Étienne de Sevenac. I do not even like him. I am so tired of him that when I see him I feel ill. I can only tolerate his society by studying the absurdities of his fight against age, which I can do quite easily without pity. Only ——

"I've made you blue!" murmured Nancy, and her eyes were less like coarse china because of their kind concern for me.

I rose and patted her on the broad, long, Sealyham satin back. "Nothing you could ever tell me could make me blue," I told her, "you're such a fine person."

In the mirror, our eyes met and smiled. I would have been happy, because she was such a good and sturdy terrier, even though she wriggled her toes into the gold slippers and was plainly about to become a hostess again and lead me back to her now whooping party below; if it had not been that one of my selves, which will not meet the others and talk things out, seemed to twitch at the moment of our smiling glance and to resolve that it would never let me like her as until then I had liked her, because it was not out of love but out of indifference that she had ruined Étienne, who, nevertheless, means nothing to me. I am sure he means nothing to me.

(THE END)



COMICS, NEW STYLE AND OLD

(Continued from Page 13)

A novel, I understand, is usually charted in all the main essentials before the author begins writing. What about the continued story of the comic strip—is it worked out in the same painstaking way? Well, answering for one person engaged in that line, I'll confess that it's the most happy-go-lucky, haphazard affair ever indexed under the title of stories. Boob McNutt, who appears on Sundays, and Bobo Baxter, who does his act once daily, meander through their trials and tribulations with no definite thought on my part as to what the end of it all is going to be. Plots have to take care of themselves, and anticlimaxes of their own solutions. Quite frankly, I have Boob and Bobo in situations at the present moment from which they will have to be extricated as best they can. I have no more idea what their destinies are to be than the most casual reader might have. It is intricate enough to put them through the immediate jumps without trying to figure out what they are going to do six months hence.

The *modus operandi* of an artist with a continued story on his hands may be described in a few words. His three essential characters—hero, heroine and villain—are badly scrambled in a series of episodes involving hairbreadth escapes, heartburnings and grotesque situations, all these adventures worked out in a serio-comic vein. For the next exploit, which goes into three or four panels if it is a daily and twelve if it is a Sunday feature, he has two main points to consider—the start and the finish. The story must be taken up where it was left off in the preceding installment and must be finished with a wallop of some kind. It makes no difference whether this climactic snapper is humorous or heart-rending; the point is that it must contain some element of interest to lead the reader on.

It takes possibly three or four weeks to carry the reader through one complete episode in Bobo's life, which means in terms of work for me eighteen or twenty-four strips, allowing six to a week. The nearest approach to a plot is the devising of a rough skeleton of the action of the episode and its locale. Let us say that Thornton Blake, the heavy villain, has kidnaped Ruth, Bobo's lady love. Naturally, Bobo has to rescue her in the good old heroic style, but exactly how he's going to do it, or when, is a matter to be determined by the vagaries of imagination. If enough live situations develop to prolong the agony, then it is Ruth's misfortune that she has to stay in the bad man's clutches for a fairly lengthy period; if the muse works poorly on this line, then Bobo and his sweetheart are reunited in short order. And at this point the next episode begins, to litter the path of love with more trouble. It is the irony of comic-art romance that it must travel a rocky road.

Read 'Em and Weep

Here again is a demonstration of the public's autocratic dictation regarding what shall be accepted as a humorous situation. In bygone years frustrated love was regarded as anything but a topic capable of producing merriment. Laura Jean Libbey, Bertha M. Clay and their literary sisters used to grind out pages of manuscript on this selfsame subject, but never with the idea of making their readers laugh. The habit of the young ladies and gentlemen of that time—and the old ladies and gentlemen, too, for that matter—was to feel terribly sad about the bad breaks the heroes and heroines used to experience in their love affairs. So revered was this institution, in fact, as a tear producer that anyone attempting to burlesque it would have been guilty of a peculiarly virulent form of sacrilege. But things have changed. What used to make us cry, now makes us laugh.

Yet nobody can contend that the present-day newspaper comic is essentially a laugh producer on its own account. In fact I've been wondering quite a bit recently whether there isn't some kind of movement on foot to reconstruct the comic strip into an out-and-out pathetic strip. It looks suspiciously as though we were headed straight toward a recrudescence of the tear, so strong is the current tendency to play up the heart-throb stuff. One can have no legitimate objection to this, provided it does not go out bearing the comic label. The only remedy I can see, if it keeps on going the way it is now, will be for newspapers to run two pages of these features, one under the heading of comics and the other under the heading of pathetics.

I had no idea of the way my profession was going until I returned home one evening recently and found Tom and George, my two sons, in tears.

"What's the matter?" I inquired. "Did you fall down?"

Tom pointed to the comic page of an evening paper spread out in front of him and his brother. "No, daddy," he sobbed. "This comic—it's just wonderful."

A Sad Time is Had by All

From the cross-questionings the boys have submitted me to at times, I have gathered the impression they thought I would be much funnier in my work if I went in more for pathos. I confess it is all a little confusing. In the new order of things, humor and sadness are so badly scrambled that it is hard to identify one from the other, even with a microscope.

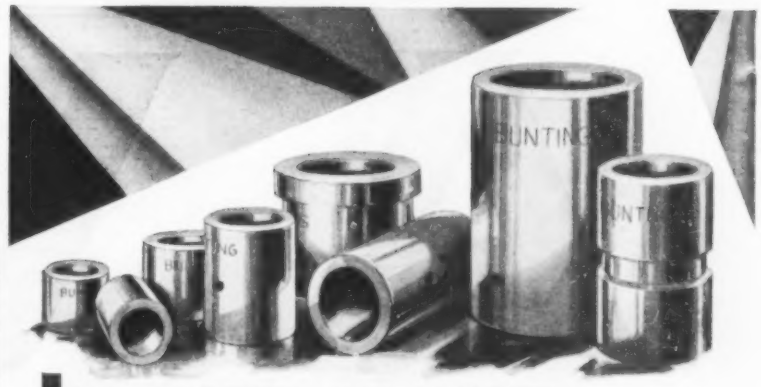
Several years ago, when the world was recovering from the horrors of war, and sorrow was still rampant, I heard the editor of a metropolitan newspaper address a small gathering of newspaper artists and dilate on the benefits they could confer on humanity in this period of suffering.

"The hour has struck for you fellows," was the way he put it. "The whole world is bowed in grief and needs a stimulant—something which will make it forget. Think of the opportunity the gods are offering you. Here is your one great chance to lighten the load of mankind—to make it see the brighter side of life and to free itself from the pall of gloom encompassing the entire universe."

Whereupon we scattered to our respective studios, thoroughly awakened to the heavy responsibilities thrust upon us, and made special efforts to impart more feeling to our work than ever. The results were rather astonishing. For the next six weeks some of

(Continued on Page 118)





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Auburn Automobile Co., Auburn, Indiana

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(Continued from Page 115)

our best-known comic strips teemed as they never had before with heart throbs. The editor's straight talk had been more than inspiring.

It seems to me that something has gone slightly wrong with the daily routine of our lives. On the way home from work we read the comic page of our favorite evening paper—and cry. After dinner we listen to a doleful ballad on the radio—and cry. Then we see a movie of a particularly heart-rending character—and cry some more. Where the laugh of the future is coming from is a matter requiring considerable elucidation. Maybe some big-hearted philanthropist will solve the problem by getting together a traveling exhibit of crutches. Or possibly the day will be saved for us by ma and pa putting on their skit of how to play bridge though married.

One quite distressing effect of the entrance of competitive business principles into this field which was so devoid of them just a few years ago has been for the comic to overshadow its creator. The market is so glutted nowadays and the reader so intent on keeping up with all the different series that he is losing track of which artist does which comic. And this, it is easy to see, is not exactly stimulating to one's vanity.

A few weeks ago I was playing in the Artists and Writers golf tournament on the beautiful links of the Rockwood Hall Club, at Tarrytown, New York. A member of the foursome was a well-known magazine writer, a chap I had met for the first time that day. While we were making the round, he suddenly turned to me and said, "What other strip do you do besides the Gumps?"

I explained to him that I didn't do the Gumps at all.

"Oh, of course, I know now," he apologized. "It's silly of me to have forgotten, when I've always been such an admirer of Bringing Up Father."

"I don't do that, either. George McManus does."

He laughed in a confused way. "Let's see—you do—you do ——"

"Boob McNutt."

"Sure, I knew it all the time."

Collaborating in Humor

He lied so graciously that when he announced he had made a birdie on the twelfth hole I felt a trifle suspicious. Yet my suspicions were not entirely due to the fact that he hadn't been able to identify me on the first guess. In ten years or more spent in removing divots from some of our best-known golf courses, I've reached the conclusion that no matter how honest a man may be otherwise the one place where he's most likely to go wrong is the golf links. It puzzles me what causes that.

In this present-day deluge of comic art the individuality of the artist is being lost and the personality of the character he creates is in the forefront. You can appreciate what a blow that is to some of us who have spent years in building up these pen-and-ink Frankensteins. Though the names of the better-known artists are still familiar to newspaper readers, the trouble is that comparatively few persons can associate any particular artist with any particular picture. A woman I met recently told me that she thought it was just wonderful that I could draw a full page of comic strips every day. There were six other names on the page in addition to mine, but she had not noticed them and was under the impression that I did the entire job. I explained to her that I had my hands more than full taking care of one.

The literary phase of the comic strip has become so important that we now find the remarkable situation of a writer and an artist collaborating on one feature. Two of the better-known strips turned out in this fashion are Ella Cinders, the pictorial story of a modern Cinderella, done by Charlie Plumb and Bill Councilman; and the Nebbs, written by Sol Hess and drawn by Carlson. Not only in theory, but actually, is it a fifty-fifty arrangement, for in strips of this kind it is as necessary that the story be cleverly done as it is for the art work to be well handled.

A side light on the value attached to the writing end of the comic strip is the fact that frequently the entire action hinges on the dialogue. In each of the four panels of the strip you will see the two characters who are carrying on the conversation standing in virtually the same position, with a change of facial expression as the only semblance of action. The kick is entirely in the words, and the writing partner in the collaboration is the fellow who has done the real work for that day.

Though the old-time props of the professional humorist have become rusty and useless in this era consecrated to a new brand of wise-cracking, there are some eccentricities of the human race which will still be good for a laugh on judgment day. After-dinner speaking stands high in the list of permanent survivors. After all the torture to which untold thousands have been put through listening to empty-headed gentlemen tear off reams of elocutionary nothings, and after the punishment the ancient order of jokesmiths has administered to this venerable foible of mankind, one is aghast that science seems to have found no cure for after-dinner speaking.

By all the precedents of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the poor sap who loves to warble his fellow diners into a state of acute dyspepsia should have become extinct years ago. The only possible explanation I have ever been able to find for their tenacious hold on life is that some secret and supernatural organization is undoubtedly at work in their behalf and that the agents of this invisible fraternity break up every movement which seeks to exterminate the universal pest.

The funniest of human traits to me is vanity. If there is as much as one person in the entire world who is 100 per cent free of this common malady, he has a good job waiting for him as the premier freak of all time. Yet the great majority of us think we are the single exception to the rule, which makes vanity just that much funnier, for any such delusion is in itself a form of it. I heard a well-known writer reprimanding his young son for telling a neighbor's brat, "My scooter is a thousand times better than yourn."

"Tut-tut, that's boasting," warned the literary gentleman; and then turning to me, he dilated at length on the general all-around excellence of his golf game, but without uttering a single tut-tut of self-warning.

When the Muses Sleep

Tell a friend about your wife's latest operation, and as soon as you have finished or perhaps before, he will come right back and tell you of a much worse hospital experience his own frau had. If your wife was under ether for two hours and ten minutes, his was on the operating table for three hours and forty minutes. When Irma returned from the hospital recently I made up my mind that the best way to avoid controversy on this popular subject for argument was to tell everybody that she was under ether for two weeks.

No impression is more mistaken than the popular one that a comic artist leads that ideal life which is supposed to be the lot of Mr. Reilly. Comic art is hard labor, beside which the stone crackers of Sing Sing, Joliet and other resorts have a sinecure. It is not so much the actual work of sketching in the figures in pencil and filling them out later in ink, but rather the daily drain upon your imagination. An artist is either capable or incapable of drawing funny lines. If capable, he does it automatically and without effort; if incapable, all the patience in the world won't loosen them up and make them what they should be. The drawing is the easiest part of it. Where the trouble comes in is in locating the idea. There is nothing quite so elusive as an idea. A will-o'-the-wisp is as stationary as a stubborn mule by comparison. I have pursued an idea for fourteen hours straight and never got any closer to it than Doc Cook did to the North Pole.

Men in a business office do eight hours of work and call it a day. I never know how long my workday is going to be. Sometimes it lasts for one hour and again it will run from eight o'clock in the morning until midnight, and then isn't finished. I believe it is the same with other men in my profession.

If the gods should be in joyous mood and hand us an idea when we sit down at the drawing board, the job may be finished before my sons, Tom and George, timing me, can say their Jack Robinson. But let the gods turn sour for some cause or other, and they can croon themselves to sleep, uttering Jack's name with me still sitting at the board no further advanced than when I started.

Paying His Own Royalty

Tom and George, incidentally, are ambitious to follow in daddy's footsteps. When I discovered the symptoms a few years ago I tried moral suasion to sidetrack them. Then I resorted to a little bulldozing, and after this, too, had failed I became reconciled and gave each of them a complete outfit of drawing paraphernalia. Why not? If a boy sets out to be an artist, there is no such thing as stopping him. Didn't I have a father who moved heaven and earth to prevent me from taking up art and don't I know what it is? Art is the one incurable malady from which youth can suffer, and it is not for me to try to give a remedy to the world.

I have letters from many boys—thousands of them—asking me what I think the chances are. All I can say in answer to that is that there has never been a standard by which the likelihood of success can be determined in advance. Some of our most highly paid comic-strip men, with incomes running from $50,000 to $100,000 a year and more, went along for years before they dropped into the groove which was to make them famous. I have in mind one man in particular who furnishes a striking illustration of this. He struggled along at a meager salary for twenty years or so, and then his stuff caught on in a tremendous way.

The continued story was his salvation. He was able to throw into it a lot of homely philosophy, the kind which appeals to every man and woman. And now his strip appears in many papers and he is reaping his long-delayed harvest. Our business is that way.

The first book of cartoons the publishers ever put out for me was a collection of the Foolish Question sketches. After it had been on the market for some weeks I stopped in a book store on lower Broadway and asked for a copy of it. The clerk hunted around and reported that they didn't have any in stock, but when I told him how good it was he said he'd ask the firm to order some. Three months later I called back and found that he had made good his promise.

"I'll take two of them; my kids think they're great," I said. And then, as an afterthought, I added: "I suppose you've had quite a number of calls for these books."

"Well, not so many," the clerk told me. "To tell the truth, this is only the second."

Moments With the Younger Matrons

"I THINK it's simply marvelous, my dear, the way those children are brought up to be so self-reliant and all. I mean, I think she deserves heaps of credit for the way she's brought them up, don't you?"

"My dear, I think it's positively amazing! I mean, she and her husband go 'way and leave them for weeks at a time and they get along perfectly well, my dear. Can you bear it?"

"Isn't it simply unbelievable, my dear? But I honestly feel frightfully sorry for the poor little things because I mean they are neglected, don't you think?"

"My dear, I think it's simply awful the way she neglects them!"

"So do I, my dear. I mean it's one thing to bring them up to look after themselves and all, my dear, but I mean that isn't any excuse for simply neglecting them the way she does. I mean, I'd be wild if I thought some responsible person wasn't with the children, my dear. Do you know what I mean?"

"So would I, my dear. I mean I've got the most wonderful nurse who knows far more than I do about my children and, my dear, they adore her. I mean, I think they'd loads rather be with her than with me, and of course I want them to be happy, so I never interfere."

"You're absolutely right, my dear. I've always said I'd never interfere, but I mean, Janet simply slays me the way she goes right off anywhere, anytime, leaving those little tots of hers to look after themselves because she says she doesn't want them to get attached to a nurse! I think it's simply ridic!"

"Well, my dear, you know how she is. She'd never for a minute admit she couldn't afford a nurse, but what makes me simply livid is that the children have to suffer for it! I mean, if she wasn't going places all the entire time and squandering her money needlessly just on pleasure and trav'ling and all, my dear, she might be able to afford a nurse to look after her children. Do you know what I mean?"

"My dear, I honestly don't think children mean anything to a woman of her type. Do you really think they do?"

"He's awfully nice, I think, don't you? John likes him so much."

"My dear, I think he's too attractive—I really do! Ed's just crazy about him, but have you met her?"

"Yes, my dear, I have!"

"Well, can you understand how he ever came to ——"

"My dear, it baffles me completely! I mean she just doesn't seem to be his class at all. Do you know what I mean?"

"That's it exactly, my dear. I mean, what on earth can a man as attractive as he is see in a girl of that type, I wonder?"

"I know, my dear; it's simply beyond me! I mean, I feel terribly sorry for her because I really think she tries to be nice and all, but she's just too impossible. Do you know what I mean?"

"Well, I've tried to be nice to her because Ed's so fond of him, but she's the limit, my dear! I mean, the things she says simply slay me!"

"And the way she dresses those poor infants, my dear! Actually I've never seen anything so pathetic!"

"Well, she's the most extravagant creature, my dear. She must spend simply scads of money on her clothes, because, I mean, whenever I see her she's always got a new dress or something."

"I know, my dear. Isn't it disgusting? My heart just goes out to those poor neglected little tots of hers, going round in those simply terrible clothes, while that fool of a mother goes gadding about all day dressed to kill. I mean, I think it's positively foul!"

"Why, my dear, I've never seen anything like it! She's never home! I mean I never go to the movies in the morning but she's always there, instead of home attending to her housework and children. I'm simply livid about it!"

"I think it must be terribly hard on him, my dear, but he's a perfect brick about it, because, I mean, he's so awfully loyal, sort of, to her. I mean you'd never suspect ——"

"I know, my dear, and I admire him terribly for it, because, I mean, I think you can see he sort of feels it—sort of—but he's just too loyal to her to ever let anybody suspect ——"

"But can you understand how he ever came to ——"

"My dear, it's simply beyond me!"

—*Lloyd Mayer.*

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Getting On in the World

They Look Cross-Eyed at Their Jobs

ROBINSON was standing by the desk of the employment manager as I came into the office. His application lay before the manager, who alternately studied it and questioned the man in the quiet gray suit. When the employment man spoke finally, and turned to me, it was merely to say: "That is all we can do today, Mr. Robinson. We will get in touch with you when we have a place for you."

As the applicant turned to go out I glanced curiously at his face. I don't know anything about character analysis, but the man's face appeared to be all it should be, if features are to be considered in hiring men. It was alert, intelligent and strong. The man himself had appeared poised and confident to me. But he will never work for the steel concern where my friend Davis is employment manager. Davis thinks Robinson is an unconscious malcontent, so he told me, and thus I became acquainted with a type of business employe old in existence but new in classification.

Robinson's application declared him to be thirty years old. It stated that he had a high-school and college education, and that over the preceding eleven years he had advanced from junior clerk in a wholesale hardware concern to a responsible, if minor, executive position in a progressive structural steel mill. But during these eleven years Robinson had held five positions, each for about the same length of time. And, apparently, there was no sound reason for his leaving any one of the five. In each he had worked for a time and then just petered out. Why? Possibly because he is what Davis thinks he is—a malcontent who does not realize it.

"The first time I ran across an employe of this temperament," said Davis, "was all of ten years ago. In our traffic department we employ thirty clerks. Few of the positions in this office are executive, but the department is a mighty important cog in our machine, and there is plenty of opportunity for advancement out of it. Every pound of material we ship is weighed, checked, rechecked and followed to its destination from this office."

Friction in the Machine

"There had been a couple of serious shipping mix-ups, and as I walked through the traffic office one morning I was impressed that there was something radically wrong with the working atmosphere. Offhand I couldn't tell just what it was, but the impression was vivid, and we began to check up in earnest. What do you suppose we found? The office, true enough, was doing three times the work it had done a few years back, but at the same time the percentage of errors committed had tripled. No question about it, everyone was letting down.

"It sounds easy to correct this condition. Just go in, give everyone a stiff talking to, and sit back for the good results. We did this all right, but the results were nil minus. Everyone promised improvement, and they went through the motions hard enough, but not hard enough to prevent cars of valuable merchant steel from going astray every week or so.

"We tried a general shake-up. Some of the newer men we sent to other departments, and some we let go entirely. Perhaps there was a little temporary betterment, but in a little while things were as bad, in fact a little worse, than they had ever been. Then I sat back and began really to think. The thinking ended by my having a private heart-to-heart talk with each one of the thirty people in the office. I did not invite them to carry tales, but I questioned them about a lot of things. And then, when the last interview was over, we summed up, and the result was that Robert Welles, chief clerk and oldest employe of the department, lost his job. In three months the department gained 50 per cent in efficiency.

"How did I know Welles was to blame? I didn't to a certainty, but I had a mighty shrewd suspicion after my talks with the other men. Welles was the soul of honor and his personal loyalty was as sound as the steel we make, but he had the unconscious faculty of instilling the virus of discontent into other employes. If, for example, the forms for recording out-car numbers were exhausted and a clerk asked Welles when a new supply would be in, the chief clerk's reply would have just that shade of inflection in it which would give the clerk the impression that no one outside of the traffic department cared whether it ever got any more forms. Welles' subordinate probably wouldn't get this impression in one such instance, perhaps not for several, but sooner or later the poison was injected, and then good-by to the man's loyalty and top-notch efficiency. Someone estimated after it was all over that Welles cost us, besides his salary, about $50,000 in five years. And he never realized it; he was an unconscious malcontent through and through."

A Thorough Housecleaning

"Let me explain a little more in detail just how Welles, through his unconscious mental attitude, cost us a lot of money. Go back to the clerk who asked him for more forms for recording car numbers.

"'They haven't seen fit to send us any more,' Welles tells him. It's the tone and the 'seen fit' in the remark which do the damage. The clerk thinks the remark over, he hears more like it quite often, and pretty soon he begins to believe that the heads of the company don't care very much what becomes of his department. This leads to the feeling that he and his fellows in the department are not very important, that the officials do not give them a thought, and the next step is for him to believe that he has no prospects of advancement. All without reason; but when did man want for a reason for discouragement?

"Once men get this sort of an idea in their heads their value drops toward zero. They become careless, lack interest, have no incentive. They dawdle through their work as easily as possible, and the result is as sloppy as the work.

"'I won't break my neck over this job; it won't get me anywhere,' sneers one who has been infected. He, in turn, spreads discontent, and the damage is done. Do you wonder that we feel that Welles, who started the fire of disloyalty, cost us thousands?

"I will not hire Robinson because I won't take a chance that he is all right. I judge from his application that he is a good man in his own work. But the indications of his mental make-up lead me to think that he may be a discontent breeder without realizing it. If I gave him a job it might be months before we found out definitely, and then it would take time and money to undo the damage caused. So I do not take the chance.

"After the traffic-department affair our general manager ordered a complete check-up made in all the offices, to see if we could uncover more malcontents, conscious or unconscious. We did not have to go into the operating end. Out there, where they work with their hands, the malcontents are self-evident. They are the knockers and kickers, and they are not hard to detect and weed out.

"This check-up on the offices gave me a few bad months, I'll admit, because I had employed nearly every man in them. And we found at least one man in nearly every department who was unconsciously injecting discontent and disloyalty into his fellows. There were a few who were avowedly dissatisfied with things as they were, but the great majority had no idea of the harm they were doing.

"The big surprise, however, came when we found that Morgan, the general manager's secretary assistant, was one of the most dangerous of the unconscious malcontent brood we uncovered. Morgan's attitude took a different form of expression than did Welles'. In almost every act that he did, every word he spoke, he managed to convey to his associates in the offices the impression that the executives of the plant were men apart, a sort of combination of scratch golfers and demigods, and that advancement to their posts was a superhuman thing to expect. Now, no American male likes to think that he cannot have anything in the wide world, provided he wants it and is willing to work for it, and this attitude on the part of the private secretary in time came to be reflected by a very definite sullenness in the other men. They gradually came to believe that there they were in our plant at just so much salary, and there they would remain without advancement.

"Morgan was a thoroughly capable individual himself. But those he came in contact with were losing ground for themselves and for us every day. He was paid $4800 a year, and seemed certain to reach a high post. We let him go, however. Had to do it. If he had been earning $48,000 it would not have been enough to balance the harm he was doing to others.

"The man we put in Morgan's place understood the situation in every phase, and it was only a few months before the atmosphere took on a change. He was asked to bend every effort to make every employe feel that the higher officials of the company were merely normal, sympathetic human beings, and that they made no claim to being better, greater or more wonderful than the men who were working in lesser positions."

Good Work and Bad Morale

"The new secretary could not, of course, talk this angle in so many words to his associates. They would have laughed at him and called it bunk. But by every indirect means possible he strove to create the proper impression, and it was not so very long before you could see that the men felt, as was true, that the officials were really proud of them and honestly interested in seeing them get ahead. This was no more than good business, because now that they saw the chance to go up they put more heart into their work and the interests of the company. So, in this way, we patched up some of the damaged ones.

"After we went all through the plant with a fine-tooth comb, we sat down and started to figure out just what we had discovered and how to avoid having to do it all over again from time to time.

"For one thing we found that usually, in fact almost invariably, the unconscious malcontent is a good worker. That is the one reason why he is not a commonly known type. Many times he is the best man in his group. As he sees it, he is loyal and he has no deliberate intention of undermining the loyalty of others. But that is exactly what he does do, and that is why he is so dangerous. He is a Typhoid Mary of business; he kills others before he realizes that anything is the matter with him.

"When we spoke to those we singled out as possessing this malignant faculty, to a man they denied it, and honestly. Some we were entirely unable to convince that they were trouble makers, and they went away feeling that the square deal had not

(Continued on Page 162)



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THE TWELFTH GENTLEMAN

(Continued from Page 40)

moved restlessly and converged in places into little masses of solid color. One of these was the Georgia cheering section; there were several hundred people at that end of the stadium; Georgia had sent a good delegation for their final game on this field. On the field the teams were running through their last few minutes of signal practice. Off to the left the sun was beginning to get near the peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains. He turned and looked behind him. On the wooden bleachers were the two or three thousand students in the cheering section, band in their midst and cheer leaders cavorting on the ground in front of them. Behind them a train coasted down the last straightaway before it would begin to climb toward the mountains. It was all very pretty and effective, but Spike had seen pretty and effective scenes before. He turned around and faced the field.

The teams were coming off. The bleachers behind him became silent in an instant and then the song started. He saw the colors in the stadium move in unison; everybody had his hat off and everybody was on his feet. Spike reached up and pulled off his cap. It was sort of funny the way the Georgia men in the stadium stood up and took their hats off and how their team stood silent in front of the players' bench across the field. The song was over and everybody sat down. A minute later a song came from the Georgia section. It was a different tune and there weren't as many men singing it, but they sang in the same deep-throated way. He looked behind him and saw the men in the bleachers standing with their hats off. He took his cap off again. So they stood up for each other's songs. He had a funny feeling in his throat and had to swallow it. Then it was over.

He went up to the team. "Watch that guy Harris," he said. "That's all." They started to go out on the field. "Wait a minute," Spike said. He felt like a fool. "Play straight," he said, "but play hard as hell."

It was the strangest game Spike had ever seen and Spike had seen some strange games. Neither team made a first down during the entire first half and at the end of the half the score was six to six. It was nothing but Harris and Sheppard. Both lines refused to give way an inch, both defenses were perfect and both teams kicked on the first or second down. Harris averaged five to ten yards better than Sheppard, but Jimmy made it up running them back. Georgia reached their thirty-yard line twice and Harris sent the ball over the bar forty-five yards from his toe. Sheppard ran one punt back to Georgia's thirty-yard line and then kicked from there; his second goal was made after Harris had made his first poor punt of the game. When the half ended Harris had an arm he carried stiffly and Sheppard was limping and nearly all in. When one went under, the other's team would win; that much was a foregone conclusion.

Spike told his team only two things during the intermission: "Get Harris" and "Protect Sheppard."

Georgia began hammering at the line early in the second half. Harris looked weak and they were giving him a rest. They carried the ball from their own twenty-yard line down the field for sixty-five yards before they were stopped. Then Spike's men knocked down a forward pass, nailed a runner behind the line and stopped a delayed pass and cross-buck five yards short of a first down. It had to be Harris. Harris fell back and kicked the goal.

After that it was the old story of Harris and Sheppard, only neither team got close enough for another try for a field goal until about the middle of the last quarter. Then Sheppard had the better of three exchanges of punts and ran Harris' last one close enough to put the ball over the bar on the next play. The bleachers stopped praying and yelled, and Spike made up his mind to be satisfied with a tie game.

There were about five minutes left. Georgia received. Harris punted and Sheppard returned it. The Georgia back was downed on Georgia's thirty-yard line. Georgia tried three passes from open formation and completed the third one for a twenty-yard gain. Two end runs and a plunge gave her another first down and another wide end run added ten more yards. That put the ball on the thirty-yard line. It looked like Harris would have another chance. The ball was near the sideline and Spike saw that they were going to sacrifice five yards if necessary to carry it to a spot in front of the goal posts.

The back started straight across the field, running toward where Spike was squatting on the sideline. Harris was keeping out of the interference, taking no chances of getting hurt. Then Spike saw his tackle, Jones, break through and go for the runner. Harris saw him, too, and threw himself into the interference. Harris and the tackle came together and Harris' injured arm swung stiffly and his half-closed hand struck Jones full in the face. Somebody else got the runner and the whistle blew.

The referee made straight for Harris and Spike saw him point to the bench. Spike wanted to jump up and down. With Harris out of the game they didn't have anybody to kick the goal. Then he saw Jones, his nose bleeding, arguing with the referee. Jimmy Sheppard got into the argument. Spike yelled and ran on the field.

"What's up?" Spike said to Jimmy.

"He's putting Harris out," Jimmy said.

"What for?"

"Slugging," the referee said.

"It was an accident," Jimmy said. "He told you that."

"I saw it," the referee said.

"So did I," Jones said. "It was an accident."

"Well," said the referee, "you can refuse the penalty, but the man goes out."

Spike didn't like the referee's looks. He was too hard-boiled. He ought to know those men were telling the truth and wouldn't slug anyway. Still, with Harris out ——

"What about it, coach?" Jimmy said. "Did you see it?"

"Yeah, I seen it," Spike said. "It was an accident." Then he bit his tongue.

"Listen," said the referee, "I'm running the game, not you. Out he goes and that's all there is to it. Now do you want the penalty or don't you?"

"No," said Jimmy. He turned to Harris. "I'm sorry, Harris," he said, "but I don't see what else we can do."

At that point Spike forgot that he was Spike Mehaffy. He forgot that this was a football game; it had become a contest between a stubborn referee and two guys he liked.

"I know what we can do," he said. He yelled toward the bench: "Taylor!" Taylor, a substitute back, came out. "Go in for Sheppard," Spike said. "There won't be any more kicking in this game."

Jimmy walked back to the bench with him and with him watched Georgia fail to kick the field goal. Then they watched Georgia go to pieces and lose ground until the ball was on their twenty-yard line.

Jimmy turned to Spike and said, "If I were in there I could kick that with my eyes shut." Spike didn't have time to answer, because just then the whistle blew.

v

HE LEFT the team and walked back to his apartment alone. The reaction had set in and he was trying to find some excuse for what he had done. He had been a fool to throw away a football game for a lot of fool ideas of sportsmanship put out by a lot of fools. The worst of it was that they probably wouldn't be a bit glad he had done it. They had wanted to win this game. Well, so had he. It had meant a job for him. He lay down on his bed and tried to find some excuse for it. He supposed it was that hard-boiled referee. He had got sore at him and jerked Sheppard out to get back at him. That was it. That must be it. He hadn't got to be a lousy gentleman yet.

After a while he got up and began packing his clothes. He'd leave on the first train. He'd seen enough of this place. He didn't know where he'd go; there wouldn't be any more coaching jobs and he couldn't play any more. He supposed he'd go back to the steel mill. He thought of what his old man would say.

As he was strapping his bag there was a knock on his door. He didn't say "Come in," but Doctor French came in anyway.

"You must have forgotten about our little dinner," said Doctor French, smiling pleasantly.

"Yeah, that's right," Spike said.

"You must come. The men are expecting you."

"Nothing doing. I got a train to catch."

"Well, let me take you to the station," Doctor French said.

"Never mind."

"Well ——" Doctor French shrugged. "At least, though, I may walk downstairs with you."

"I can't stop you from doing that."

Spike picked up his bag and walked down the hall to the steps and down the steps. Doctor French was behind him. At the bottom of the steps Jimmy Sheppard and Jones appeared from somewhere. One took each of Spike's arms and led him through a door into the dining room.

Spike jerked his arms away. "I got a train to catch," he said.

"We won't keep you a second," Jimmy said, grabbing his arm again.

Spike felt suddenly embarrassed and that kept him from turning around and walking out. He looked at the men at the long table. All his own team was there and the Georgia team, too; also Doctor Mason and Mr. Clarke and Moss, the Georgia coach. Jimmy and Jones led him to the head of the table and Doctor French went with him. Doctor French pounded on the table.

"This is rather reversing the usual order," Doctor French said, "but we'll have to have the speeches first, because Mr. Mehaffy has a train to catch."

"It leaves in ten minutes," Spike said.

"I only wish to say," said Doctor French, "that because of the unusual circumstances surrounding today's game, Mr. Moss has telephoned the athletic authorities at Georgia and received their assurance that their schedule will be arranged so that we will have a place on it next year, as we have had in the past."

Everybody clapped and Spike wondered if he was going to get credit for that. Then Doctor French went on: "I should also like, if he has time before he catches his train, to get Mr. Mehaffy's signature to a renewal of his contract for another year."

They all clapped louder and Doctor French looked at Spike, and Spike said "All right" in a funny tone. Then Doctor French sat down and Jimmy Sheppard got up and reached out his hand to Spike. There was something in his hand. Spike took it and looked at it. It was a gold football. He put it on the table.

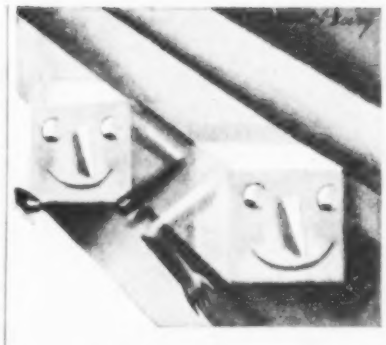
"Read it," Jimmy said.

Spike read the inscription: "To Spike Mehaffy, Coach." Under the word "Coach" was something else, brighter than the other writing, as though it might have been put there later. It was: "and Gentleman." Spike sat down.

"Speech," said Jimmy. Everybody else yelled "Speech!"

"Mr. Mehaffy has a train to catch," said Doctor French, smiling pleasantly.

"To hell with the train," Spike said. "Let's eat."



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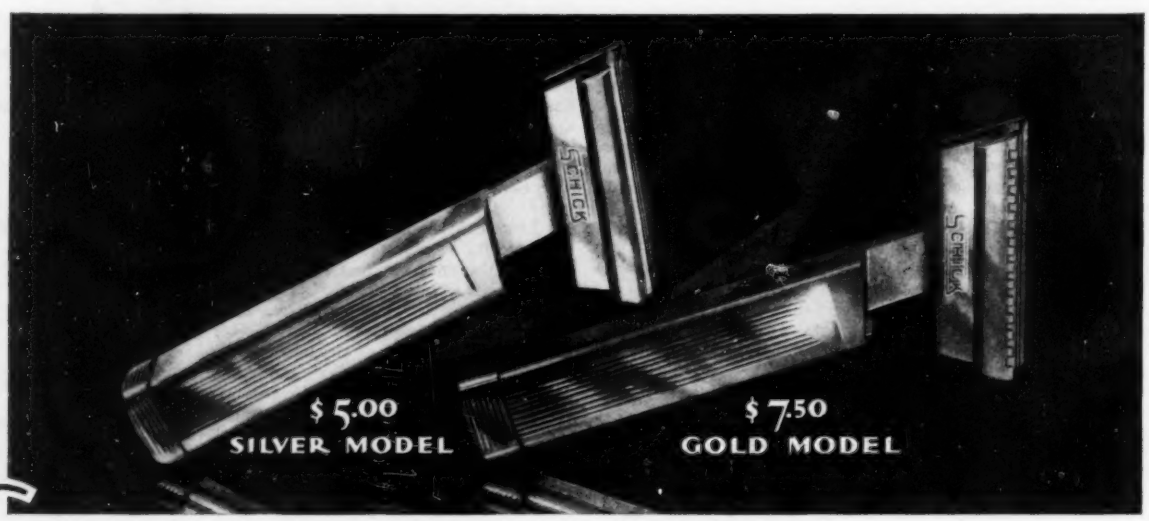
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Every Schick razor includes 20 blades. Extra clips of 20 blades cost 75c each. Prices slightly higher in Canada. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York. Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, N. B.



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1 These blades are superkeen, infinitely sharper
2 They load inside the razor handle, 20 in a clip
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5 Blades are changed in one second by a pull and a push of the plunger
6 Results: Marvelous shaves in half the time

A smooth shave, quick with a

Schick Repeating Razor

WAITERS

(Continued from Page 19)

chief of which are good food and environment, to say nothing of the all-necessary leisure in which to enjoy it. We have the food and the setting but do not always take the leisure. The European has cultivated the art of dining to a much greater extent than the American. Hence the Continental waiter, both in training and tradition, is all that can be desired. He is master of dining-room deportment.

The foreign waiter invariably responds to the mood of the diner. He has the profoundest respect for the gourmet and will go to every extent to gratify him regardless of financial compensation, as this little story will show.

For years I saw a dapper-looking old man every time I went to Voisin's, one of the most famous of the Parisian restaurants and the place, by the way, where the German Crown Prince purposed to dine on the first evening following the capture of the capital in the World War.

The old man arrived at the same hour every night, ordered a perfect dinner and a pint of vintage wine. He usually topped it off with a beautiful peach, which, like the chicken that usually preceded it, was the kind that only France can produce. The proprietor invariably greeted him on his entrance and every waiter in the establishment took a deep interest in everything that happened at this guest's table.

The whole performance interested me so much that I made some inquiry about the old gourmet. I discovered that he was a retired diplomat and had barely enough to live on. Like many of his kind, he made every sacrifice to indulge his appetite for the best that the world afforded. At ten o'clock in the morning he had the usual Continental breakfast of coffee and a roll. He spent the rest of the day storing up an appetite and anticipating the repast of the evening. His tip was probably under the usual 10 per cent allotment but I venture to say that no man in Paris got better service or food.

Although the temptation is strong to linger on the always alluring subject of French food and restaurants, we must not deviate from the main purpose of this article. The first question to be answered is: Who are the best waiters?

Some people labor under the delusion that clothes and a foreign accent make the waiter. The mere possession of a dress suit and a clean shirt is only an incidental. I have suffered from some well-groomed would-be waiters who were better fitted by nature and otherwise to be hodcarriers.

Hosts to Traveling Dollars

The truth of the matter is that waiter aptitude largely depends upon race and temperament. Each European national has certain qualities that fit him peculiarly for his service job. Since nearly everyone has a favorite waiter somewhere, he naturally thinks that if his chosen one happens to be Italian, the Italians lead the lot. In many respects they are not exceeded in efficiency by any other nationality, but because of emotion and impulse they require careful direction. They are perhaps the most temperamental of the whole craft.

The Swiss and the Germans are the exact reverse. Their inbred stolidity makes them impervious to the storms that beat so often about food. The Teuton, in particular, is amenable to discipline. Moreover, he is able to enforce it as well. This is why they make such desirable head waiters.

The Swiss, as most people know, are born hotel keepers; which means that they know every kink of the service game. Switzerland is a small country whose chief industries are tourists and cheese. Nearly every other person in the republic is connected in some way with these activities. From childhood they are trained to corral the traveling dollar. Out of the little land of glaciers and snowy peaks came César Ritz, perhaps the greatest hotel keeper of modern times, whose little-known life story will soon be unfolded.

The German—that is, the one trained in the so-called wine restaurant—is not surpassed in smartness of appearance by any European waiter. I use the phrase "wine restaurant" because in Germany there are two distinct types of restaurant. The high-class establishment is the *Weinstube*, where in the main only wine is served. In some of them you cannot buy a glass of lager at any price. It is simply not done, as the British say. The more numerous variety of eating place is the *Rathskeller*, where beer is the principal beverage served. The wine restaurant attracts the most select clientele and its waiters therefore are of a higher class.

The French waiter is in a class by himself, first of all because he has the premier advantage embodied in first-hand knowledge of the best food in the world. Behind him is the tradition of Savarin, king of epicures. He is inclined to be as temperamental as the Italian, but he has a better executive sense. He is, in consequence, an admirable staff organizer. There is many an unsung Foch of the dining room among the maîtres d'hôtel in the smart hotels of Paris, Nice, Monte Carlo and Biarritz.

The Dining-Room Captain

Except for family service the British do not measure up to their Continental colleagues as waiters. The English butler is probably the best anywhere, but he is not so well adapted to the fine art of table waiting as the French, German or Italian. Practically the whole dining-room and floor personnel in every big London hotel is made up entirely of foreigners.

This reference to floor service brings us to an interesting phase of the waiter business. If you eat often in your room in a European hotel you find that there is a distinct type of floor waiter. Unlike the American or the Briton, the Continental likes to dine in the privacy of his own apartment. He seldom goes out to breakfast. When he has guests for luncheon or dinner he prefers to entertain them in what for the moment happens to be the substitute for his home. Hence hotel keepers encourage room service. In most of the important hostelries it yields a larger income than the dining and grill rooms. The best waiters are assigned to the work.

The same applies to restaurants in most of the great capitals. Many Americans are surprised to find that some of the most renowned restaurants in Paris are small as compared with the ones back home. Many of the places whose names are household words would be lost in the dining room of any of our big hotels. The visitor marvels that they keep going. As with hotels, a considerable portion of their revenue comes from private rooms, called *cabinets particuliers*, which occupy the upper floors. The seasoned Continental diner-out who gives a party seldom thinks of exposing himself or his friends to the public gaze. He engages a *cabinet particulier*, where he is free from prying eyes.

It follows that floor and private-room waiters must not only be efficient but discreet. There is method in this much sought privacy. The Swiss, Germans and Austrians are peculiarly adapted for floor and kindred service because they will keep long hours and are not inclined to gossip. Their lips are sealed on endless social and political secrets.

The wine waiter, or *sommelier*, is distinctly a European product. With him we reach the first manifestation of dining-room ethics enforced in no country with greater rigidity than in France. This personage is precisely what the name implies. His is not only the exclusive prerogative of serving wine but, according to the code, he is entitled to a separate tip. Raw tourists seldom realize this fine distinction and ignore the man who pulls the cork. The passport to the *sommelier's* favor—and I now refer to the white-haired veterans—is your knowledge of wine. Once he finds out that you know something about vintages he is your friend forever. The solicitude with which he handles dust-covered bottles is surpassed only by a mother's affection for her first-born.

Speaking of ethics brings to mind what is little less than a form of dining-room tyranny. I refer to the rule of the European captain. In every high-class European restaurant the guest is required to give his order to a captain instead of the waiter who serves him. No matter how vigorously you may protest, this formality is observed. In the case of a big crowd it means that you are often obliged to delay your order because the waiter is forbidden to receive it. In the United States the mandate is more flexible.

I have gone into this question thoroughly. Whether it be London, Paris, Berlin or Rome the same rule is observed in large restaurants. My objection, and I am sure I voice the opinion of nearly every traveler, is that the system frequently makes for error. The captain is obliged to repeat the order to the waiter, who in turn takes it to the kitchen. It means filtering through two or three heads, frequently with disastrous results.

I do not contend that the captain is the vermiform appendix of the dining room. He has a definite place because, technically, he is the intermediary between the head waiter and the room staff. Each one is responsible for the service at a given number of tables. The point I want to emphasize is that an iron-clad formula interferes, so to speak, with direct communication between the guest and the waiter who handles his food.

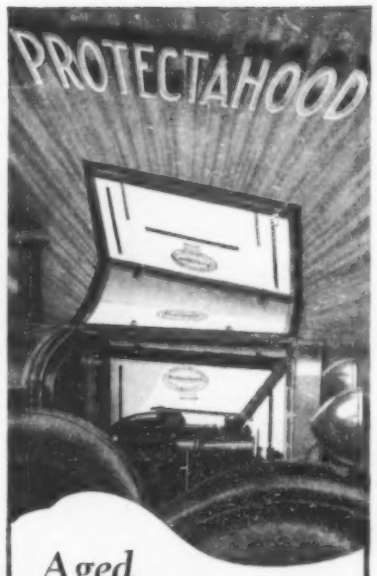
What I have written implies no prejudice against captains. An acquaintance with them is sometimes more valuable than contact with a prime minister, for they have their uses. They are, however, cogs in an inexorable system that frequently irritates and annoys. Waiters frequently shy at taking the captain job because pickings at the table are better, except in countries like France where there is a pool in which all the tips are placed. To become a captain, however, is to take a step toward command of the dining room and this, in turn, often leads to proprietorship.

In a German Brief Case

Right here it may be of interest to say that the hope of nearly every Continental waiter is to have a café or restaurant of his own, however humble. The British butler likewise dreams of the public house in the country where he will be lord and master. Both ambitions are realized in many cases.

The club waiter—that is, the waiter in a club—is not so much in evidence in Europe as in the United States. Save in London, which is a city of clubs, the European business man, especially the German, the French and the Austrian, prefers to go home for luncheon.

With the possible exception of Chile, Argentina and Brazil, individual food consumption is greater in Germany than in any other country. The Teuton is not content with one breakfast but must have a second one, usually about eleven o'clock. This is indulged in by everybody from street cleaner to banker. I have had conversations with outstanding financial and industrial figures interrupted at the sacred hour of the second breakfast by the arrival of a waiter with a tray of sandwiches or fruit. Apparently the Germans never stop eating, which explains, perhaps, why there are so many German waiters. When they are not hard at food they are drinking coffee in the innumerable cafés. If you look inside the leather brief case that nearly every German of high or low degree carries you will find



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The London club waiter becomes an institution, because only death divorces him from his job. He is always a Briton. If you return after an absence of twenty years you find the same old guard on duty. As with all British servants, they have a profound respect for caste and title. They can tell you the eccentricities of food and otherwise of peers, premiers and politicians. Smoking is forbidden in many London club dining rooms. Hence smoking-room waiters form a group apart. They know the kind of port and brandy that their patrons use and take a peculiar delight in always asking: "The same as usual, sir?"

One of the chief equipments of the European waiter is knowledge of languages. Failure to master them is one of the principal weaknesses of the American. The Yankee has a good alibi, however, because, save in our principal seaports, he is mainly called upon to serve English-speaking people. When a non-English functioning guest comes along there is usually a head waiter who can deal with him.

Listening in Many Tongues

On the Continent, except in out-of-the-way places where only the speech of the country is spoken, head waiters and most of their assistants not only know English but half a dozen other tongues. It is part of their stock in trade. Many American tourists with a smattering of French, German or Italian who try to make an impression with their linguistic accomplishments usually get the surprise of their lives by being answered in fluent English.

On the other hand you frequently run afoul a waiter in Europe who thinks he understands English and insists upon using it. As a result he gets your order all wrong. Full brother to him is what I call the hoverer, the waiter who hangs about the table, especially when the time comes to pay the bill. These two types, however, are seldom to be found in the smart restaurants.

Many waiters have an amazing gift for languages. Generally speaking, the prize assimilator of speech is the Russian, especially the Russian of the old school. Every well-bred Russian not only speaks fluent French but four or five other tongues. There is a curious affinity between the Slav and speech, and it is not altogether confined to non-stop talk. Oddly enough, persons in what is regarded as the lower class have this facility. In the hotel where I stayed in Constantinople was a fourteen-year-old Levantine page boy who spoke nine languages. When I asked him how he acquired them his laconic reply was: "I just picked them up here." In the welter of bloods in him there must have been a dash of Slav.

The European waiter knows his place better than any other, despite the attempts of garrulous Americans to make him their friend, philosopher and guide. One of the summer pests of Europe is the talkative tourist who not only tells the waiter all about himself but regales him with impressions of life and travel. I dwell on this in passing because the trained restaurant servant must be a good listener. Like facility in languages, it is part of his equipment.

Within the past six months the waiter in Europe, or rather the aspirant for high-class dining-room experience, has achieved a new international status through the system of student exchange waiterships established by England and France. Broadly interpreted, they represent a sort of Rhodes scholarship, although they are not endowed in any way. In a sense they may also be likened to the exchange college professorships initiated, if my memory serves me right, by the last of the German kaisers. His idea was the dissemination of Teutonic academic culture. The exchange waiterships aim at the culture of service.

The exchange waiter student on an official basis is one of the many results of the war. The great conflict which shook the world also dislocated a great many service opportunities, including the waiter's job.

Prior to 1914 England was the European happy hunting ground of the German waiter. Many had established themselves there, first to learn the language and later to engage in business on their own. The proprietor of one of the best-known London hotels was a German. You also found the German waiter in force throughout the provinces. During the war many a Teutonic hotel employe camouflaged himself as a Swiss.

The German was also plentiful in Italy and to a lesser degree in France. A certain Paris luxury hotel was not only a German possession but was almost exclusively German staffed. No less a personage than William Hohenzollern had proclaimed that he would occupy its royal suite when he entered the capital in triumph.

Not all the prewar waiter migration was confined to the Germans. You found English waiters in France, Belgium and Germany. Like their German confreres their original ambition was to acquire the speech of the country. Many French went to Britain for the same purpose.

When the war tocsin sounded thousands of waiters were called up for service in all the belligerent countries. Europe had the so-called dug-out in the dining room just as she had him in the uniformed ranks, because old-timers emerged from retirement. The best hotels were hard put for efficient personnel.

Many a waiter registered a heroic service on the battlefields of France or Flanders and was decorated by field marshals. When they went back to their jobs you would never guess from their humble demeanor today that they had been through the times that tried men's souls.

The war closed the door on the German waiter in France and England. After the Armistice those who had been interned were sent back home to swell the already big list of job seekers. When I went to Germany early in 1919 I was importuned by nearly every waiter who served me to try to get him into the United States. The country was dazed and in the depths. Tips, save from alien visitors, were scarce. War rancor still ran high in France, and the bars were up against Germans, except those who had definite commercial business. Italy was the one power that immediately relented, mainly because of the close economic relationship that existed between the two countries. Besides, Italian hatred was mainly directed against her hereditary foe, Austria.

Alien Workers Barred

Rigid alien laws were written into the statute books of the principal allied countries in 1920. No alien, for example, could land in the United Kingdom to engage in work without having a permit in writing for the engagement, issued to his employer by the Ministry of Labor. This hit everybody, including the French waiters who wanted to learn English.

It was a fifty-fifty proposition because France retaliated by keeping out the Englishman who wanted to master French. Before the war many British had jobs in France, and vice versa. Great hardship was now imposed upon those in both countries who wanted to resume their old employment.

The situation became so acute in 1923 that the first arrangement for student employes was effected by England and France. It allowed a limited number of young Frenchmen to work in British commercial houses. At the beginning, hotels, restaurants, banks, hospitals and hairdressing parlors were exempted because of the acute unemployment situation throughout the British Isles. This led to the kind of bootlegging in immigration such as exists today on our northern and southern borders. An international issue developed which caused hard feeling. The governments now took a hand.

(Continued on Page 128)

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GILBERT

GILBERT

CHOCOLATES

(Continued from Page 126)

At a conference held in Paris late in May of this year a formal exchange agreement covering the entry of exchange student employes or *stagiaires*, as the French call them, into Great Britain and France was signed. Under it the number of permits granted to student workers of each country did not exceed 250 for the period between July 1, 1928, and December 1, 1928. For 1929 and each succeeding year it will not be more than 500. The students will be allowed to follow all employments and professions with the exception of those in which the engagement of aliens is forbidden by law. Those who enter must be beginners in their work, under thirty years of age. They are allowed to remain for one year.

Special restrictions govern the admission of hotel, restaurant, hairdressing, bank and hospital employes. Hotel and restaurant students in Great Britain are restricted to 100 and in France to 50. The number of French student-waiter employes admitted into Great Britain for employment in hotels in the County of London shall never exceed two-thirds of the total number eligible for the whole of the kingdom.

While Britain has made no official arrangements with other Continental countries, the Ministry of Labor has agreed to allow Belgian, Swiss, German and other student-waiter employes to be admitted in numbers to be approved by the Ministry. No Americans have taken advantage of the arrangement so far as hotels and restaurants are concerned, but a few are to be found on London bank staffs. You can also find young Americans in some of the great international banking houses of Berlin and Frankfort. The German is perhaps the most thorough of all international bankers. To work in his establishment is a liberal education, especially in foreign exchange.

While waiters in France, Germany, Austria and Italy have the bulge on service, they lack the picturesqueness of their colleagues in other countries. The Hungarian, for example, is the prize patriot of the craft. He hands out national sentiment with the food. About him is a dash of the oriental due to the fact that you invade the East the moment you cross the border of the land of goulash.

Purveyors of Food and Espionage

The Bolshevik waiter is a study in familiarity which operates in several ways. He is familiar with most things except his work. To him everybody is *tovarish*—that is, comrade, and he treats them accordingly. The proletarian creed spurns evening clothes. Hence he usually wears a sort of dun-colored blouse which, like the black shirt of the Fascisti, is the laundryman's despair.

When I was last in Moscow the only habitable hotel for the foreigner, like other Soviet enterprises, was under rigid official regulation. Every letter and telegram was censored and all telephone calls were tapped.

Waiters in Russia are part of the widespread espionage service. They are instructed to report everything that they see and hear. Eventually their gleanings reach the Foreign Office. Even at that they are not bad servants although they are more inclined to sling food than serve it. When you come to the section about tips you will discover that they are amenable to at least one despised capitalistic function in that they do not spurn gratuities.

In some respects the Turk is as good a waiter as he is a fighting man and sometimes he combines both talents. When I crossed the Anatolian plain on the long journey to see Kemal Pasha at Angora I stopped at various inns which are called *hahns*. They resemble taverns in some oriental countries, because pack animals, which may include water buffaloes, are all parked in a sort of central court, while guests sleep in glorified shelves built around it. The atmosphere is not altogether fragrant. As a servitor the Turk is inclined to be brusque. Relationship with him usually admits of no argument. Before the rise of the Turkish republic most of the waiters in the Constantinople hotels were Greeks and Armenians. The former have practically been driven out of the country and their places taken by natives.

The average Japanese waiter is like the talkative tourist. Once he gets under way he becomes a long-distance conversationist. The reason is that he takes every possible opportunity for improving his English, and practices on the guest. This ambition applies to nearly every type of servant from hotel bellhops to shop clerks and porters, guards and conductors on trains. The inscrutability of the Nipponese goes by the board when it comes to a desire to learn a foreign tongue.

T. I. P.—To Insure Promptness

In sharp contrast in nearly every way is the Chinese boy. Although the word "boy" is invariably applied to the servant in China—it is also used in other Eastern countries and Africa as well—he may be anywhere from fifteen to sixty years of age. Whether cook or waiter, he is almost unrivaled in loyalty and capability of service. He may live in a home environment of unspeakable filth and degradation, but the moment he takes service he becomes sanitary. Once he becomes attached to you he never loses his devotion. During my stay in Peking I had a floor waiter who was the equal of any I have ever known. He brought his children to see me, but was wise enough not to mobilize his wives for inspection, because he had four.

Like some of his European fellows the Chinese waiter has an uncanny memory. This virtue may become a vice. When he finds out what you like to eat he will bring it automatically. It is part of a slavish literal mindedness that extends to everything. Tell a Chinaman that your water must be boiled and he will put mineral water out of a bottle, or ice, into the kettle!

The Chinese craftsman likewise develops curious kinks of literalness. A story which you hear everywhere in China bears on this point. It relates to an Englishman who sent a pair of patched trousers to a native tailor with instructions to make three pairs of the same size. All came back with patches on them. More myths have evolved around the Chinese than around any other waiters.

Out of the dust and din of the heart of Peking rises a vast caravansary not surpassed in size and service anywhere in the Far East. On one side is the Forbidden City and just beyond the road lies the Legation Quarter, where an epic story of defense was written during the Boxer uprising.

As most people know, the quarter was besieged by fanatical Chinese. The heroic garrison was reduced to the very last extremity when the relief columns arrived from Tientsin. Every messenger sent out by the beleaguered was captured and tortured except one Chinese lad, Wang by name, who carried the message rolled in a pellet under his tongue. He has been immortalized in various stories.

I lived in the hotel to which I have just referred. My table waiter in the main dining room was a magnificently built southern Chinaman called Wang. Like the floor waiter he was a model servant. One day a fellow guest told me that Wang was the messenger hero of the Boxer rebellion. This information invested him with peculiar interest for me, and his fees became larger. Before I left I found out that he was a distant relative of the famous Wang and was making mud pies in an obscure village when his kinsman carried the historic message.

The native waiter in India has some of the same qualities of efficiency and loyalty as the Chinese. Most of them are Mohammedans, because the Hindus have scruples about handling certain foods. The Filipino is a capable server, as many American householders have learned to their advantage. As a rule the unspoiled oriental has a profound reverence for caste. He therefore seldom gets "fresh."

My most amusing and also most irritating adventures with waiters were in Africa, particularly the Belgian Congo. When you traverse the jungle spaces you must make yourself absolutely independent of the country, which means that you carry your own food, bedding, medicine and all other equipment. Your cook is usually your waiter. You cannot engage a cook-waiter, however, without also hiring his wife. The near-primitive male is perfectly willing to wait on you but he will not serve himself. This explains why the wife is part of the retinue.

From the human-interest phase you now pass to what many regard as the inhuman aspect of the waiter business, namely the tip. No matter how the gratuity may be regulated, such as is the case in some European countries, the element of uncertainty persists. Fundamentally there is no reason for this state of mind because the 10 per cent standard is universal, whether it relates to the tip of the English-speaking lands, the *pourboire* of France, the *Trinkgeld* of Germany and Austria, the *mancia* of Italy, the *propina* of Spain, the *na-chai* of Russia, the *cumshaw* of China, the *backsheesh* of Egypt and India, or the *metabeesh* of a considerable portion of Africa.

What most people do not realize, perhaps, is that the tip in many Continental lands began as a gratuity to enable the servitor to get a drink of some kind. The word *pourboire*, for instance, means "for drink," while the *Trinkgeld*, translated literally, is "drink money." *Na-chai* is the equivalent of "for tea." Despite the old inroads of vodka, tea is the national beverage of Russia.

The origin of the word "tip," as we are now discussing it, is not without interest. As one story goes, the warning "To Insure Promptness" was placed on a box in the taprooms of the old English inns. Travelers took the hint, dropped fees for the servants into it, and went their way. In the course of time the phrase was contracted by using the first letter of each word, making "tip."

How Much is Enough?

A certain fear complex seems to obscure the tip issue everywhere. The patron too often stands in awe of the waiter in a big European restaurant and is afraid he will not give him enough. On the other hand, the recipient is in a kindred state of anxiety until he is paid. Each suspects the other of ulterior motive. Hence the reason why tips are not put on a definite business basis is that the human element interferes.

The nearest approach to the long elusive standardization of the tip is in Germany and Italy, especially the former. In every German establishment that serves food, whether de luxe hotel or humble beer room, 10 per cent is added for what is called *Bedienung*, or service. This system on a national scale grew out of the establishment of the republic late in 1918 when socialism became rampant. The waiter, like every other worker, asserted himself. Until 1920 domestic staffs practically ran the German hotels. One of their first steps was to enforce the percentage rule.

In Italy the percentage ranges from 10 to 20 per cent. You are also assessed on the same basis in some Polish and Austrian hotels. During the past two years a heavy tax has been imposed on hotel guests in France but it is not for actual service. It is measured by the price of rooms and is part of Poincaré's taxation program to add every possible franc to the national revenue.

No one would quarrel with the percentage system if it ended indiscriminate feeing. Like nearly everything else in this world it suffers abuse. As usual, the traveling American deranges the machinery. He gets the idea that the 10, 15, or 20 per cent assessment is part of his bill and tips in addition. The native, however, indulges in no such extravagance.

The real fault lies in the fact that when you pay the percentage you fee people

(Continued on Page 130)



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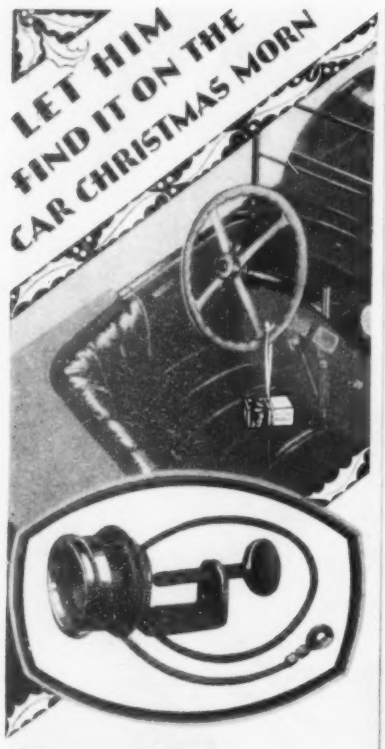


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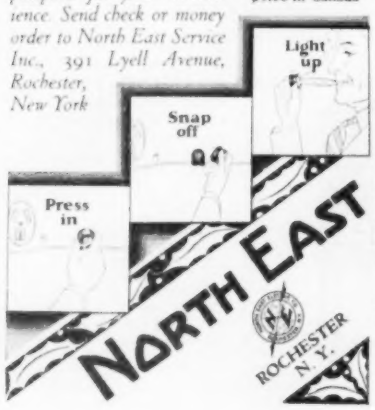
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(Continued from Page 128)

whom you never see and who, therefore, do not directly serve you. Both in Germany and Italy the addition to the bill is divided among the whole service staff from head waiter down to kitchen scullion. Thus tipping is deprived of its real compensation because it lacks personal contact.

American hotels have tried the tipless scheme and some of our states have even enacted laws against the tipping nuisance. Both of these efforts failed of their real purpose because to tip is a human instinct. Like valor, discretion should be the better part of it.

It is just as natural to receive as it is to give. All social and political creeds crumple in the face of this impulse as my experiences in Russia proved. According to the Soviet code a tip is an insult to the self-respecting proletarian. I discovered, however, that the Bolshevik has no objection to being insulted in this way, despite injunctions to the contrary.

Printed in three languages on the walls of my Moscow hotel bedroom was the admonition: "The staff of this hotel gets the full wage scale adopted by the union. The payment of tips is therefore forbidden." In every restaurant the following notice was posted: "The institution of tipping is abrogated. Whoever takes a tip is unworthy to be a member of the professional union." In a tea room that I frequented this sign was displayed: "Valuing your own worth do not take it away from others by giving them tips." Another read: "Tipping is a crime. Who gives a tip gives a bribe. Who accepts a tip receives a bribe."

The usual thing happened. Not only did every Bolshevik waiter accept the tips I offered but the principal waiter on my floor in Moscow came all the way in from the country on the Sunday I left to share in the general distribution. It was his day off but he did not want to be among the missing when the spoils were divided.

In large French hotels and restaurants the distribution of tips is highly organized. The ironclad rule is that all gratuities be put into a common fund and divided pro rata. This is called the *tronc* system. The word *tronc* means poor box but in many cases it becomes a rich box. Ordinarily the head waiter is custodian for the dining-room pool. Upstairs the chief of each floor service becomes keeper. Distribution is usually made every night after the day's work is finished, and is supervised by the maitre d'hôtel and three waiters.

Engineers of Taste and Comfort

It is a point of honor with French waiters to abide by this system, which is no respecter of rank. Dismissal is the penalty for infraction. For years a certain resplendent head waiter adorned the main dining room of one of the big Paris hotels. Last summer when I visited the establishment he was missing from his post. Upon inquiry I learned that he had been guilty of holding out fees. His colleagues brought him to book, notified the management, and he was dismissed. He will probably have considerable difficulty in getting another post.

One form of tip is peculiar to the United States. It is the tip on the stock market which has enabled many hotel and restaurant employes to realize considerable sums. The trouble is that like most other people who speculate on a shoe string they do not hang on to what they make. When the late James R. Keene and John W. Gates lived in New York caravansaries their favorite waiters cashed in on real inside Wall Street information. Frequently the plungers carried stocks for their servitors.

Sum up tipping and you find that, regardless of country, you will not go wrong if you adhere consistently to the 10 per cent formula. Helpful head waiters are entitled to extra gratuities. In places where there is no common fund tips frequently comprise the main source of income of the man who greets you at the dining-room door.

The golden capstone on this waiter structure is set with the stories of the men who rose from pantry boy to directorship or ownership of palatial hotels. Without exception each impressed his competency at the intermediate stage as a waiter. Because they were good waiters they became superior managers and proprietors.

Despite the fact that everybody eats, food and service—to use a business expression—must be sold, precisely like razors, socks, or motor cars. Men like César Ritz, George Boldt and Louis Sherry—I merely use three outstanding examples—would have been equally conspicuous in any other calling, because they had the inherent qualities that make for success. They happened to be engineers of taste and comfort.

Their primary asset was the ability to appraise people. The restaurant, like the department store, involves one of the most difficult of merchandising propositions. It runs the whole range of human nature, because all types and purses must be considered and reconciled. Every patron, whether he consumes a club sandwich or an elaborate course dinner, should be made to feel that he is that best of all advertisements, a satisfied customer. People want to be made to feel at ease and at home. The skillful restaurant salesman brings about this state of mind.

The Waiter's Ideal

On the hotel side the task is even more trying. Most people are fussy about their rooms. Exaction is therefore the middle name of guests innumerable. Boldt went to infinite trouble to make comfort pay. On one occasion he redecorated and refurnished an entire suite overnight to meet the requirements of a New York woman who wanted to escape from the annoyances and monotony of home environment. It was expensive but it clinched a permanent tenant.

It was Boldt—he began as oyster opener in a Herald Square restaurant—who proved that the one-time waiter could measure up with the shrewdest men of affairs. When the Waldorf, to which the Astoria was later added, was launched in the early 90's it was considered by New Yorkers to be too far uptown. Most of the famous hostelries were lower down. Boldt, however, had foresight in every direction. He knew, for instance, that a big hotel is invariably the center of a real-estate development. He bought a corner site three blocks farther up on Fifth Avenue for $1,000,000. His friends thought it a piece of folly. Boldt's judgment proved to be right, for in less than a year he sold the plot for twice its purchase price to a famous firm of jewelers. He afterwards said that he had this concern in mind when he acquired the property. At that time they were located in Union Square. He felt that they must inevitably follow the path of progress and move north.

People are so apt to associate the romance of self-made success with the Carnegies and the Schwabs that they overlook some interesting examples outside big finance and industry. Take the case of Ritz. Many believe that Ritz is a name attached to hotels, just like Bellevue, Carlton or Ambassador. But it is much more. It is the surname of a man who represents the ideal to which every ambitious waiter aspires the world over.

Ritz not only became the prince of hotel proprietors but added a word to the universal vocabulary. The word "ritz," or rather "ritzy," has come to mean something smart.

César Ritz was the son of a Swiss farmer. As a boy he shepherded goats on the Alpine crags. You can scarcely throw a stone in Switzerland without striking a hotel. It followed that the boy's first real job was as helper in a hotel kitchen. He was soon graduated into the waiter class and was given charge of a dining room in Geneva.

When he was thirty Ritz started a restaurant in Baden-Baden. From the beginning he exploited a remarkable memory. His debut as hotel proprietor was made when he bought the Minerva in Baden-Baden and converted it into a resort of the epicure. To it came princes, potentates and titled gentry. Ritz was a master of social distinctions. In the course of time kings became his patrons as well as his friends.

When he had amassed a stake Ritz realized his ambition to operate a luxury hotel in a great capital. The Savoy in London was the initial link in what has become the Ritz chain, now numbering nineteen hotels. Second was the Carlton. Ritz hotels are located in Paris, Madrid, Barcelona, New York, Montreal, Boston, Atlantic City, Naples, Rome, Evian, Buenos Aires, Mentone and Lucerne.

One of Ritz's many innovations is the dress now worn by assistant managers, clerks and cashiers in all high-class European hotels while on duty in the evening. He wanted an apparel that would distinguish the employe from the guest. He therefore devised a sort of open-face frock coat worn with a low white waistcoat and black tie.

Ritz died in 1913 but his name goes marching on. Each year it is bestowed upon a new hotel that becomes part of the system. His widow operates the Ritz in Paris and is the only member of the family who retains close connection with the business.

Ritz protégés or associates, all of whom worked their way up from the bottom, are conspicuous in the hotel business the world over.

They include Albert Keller, president of the New York subsidiary of the Ritz-Carlton corporation; Theodore Titze, managing director of The Madison in New York; W. Walter, manager of the Carlton in London, and Jacques Kramer, director of the Plaza Hotel in Buenos Aires.

This reference to the perpetuity of the Ritz name recalls the fact that in many cases a cognomen, long associated with good food, becomes a distinct asset. Ciro started as a pastry cook in Nice. Subsequently he opened a restaurant in Monte Carlo. The late James Gordon Bennett frequented it and gave him so much publicity in the Paris edition of the New York Herald that Ciro founded a place in the capital which still carries on. The same is true of Maxim, whose establishment in Rue Royale attained fame. Maxim has passed from the picture, yet the business still bears his name. A third name to be capitalized here and abroad after the original had died or retired, is that of the Delmonicos, who emerged from behind waiter aprons to become autocrats of food in New York.

A Boniface From Vermont

The only native-born American among the renowned restaurateurs whose name survived as a trade-mark was the late Louis Sherry. He was the son of a Vermont carpenter of French descent. After working as kitchen helper in a Montreal hotel he became bus boy at the old Brunswick in New York, where he was promoted to a waitership. At twenty-one, with his savings of $1300, he opened a small place of his own on Sixth Avenue in New York.

From this modest beginning developed the establishment at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street—it is now an office building—which was both restaurant and apartment hotel. The now extinct Four Hundred put the seal of approval on it, and most of their smart functions were given in its ballroom. Sherry retired some years before his death. His estate was valued at considerably more than $1,000,000. Frank Munsey bought his country place on Long Island. Sherry always attributed his success largely to a single maxim: "People do not want to have their food thrown at them." Good service was his fetish.

All the men that I have described—they have had counterparts in nearly every land—went Alexander Pope one better. They realized that "the proper study of mankind" is not only man but the inner man.



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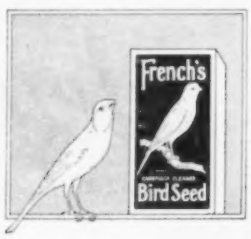
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THE PUNK BOSS

(Continued from Page 15)

kindergarten had joined the circus. "Haven't you noticed it?"

"Quit your kidding," answered the head bull man, and walked away. But that night he sought a certain place he knew about and left it only in time to very unsteadily catch the second section as it highballed out of town. There had been even more than a slowing up in the act. It was something deeper, something far more important which galled the soul of the elephant boss—the fact that old Phœbe herself had realized that her babies weren't what they ought to be and was unable to do one solitary thing about it.

The sojourn in the circus had formed the last battering ram by which they had beaten down her supremacy. It had all been wonderful to Phœbe at first—the crowds, the children crowding forth to pet her ten little darlings, the cooings of delight on the part of matronly women, the ejaculations in praise of ten cunning rascals who now formed the greater part of old Phœbe's life.

Any animal possesses a highly developed sense of egotism—elephants more than any other except dogs. Old Phœbe had basked in the adulation of humans, and while she had remained entranced, ten willful, headstrong, spoiled brats had basked also—and gained the idea that they could do as they pleased. Now they were doing it, and that afternoon the head bull man had heard old Phœbe blast and scold in vain as the punks went lethargically about their work, without accomplishing as much as a look in her direction. It was the end, the head bull man knew that. The demise perhaps might be drawn out for an agonizing while until the Old Man began to crab about the act or the equestrian director make a protest. And what would old Phœbe do then, poor thing? Back to Smoky and the long nights in the rain and mud; at eighty-seven she deserved better things. But the Great Amalgamated Circus was one where efficiency ruled in its every department. Old Phœbe had been a good work elephant. When she failed as a performer, back she'd go to labor again. At least, that's the way the bull boss figured. A few days later he was sure of it. So was the menagerie superintendent.

"Why don't you put a performin' elephant in there with them punks and let old Phœbe come back where she belongs?" asked Smoky, the lot superintendent.

"Who? Me?" parried the menagerie superintendent. "What's the matter with that act?"

"You got eyes, ain't you?" asked the lot superintendent, and walked on toward the equestrian director. "Why don't you take a look?"

But the menagerie head already had looked. The act was in the ring and old Phœbe, a startled appearance in her eyes, was at the exit, ringing her bell and blasting dolorously. Scattered about the ring were the ten baby elephants, defiant and mutinous, some in line and some not, others squealing in protest as the head bull man and his two assistants strove to force them to their place by the application of the bull hook, and still others, heads down, eyes rolling, which stood braced in rebellion until the three men, by sheer strength, forced them out of the ring.

All this time old Phœbe was chirruping and trumpeting, coaxing and pleading, without avail. The ten punks paid no more attention to her than if she did not exist—she whose poise and command was supposed to hold them to their duties even above the efforts of humans. After the matinée the superintendent held an important conference with the bull boss, far out at the edge of the circus lot.

"Smoky's started working on the Old Man," he announced.

"He ain't said nothin'?"

"The O. M.? No, he breaks his news all at once. But I can tell." Then the menagerie superintendent puffed for a long time at his cigar. "Guess we might as well make up our minds to it," he said finally. "When the O. M. turns loose, it'll be Katy bar the door. I guess you'd better start breaking in Trilby as an understudy."

"Trilby?" asked the bull man. "With her temper?"

"Seems like that's what they need. Phœbe's tried being decent to 'em. Doesn't seem to've got far. We'll take a bull this time that won't stand for their foolishness."

The bull boss shook his head. "They'll stampede on her sure," he argued. "There's agitators in that herd. Moko for one, and Babette and Forky—they've all got the Old Nick in 'em. Of course I don't say that they don't need firmness—understand that." There were beads of sweat on the boss bull man's forehead. "If old Phœbe'd turn in and show 'em who's boss, they'd stand for it. But for a new bull like Trilby, who's soured on the world anyway—we'll have elephants scattered all over the landscape. And take it from me, little or not, them punks can do some damage if they ever stampede."

"They'll stampede sooner or later with Phœbe, the way she's letting them rule the roost. So we might as well take the chance with Trilby. Start working 'em out with her in the morning. Might as well be ready."

"Oh, all right," said the boss bull man, and yanked at his cap. Then, after a long pause: "It's sure going to be hard on ole Phœbe, going back to pushin' wagons."

"Yeh, it sure will," said the menagerie superintendent.

"Tain't like she'd never been away. She's softened up a lot now."

"Still, Smoky wants her."

"Probably be all crippled up with rheumatism in another year—out in the rain and all that."

"Well, don't blame me for it!" snapped the menagerie superintendent suddenly, as he bit at his cigar. "I'm just as sorry about it as anybody. We've done everything we can, haven't we?"

They parted soon after that. The next morning, while old Phœbe lashed and stormed at her picket pin, ten little punks were led away from her and into the ring, where they were introduced to a surly, acidulous elephant personage known as Trilby. The dislike was mutual from the beginning.

"Got the right kind of a bull now," gloated Smoky, the lot superintendent, as he watched from a distance.

"As if you'd know!" muttered the boss bull man under his breath. "Yeh, a fine act! All the grace and cunning of a pair o' stilts!"

But the rehearsals went on, nevertheless, and as inexorably as went the rehearsals there progressed in the real performance a lassitude and disregard for discipline on the part of ten mischievous punks, which broke the heart of the boss bull man and disrupted old Phœbe entirely. Affection had carried her to a place where domination was impossible; she seemed to have lost the idea of it. Instead, she could only chirrup and bellow, squeal and plead, while the punks did their act or didn't do their act as they saw fit. And when the prodding of the bull hooks and the muttered cursing of the attendants grew objectionable, they ended the matter by scurrying beneath the voluminous cheesecloth skirts of their distracted foster parent, secure in the knowledge that overabundant mother love would swing to their protection at the first hint of danger. There were times when it brought much laughter from the audience, but it wasn't funny to the circus men. They knew that the line between comedy and tragedy, when elephants were concerned, was of extreme thinness.

At last the tornado broke. The head bull man had worn a worried expression ever since parade time. It was one of those sweltering days which come often to the valley of the Missouri River during the midmonth days of September; horses drooped their heads as they went about their labors, caged animals fought among themselves with the irritability of heat; every figure of the circus, human and beast, was under the spell of sweltering humidity. But the show must go on. Performers prepared extra resin that their hands might be made astringent against the risk of slippery trapeze and perch and bar; cork helmets appeared upon the heads of ticket takers and ballyhoo men; and in the steel arena, the trainers of jungle animals carried extra guns, loaded with real cartridges. Nowhere was there more fretfulness than among the punks.

"They ain't no sweet bunch o' vi'lets, take it from me," said the bull boss to the menagerie superintendent. "Lookit 'em, will you?"

At the picket line the ten little elephants were by no means adhering to the idea that heat should promote indolence. Here and there sporadic brawls broke out over a peanut or a wisp of hay. Others swayed and jerked at their bonds or chirruped fretfully. Still others, giving attention to the spectators, jerked the dainties from proffering hands with an abruptness almost vicious, while at the end of the line, old Phœbe, plainly distraught with heat and the actions of her brood, fussed and fumed like the proverbial hen—and like that hen, accomplished nothing. A chord in G sounded from the far-away band in the big top and the bull man straightened; it was time to dress the act. He called his assistants, then retired behind the hippopotamus den, where he took an exceptionally heavy swig from a flat bottle.

"Here goes nothin'," he announced to himself as he came forth, brushing an arm across his beady forehead. "Ain't I glad the Old Man don't get here till night? From the way them punks is actin', this is going to be one grand performance."

But it didn't even progress to the dignity of the performing ring. Almost the moment that the picket chains had been released, Moko, chosen agitator of the tiny herd, decided that the heat was sufficient without the addition of a dunce cap or ruff. He squealed. He twisted. He struck out with his small but vicious hoofs and sapped at his trainer with his tiny trunk. Soon Babette was doing the same, and Forky and Duke and Lucy and John, while extra bull men hurried forward; and the dressing of the act became a wrestling contest, old Phœbe blasting and chirruping in the background. Suddenly, with a bellow of rage, Moko broke loose from his captor and scurried beneath the form of his foster mother—his usual position in time of stress. Forky and Babette joined him; the bull men rushed forward.

"Out o' there!" shouted the elephant boss. "Yeh, an' you keep your trap shut, old Phœbe!"

Hooks made their appearance. The older elephant squealed and twisted with the pain of a hook, deep driven before she could make an effort to protect her babies. Again she whirled, this time dislodging the three offenders, and the trainers rushed toward their quarry. Moko took a hurried look about him; the forms of two men blocked his retreat to his usual position beneath old Phœbe's stomach. With a squeal of rage, he gave a peculiar bounding motion, broke past the men before him, and with a chirrup of command went forward. The nine others followed.

An instant later the circus performance halted. Ten little elephants, followed by almost as many men, the rear being brought up by a bellowing, frantic old female in a flapping picture hat and a green cheesecloth skirt, had burst through the connection. Across the rings they went, and then dived straight for an unoccupied portion of the blues, or general-admission seats, there

(Continued on Page 134)

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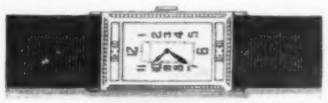
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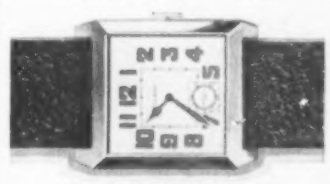
PRINCINE • 15 jewel movement; complete with flexible bracelet $29.75



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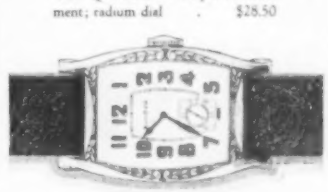
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L&N

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R·R

(Continued from Page 132)

to crash and scramble and trumpet and squeal until the whole personnel of the big top, ushers and performers included, had managed to surround them and force them out of the tent again. After the audience had quieted and returned to its seats from the clusters which had existed a short time before upon the topmost tiers, the official announcer broke the news that owing to the illness of a trainer there would be no baby-elephant act during the matinée performance. In a way, he was right. The head bull man was certainly ill at heart.

"If you had an ounce o' backbone!" he announced, as he took a kick at old Phœbe's shin. "If you had the spunk you was born with! Why didn't you sap them brats?"

"That won't do any good," said the menagerie superintendent as he came alongside. "She's out of the picture anyway. We can't risk anything like what just happened—not tonight, with the Old Man coming on."

The bull boss gulped. He had forgotten that for the moment. "Guess it's Trilby tonight, huh?" he asked. "Well, I don't know which is worse—this poor old sap or that fire eater. She'll probably beat 'em all to death."

"Maybe not, if we get 'em calmed down." Then the menagerie boss grew thoughtful. "Didn't we water our elephants at the river here last year when the city pipes broke?"

"Yeh—a big pool, just outside town."

"Thought this was the place. Get two or three of the boys and tail up this gang. Then take the bunch down and let 'em stay in that water until they cool off. Take old Phœbe with you."

"Won't need the boys, once I get 'em started," said the bull boss. "Besides, Smoky's yelling for help. I promised 'em to him till he gets the cook house off the lot."

"They'll get you started anyway. Then shoot 'em back."

Ten minutes later, ten little elephants, trunk to tail, the leader, Moko, hanging onto the heavy appendage of the distressed old Phœbe, moved off the circus lot and the head bull man waved a hand to his assistants.

"Go on back to Smoky," he commanded. "But come down to the river as soon's you're through. I might have some trouble gettin' this gang out of the water."

Then there was only the bull boss and his eleven elephants, padding through the soft dust of a hot road which skirted the little town, on the way to a big pool of the swirling Missouri, a mile and a half away. For a time the trainer watched his every elephant with anxious care, prodding one here, forcing another to a tighter hold as trunk slipped on tail; but after a while his vigilance gradually slackened. They were going somewhere, the hot dust was comforting to their feet, there was the solace of motion and for once the incompetent Phœbe and her rebellious brood were at peace.

The condition continued long after the town had been left behind. The herd wound its way through sycamore and walnut, sumac and papaw, at last to where a wide pool, cut out at some distant rampage of the cantankerous Missouri, presented a smooth expanse of milky dun water against the swift swirl of the main current, twisting and rapid and vicious, some hundred yards outward.

The elephants trumpeted at the sight of the water and moved with more speed, the bull boss trotting beside them, unprotesting. The hotter they were, the longer they'd stay in the water, and he wanted them cool by night. He even included Phœbe in that, in spite of his disgust with her. Old Phœbe would go back to bondage tonight, back to labors, back to the corns that used to grow on her big feet and the calluses which now had disappeared from the humps above her eyes. Tonight her station would change; she would be a work bull again, at the beck and call of every lazy teamster who'd rather see an elephant do the work than his horses. Tonight was the end, and the bull man had dreamed of glory for old Phœbe—glory and applause, and a soft, easy, happy-go-lucky life in her old age.

"Well, here's to you, ole gal," he said mournfully as he reached for his hip pocket.

Old Phœbe did not answer the toast, except with a delighted shimmy as she and her ten recalcitrant punks took to the water, contenting themselves for the moment by merely standing at the edge of the pool and giving themselves shower baths by means of their trunks. The head bull man took another mournful swig and looked about for the shade of a tree. It was hot down here by the river.

A heavily-foliaged sycamore was close; he sank to the ground and leaned against it. Then, since the bottle hurt in his hip pocket, he removed it and took another gulp to the demise of old Phœbe. After a while his head drooped.

It was the thrashing about and frantic trumpeting of old Phœbe which awakened him. She was some hundred feet from shore, throwing water like a stern wheeler, squawking and squealing and trumpeting betimes, while more than three hundred feet farther on, out where the current of the treacherous Missouri swirled and dangerous eddies tossed them about like little balloons, were ten black smudges!

"Oh, you fool! You old sap-headed fool!" shouted the head bull man as he came to his feet. "You let 'em get away from you!" Wildly, in his nervousness, he reached to the ground and grasped the half full bottle which lay there. He yanked out the cork and raised the flask—only to halt, and with a sudden change of mind, throw it the full extent of his strength. "You got me into this!" he shouted belligerently after it, then turned again to cussing old Phœbe.

But that could accomplish little. Nothing could accomplish much now, it seemed. Plainly the ten little punks, taking things their own way, as was their habit, had edged gradually out in the pool without old Phœbe giving much remonstrance. Then one of them—Moko, probably—had hit the current, and becoming panic-stricken, had begun to fight it instead of allowing it to throw him back into still water again. The others had followed.

Now, strung out for more than a hundred yards up and down the dangerous river, was some fifty thousand dollars' worth of baby elephants, fighting for their lives and in danger of losing the struggle. Each was headed upstream, swimming to the limit of its strength against the eddying water, each using its every muscle to battle a thing which could only cause it trouble. For the current was working them outward, gradually outward. The head bull man could see that they were now nearing the crest of the river's strength; there they would be held until their strength failed and drowning follow inexorably. And while all this was happening old Phœbe splashed water in the pool, ran here and there in the shallows, bellowed, squealed—and accomplished nothing.

But neither could the bull boss do anything, for that matter. He thought of a boat, but he didn't know where there was one or what he could do with it if he got it. He looked vainly about for his assistants, knowing well that they would not appear for more than an hour. He needed help, and help badly. Perhaps in town there might be motorboats and men to man them. Only with these, he knew, could the work of rescue be done swiftly enough to save a circus act busily engaged in trying to drown itself. Town was a half hour away. The bull man swung into a sudden trot, only to halt. A new note had come into the calls of old Phœbe—a different note, a note which the bull boss had hoped for in vain all these months. Old Phœbe was trumpeting her loudest now, and in that call was the fierceness of exasperated command.

Fear had done what nothing else had been able to accomplish. Now the anger of an outraged mother, seeing her offspring deliberately throw itself into the danger of death, had become uppermost. Belly-deep

(Continued on Page 137)

A $2100 Debate

"That's what it cost us to learn the facts about anti-freeze solutions"

NOTE TO READERS

In the hope that it may save other operators of buses and trucks some money, a large motor transportation company has courteously allowed us to tell of their last winter's experience with anti-freeze solutions. For obvious reasons they have requested that we do not use their name.

THE Superintendent of Equipment and the Purchasing Agent disagreed. The Superintendent had always used Denatured Alcohol as an anti-freeze in the company's buses. It had always been reliable and economical. He didn't see any reason to change.

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But the victory cost money—$2100 to be exact.

For after this new preparation had been used for three months in the bus cooling systems, trouble developed. At the main garage the Master Mechanic in charge detected the buses were losing power and overheating.

Thirty-five buses were damaged and the total cost of replacing cylinder head gaskets and hoses and cleaning out the cooling systems amounted to $1600. Add to that the $500 which the anti-freeze preparation itself cost and the total bill was $2100.

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(Continued from Page 134)

in water, she suddenly ceased her thrashing, except for tiny geysers beside each leg, which told of angry stamping. Her ears were wide, her trunk high. The head bull man had seen more than one herd queen aligned thus while blocking the attack of elephants a dozen times her strength.

But out there in the current, ten panicky youngsters either did not hear or could not heed. They continued to swim, breast against the current, pink mouths open and gasping, now and then to be sucked into eddies, whirled about and thrown farther into the river, each fighting frantically and uselessly.

Again the bull man began to run and again paused. Sounds of trumpeting had halted. Now a great black bulbous thing was plowing through the water with a speed conceivable only to one who knows elephants, head up, trunk arched, swimming to the upper end of the pool, then cutting far upstream, fifty feet out of her course, it seemed, in a diagonal route ahead of the first youngster. And the head bull man, with this new development before him, could only stand and watch.

As for old Phœbe, impotency had ceased. The limit had been reached; others had threatened her youngsters and she had protected them; fatuous love had made her do that and made her also submit to a thousand mounting indignities. But when they of their own free will invaded the provinces of death and refused to respond to her warnings ——

A constant grunting came from her big throat, indicative of her struggles and of her choler. Now she struck the current and sent heavier impulses into her great legs; an elephant is built for swimming. The eddies and whirlpools faced her and she accepted their challenge, surging through them with bursts of speed which shot her across them before they could catch her heavy body in their twisting embrace. Onward she went, and at last trumpeted. The first punk, Moko, was only twenty yards away.

A faint squeal answered her call—of fear, of pleading. Old Phœbe did not answer. More whirlpools were ahead; again there was only that grunting and faint grinding of heavy skin, as she broke against them, hesitated for an instant and plunged on. A long minute passed, while the bull man, poised to renew his journey, waited and watched. Another went by. Then he sighed and jammed his hands into his pockets. Maybe there wouldn't be need for boats after all.

The distance to Moko had been accomplished. Again old Phœbe trumpeted and, with a call of command, turned down current. The frightened punk, its every effort centered upon keeping afloat, squealed excitedly and continued to swim upstream. A blast echoed from old Phœbe's throat. She whirled. Again she breasted the current, slashing through it to a position ahead of the excited baby. Then once more she circled, and this time as she did so, her trunk raised and fell with a walloping whack that echoed even to the ears of the bull man.

"Hit 'im again!" came from the river bank. But old Phœbe was in need of no encouragement. Again she whacked the punk and with a twist of her trunk swung him about. Then her great head lowered, even into the stream. She caught the baby elephant with the uprise, lifting him his height out of the water. A splash and he hit the current, headed downstream. With old Phœbe behind him, he continued the direction.

Babette was farther out in the current. Again a call came from old Phœbe and she left Moko to swing far out, slash and bang and threaten the second baby until at last it also turned and began an angling course toward shore. Then a third and a fourth and fifth and sixth; swiftly, deftly, with threats and with blows, she herded them closer to one another; the remaining elephants, with an example before them, turned of their own accord. Soon eleven elephants were swimming diagonally toward the haven of the river bank, with the current aiding them instead of hindering, as farther and farther they were carried downstream, past the pool, past the bluff which followed, past even the long field which ran interminably, it seemed to the bull man, making his hot and excited way across it as he followed the course of the beasts in the river.

The battle was not over—he could see that. Again and again the eddies caught the small members of the swimming band, turning them dizzily about, until the outstretched trunk of old Phœbe should yank them forth and start them on their way again. Here and there a black smudge would sink for an instant, and the bull man's heart with it. But again that heavy trunk would wind forth to rescue and to support a weakened member to resuscitation. Now they were out of the main current and turning swiftly to shore. Finally, from the field, the head bull man saw the heavy back of old Phœbe rise as if in shallow water. He began to run then. But five minutes later he halted.

They were on a sand bar at the river's edge, ten squealing, frightened, dodging punks and an outraged mother. Vainly they twisted and squirmed. They were weak and she was strong; there was no escape from the flailing trunk which took them one after another, basting them from one end of the sand bar to another, while scolding, outraged blasts echoed from old Phœbe's throat and the beating went on remorselessly. At last she herded them to a high cut bank, the ten of them, shaking, cowering in fright. She paraded before them. She ran her trunk along the ground and emitted huge outpourings of air which sent the sand flying like dust before a heavy wind. Then, doubling again in her rage, she bunched her muscles and plowed into the whole bunch of them, catching every member for at least a stunning rap before they could evade her. Then, as they huddled once more, a cheery being slid down the bank, calling cajoling words, and running to old Phœbe, grasped her trunk in his arms.

"Ain't that enough, old gal?" asked the head bull man. "You don't want to kill 'em, do you?" Then to ten distraught, shaking punks, he cried, "All right now, you eggs! Tail up here! Tail up, I say! We're going back to the lot!"

There was a terrific scampering as ten intensely eager, bulbous little beings rushed to their place in line. That night, as the music sounded from the big top for the finish of the equestrian act, the menagerie superintendent halted in gaping surprise at the bull line, and looked again from the bull boss to old Phœbe in her regular regalia of the ring.

"Didn't I tell you to use Trilby?" he asked.

"Let me alone, big boy!" answered the bull boss. "Don't I know what I'm doing?"

"But I promised Smoky ——"

A chord in G sounded from the band beyond. The bull boss shouted. Old Phœbe, in flapping hat, leg-o'-mutton sleeves and cheesecloth skirt, bounded forward and ten little punks trotted hastily behind her.

Into the ring and to fast action, while the bull man snapped commands and the act cracked through with its old swiftness. Once it lagged and a great elephant turned a baleful eye upon the loafing member. There was a blasted command and laziness swooped into intense activity. On it went, through the first number, the second, the third and fourth—then the bull boss groaned.

"Wouldn't you know it would happen?" he gasped. Then, to an assistant: "Get them dogs out of there—quick!"

Impossible. Two town dogs, wandering about the circus, had slipped past the various attendants at the menagerie connection. Now they stood, hackles raised, teeth bared, growls coming thickly from extended throats—a sure recipe for an elephant stampede. Attendants rushed forward. Too late. The assailants met, with shrieking and growls and scurrying about. Instantly ten punks ceased their endeavors. A concerted squeal arose and across the ring they sped for the protection of old Phœbe.

But the ancient elephant had left her tub and was standing braced, awaiting them. A whacking blow of the trunk and Moko went half across the ring. Then Babette and Forky and Lucy and Duke; whimpering, they turned to the boss bull man and his petting, as the yowls of two dogs, borne bodily from the tent, echoed faintly from outside the canvas. The bull boss snapped a command.

"Back with it, you!" he said, and shoved Moko to his tub. The punk obeyed—a second and a third and fourth and on through the ten. Then the bull boss halted just a moment that he might make a bow in recognition of the applause.

It was about this time that Smoky, the lot superintendent, moved angrily toward the menagerie superintendent to ask him for Pete's sake when he could expect that Phœbe bull. A few minutes later, very fussed in appearance and saying things under his breath, he was back at the stake-and-chain wagon, down on one axle with a wheel off. An assistant moved closer.

"When's Phœbe due?" he asked. "She could get us out o' this in a ——"

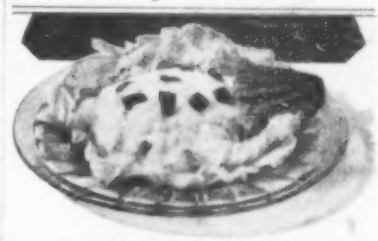
"Phœbe?" asked the lot superintendent. "Go get Rajah. What do you want, anyway—all the bulls in the circus?"



DRAWN BY ED. MORGAN

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1 can Del Maiz	Salt and pepper
1 bunch celery	Paprika or sliced beet pickle
1 onion	½ c. mayonnaise
1 sweet green pepper	Lettuce

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FLAMING ALUMNI

(Continued from Page 7)

graduates have to fight as hard for their petting as they think they did? Was this a problem, or was it not?

And will these statistics be of interest to the matrons who are now scandalized by the goings-on of the undergraduates? Will it remind practically all of them that they were, to put it mildly, not averse to a little ground and lofty clinching of a surprisingly mushy nature? Here is a genuine problem for the eager modern problem hunters.

Nor should it be supposed that petting was unknown before 1890 or 1910. The careful statistician, by delving into private letters of long ago, might well be able to prove beyond cavil that a great impetus was given to petting in America by the large number of British officers who came here prior to and during the Revolutionary War. The popular sport was known, evidently, to Princeton undergraduates as early as 1775, for the records show that Aaron Burr, fresh from her halls, indulged in a large amount of it while marching to Quebec with Benedict Arnold during that year.

Careful investigation would doubtless show that it was known and practiced during the same period at Harvard and possibly at Yale by enough young men to provide each institution with a competent petting team if the occasion had arisen.

Indeed, it is difficult to see how present-day petting can be intelligently discussed by old graduates and shocked or envious dowagers unless the statisticians can obtain the petting records of the dowagers themselves, and produce petting figures for every period of the country's development for purposes of comparison.

If the total number of college undergraduates in the United States in 1775, for example, was 476, and only 52 of them had ever indulged in petting, would it be fair to assume that the same percentage has held on through the years? If so, then the number of male undergraduates in 1926 who went in for petting must have been 52,000. Or would the number have increased; and if so, why?

I lay no claim to being a statistician, but I feel that I am as competent to produce petting statistics on the older generation as are most statisticians to evolve statistics on the habits and foibles of college students. I base my figures on interviews with alumni of twenty-three universities and colleges, all of them members of the older set, and all of them in revolt, as the saying goes, against the looseness of present-day undergraduates.

My figures are as follows:

Per cent of graduates examined concerning undergraduate petting during their student days, from 1898 to 1908	100
Per cent who first denied ever indulging in petting	100
Per cent who later remembered participating in petting parties at one time or another	86
Per cent who petted during high-school days	49
Per cent who subsequently married the ladies with whom they first petted	0
Per cent who petted only during summer vacations	62
Per cent who petted both summer and winter	24
Per cent who persisted in claiming they never petted	14
Per cent who probably would have petted if given proper openings	14
Per cent who are now shocked by petting among undergraduates	92
Per cent who would still pet if the chance presented itself	94
Per cent of apple sauce in discussions of petting by old graduates	99 77/100

When the statistician approaches old graduates with a view to discovering why colleges today aren't what they used to be in the days of the old graduates, he is very likely to find that their ideas are as badly tangled as a fishing line that has passed through a hurricane.

The Dear Dead Days

Let us examine, for example, a representative old graduate who is in revolt against present-day conditions. His name, let us say, is Anson Apse of the class of 1905 of Roorback University. Mr. Apse has just referred scathingly to the general uselessness of American colleges, and the entire absence of the fine spirit, the manliness and the independent action which characterized the Roorback student body when he was a student. The interrogation of Mr. Apse proceeds somewhat as follows:

Q. What do you mean by independent action, Mr. Apse?

A. Well, I mean the boys are standardized now. They're sort of sissified. You don't see them having class rushes any more, the way we used to, and rubbing one another in the mud before the freshman banquet. Why, I remember we used to hoist a cow up to the top floor of Belch Hall, so that they'd have to pull a wall down to get her out. Do you think any of the undergraduates today would pull off a stunt like that? You bet they wouldn't! They're too standardized!



Classes of '76 and '77 College, University of Pennsylvania, Return to the Scenes of Their Youthful Escapades

Q. How often did you hoist the cow to the top floor of Belch Hall, Mr. Apse? Did this happen frequently?

A. No, no; that was in our junior year. Harry Blink was on a keg party one night and he found the cow somewhere and took her up into Belch Hall, and he never could remember how he got her there! Gee, Harry was a caution!

Q. Did you help Mr. Blink with the cow, Mr. Apse?

A. No. I went to sleep near the keg, and they told me about it in the morning; and I went over and watched 'em trying to get the cow out. I thought I'd die!

Q. Were all the colleges about the same when you were an undergraduate, Mr. Apse?

A. Well, I should say not! Ugsworth College was a terrible place. They were a terrible crowd of lushers, the fellows at Ugsworth were, and they certainly played dirty football. There was a tough crowd at Harvard, too—stewed all the time. And the Cornell fellows were a terrible bunch of souses. For that matter, Princeton and Yale and Dartmouth were all about the same.

Q. But there was none of that at Roorback, Mr. Apse?

A. No, we drank beer at Roorback. Oh, sometimes the fellows would do a little celebrating. I remember one night we about wrecked the Palace Theater because one of the actors wouldn't take off his wig when somebody waved a Roorback flag after the Ugsworth game. And then another night a bunch of us took a street car off the track and put it on the steps of the hotel. My, my! We certainly had some great times!

Q. When did you last go back to Roorback, Mr. Apse?

A. I went back to the Ugsworth game last fall; and I tell you, it made me sort of sick to see the way the place has changed. Oh, of course, they've got a lot of new buildings and stuff like that; but it's the spirit of the undergraduates that I object to. They don't pay any attention to us graduates, and you'd think we'd never been to the place at all. You try to talk to 'em, and you can see they aren't paying any attention to you at all. They haven't got the brains and the sense that we used to have. I don't believe any of them do any thinking at all!

Q. Did you talk to a great many of them, Mr. Apse?

A. Sure! I talked to a slew of them!

Q. Did you spend some time there?

A. No; we got in Saturday morning and left the first thing Sunday morning, and I was certainly glad to get away. A lot of the kids in the house were stewed. Good night! The way these kids drink is a caution! We took up some decent liquor with us and gave it to 'em; and when it was gone they brought out some of their twenty-minute gin, and it gave me a headache for three days.

Q. And you talked to a large number of undergraduates?

A. Oh, sure! There must have been seven or eight of them drinking with us after the game, but they wouldn't listen to any really serious talk; they wanted to yell and sing and argue all the time. From the way they acted, you'd have thought we won the game instead of losing it thirty-four to six. It certainly is terrible for kids like that to have liquor around the house! The whole thing was disgraceful, losing the game and everything!

Q. How did the team happen to lose, Mr. Apse?

A. Oh, they don't take any interest in football any more. They won't pay the

(Continued on Page 141)



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LIBBEY-OWENS

FLAT DRAWN CLEAR SHEET GLASS

(Continued from Page 139)

coach any money, and they don't try to get any decent competition, or they play a lot of hard teams, so that the team is crippled by the end of the season. Good night! They certainly don't know how to run things any more! And if an alumnus tries to get a good seat at one of the games they put him down behind the goal posts where all he can see is the referee and the seats of a lot of football pants!

Q. Were you given a bad seat, Mr. Apse?

A. Was I given a bad seat! I was given three bad seats! Behind the goal posts! Me, behind the goal posts! I had John T. Kluck, of the Amalgamated Snake-skin Company, and Elmer Sock, of the Sock Shark-skin Company, with me—two of the biggest customers I've got. Yeah, and I wrote a personal letter to the graduate manager asking for seats on the fifty-yard line, and what I got was three seats behind the goal posts! That's a hot way to treat an alumnus that's been supporting the team for years!

Q. Had you put a little money on the game, Mr. Apse?

A. I'll say I had! That's what makes me so sore! Those people down at Roorback don't care whether the alumni lose their money or their customers or anything. They say all we care about is winning. Well, all I got to say, if they don't care anything about winning, why bother to train a football team? Why not put the tennis team out on the football field, so that we'll know what to expect! All I can say is, the colleges have gone to hell!

It might be interpolated at this juncture that any investigator who drifts around among American university professors and old graduates and undergraduates at the present time is going to hear an enormous amount of conversation concerning the standardization of American undergraduates. Along with this standardization conversation he is going to hear a great number of references to the superior qualities of English, German or French universities, where, theoretically, there is no such standardization, and where the individuality of the undergraduate is consequently brought out several miles further than it is in the United States.

Standardized Criticism

It is quite possible that one must be unusually thick-witted if he fails to understand or sympathize with this talk about standardization; but none the less I have a powerful conviction that the people who talk so fluently about it are emitting an unusually heated brand of hot air. To put it bluntly, it is my impression that they don't know what they are talking about.

If standardization consists of wearing the same sort of clothes at given times and in given places, then the undergraduates of England, Germany, France and other European countries are as standardized, if not more standardized, than American undergraduates. If standardization consists of large numbers of undergraduates thinking the same sort of thoughts about given matters, then there is as much standardization in England and Russia and France and Germany as there is in America. If standardization consists of turning out graduates whose mental equipment seems to be, as the saying goes, about average, then European universities are quite as standardized as American universities, in spite of the unsound and fat-headed criticisms of American university life that are occasionally made by European visitors to the United States.

Show me whatever it is that is thought to comprise undergraduate standardization in the United States, and I will produce a similar form of European undergraduate standardization on Lord's Cricket Ground or at Henley or in the German dueling clubs—produce, in short, one of the many manifestations of the mob mind that are perpetually occurring among European undergraduates.

Individuality is encouraged and ability is developed in European universities, according to the American alumni who are fretting themselves into fevers over the problems of American undergraduates; whereas individuality and ability, to hear them tell it, are stifled and standardized in American universities and colleges.

The percentage of what is coarsely known as boloney is very high in this theory.

If the theory amounted to even a small hill of beans, England and France and Italy and Germany should be cluttered with so many great poets and architects and scientists and engineers and financiers and inventors and organizers and statesmen and novelists and musicians and playwrights that an American, seeing them and realizing the shortcomings of his own country along those lines, would blush like a fresh Edam cheese.

Yet, in spite of the fairly extensive traveling that I have done in Europe during the past few years, I have failed to note the existence of any such state of affairs. It has even struck me that the products of American universities, in most fields of endeavor, are either about as good as anything that Europe has to offer, or infinitely better.

One noisy old alumnus, deploring the standardization of American undergraduates, complained bitterly that in spite of the great number of colleges and universities in the United States they had never produced any Shaksperes, any Byrons, any Charles Dickenses, any Charles Reades, any Anthony Trollopes, any Keatses, any Kiplings. For that matter, nobody notices Oxford or Cambridge or Heidelberg or the Sorbonne or the University of Rome turning out any Shaksperes or Kiplings at frequent intervals; nor has any such phenomenon ever been noticed anywhere at any other period; for among the British authors who never at any time developed their originality by attending universities were Shakspere, Dickens, Trollope, Keats and Kipling. In this, as in many other matters having to do with undergraduates, the old alumni are prone to talk not only through their hats but through their coats, shirts and undergarments as well.

Returning to the matter of statistics on old graduates who sob noisily because of the prevalence of drinking among present-day undergraduates, we find that a large number of the most highly prized reminiscences of these alumni hinge on occasions when they, during their undergraduate days, were principals or understudies in low brawls originating in the saloons of Trenton, White River Junction, Boston, Ithaca, New Haven, Champaign or some other undergraduate metropolis.

Thoughts of Serious Thinkers

While I was searching for light and truth at one gathering of high-minded alumni who were thinking seriously of doing something drastic about the problem of undergraduate drinking, one of the number apologetically produced two bottles of Scotch whisky bearing the stamp of the Quebec Liquor Commission. When this had been carefully dealt with, the atmosphere of the gathering changed perceptibly, and the high-minded conferees dropped undergraduate problems for the nonce and, amid howls of pleasure, exhumed some of their more refined and pleasing undergraduate experiences. The most treasured memories of the company—and I have learned that any similar group of old alumni cherish almost identical bright spots—were about as follows:

1. The time that the 1908 crowd stole a keg of beer from the Sophomore Banquet Committee and went up to Ogle Hall with it to call on Joe Goop; and everybody got stewed, and Joe got sore at his bicycle because Bun Stuttock tripped over it and dropped it out of a top-floor window, and pieces of the chain were picked up as far away as Ogontz.

2. The time Beany Dorple got the 1907 crowd to have a competition to see who could drink the most Younger's Scotch ale through a straw, and Goopy Lintel outlasted everybody, but got the hiccups and hiccuped for three days.

3. The time Oswald Blink's crowd were coming back from New York, all boiled, and playfully collected all the shoes in the sleeping car and dropped them off between Allentown and Easton.

4. The time Ed Pank and his crowd got stinko and had the argument about whether there could be any religion anywhere if all the churches and preachers could be transferred to the middle of the Sahara Desert, where nobody could see them or hear them, and they got into a fight over it at three o'clock in the morning and broke two plate-glass windows and five marble-topped tables; and Steve Axletree put in a long-distance call for Bishop Lawrence from the back room of the Elm Tree Bar and tried to get him to settle the question.

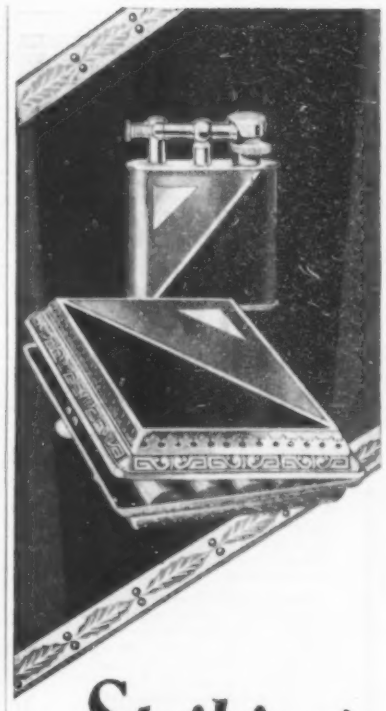
5. The time after the president's reception in 1906, when everyone got ory-eyed and hired bicycles and rode eighteen miles to Hock's Corners in evening clothes and tied up a cop with clothesline and left him lying behind a stone wall with a lemon pie on his face.

6. The time that Curly Ribble came back to college to throw a wedding breakfast, and the gang got cock-eyed, and telephoned for



PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

East is West at Old Nassau. Princeton Alumni in Annual Parade



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the fire department, and got them cockeyed, too, and stole their helmets and set fire to the dean's woodshed and tried to put it out, but couldn't.

By the time this number of recollections has been drawn from the fogs of yesterday, somebody else has found another bottle of Scotch and the conversation becomes both general and rough—sufficiently rough, it should be added, to embarrass almost any group of present-day undergraduates.

College Cut-Ups

The statistician who can translate the wild flights of fancy of the average articulate old graduate into plain English and reliable facts will be doing a great service to mankind. This, however, is a task that might well occupy the nation's leading psychologists for the next thirty or forty years. What, for example, does a graduate of Cornell University in the class of 1908 mean when he says that after the Cornell-Princeton football game in 1907, which was won by Cornell by a score of 6-5, everybody was stewed?

Does he mean everybody? He does not, but he thinks he does. What does he mean by stewed? He doesn't know, though he thinks he does.

Resolved into figures, the state of affairs after the Cornell-Princeton football game in Ithaca in 1907 would be found to be about as follows:

Number of undergraduates in university	3500
Number of women undergraduates	800
Number of men undergraduates	2700
Number of women undergraduates who attended game	68
Number of women undergraduates who celebrated game by drinking beer or other spirituous liquors	0
Number of men undergraduates who attended game	2688
Number of Y. M. C. A. members, churchgoers, studious young men and financially embarrassed students who went up the hill immediately after game	2064
Number of students remaining downtown to have a glass of beer and celebrate by singing Bring the Wagon Home, John	624
Number who had two glasses of beer and then went up to dinner	106
Number who had six or eight glasses of beer, filled up on free lunch and went to the theater	484
Number who kept on drinking beer without going to theater	34
Number who went home after the theater	442
Number who, after attending theater, joined the thirty-four in drinking beer	42
Number who went up on last car at 12:30, singing lustily and pulling trolley off	39
Number who walked up hill under own steam around 1:30, wabbling slightly, but still able to sing	32
Number who got lost and slept in a field	3
Number who had to be put to bed in Ithaca Hotel	2
Number who missed breakfast the next morning	61
Number who missed lunch the next noon	0
Number who thought they had had a devil of a time	624

What, similarly, does an earnest old graduate of Princeton have in mind when he says that everybody at Dartmouth used to get soused every Saturday night? What is the Cornell alumnus talking about when he says that everybody always got pie-eyed after a big game, but that there wasn't nearly so much drinking at Cornell as at Yale? What is the big idea when a Yale alumnus brags about the way he used to lap them up at Mory's, but adds that there was practically no drinking at Yale by comparison with Cornell or Princeton, where everybody used to be soused most of the time?

Statistics—reliable statistics—are urgently needed; although it is fairly obvious what the figures will show. They will show that when alumni get to talking about anything in a big, serious way, they exude more hot air than all the one-pipe furnaces in America.

It would, of course, be difficult to obtain any statistics that would have any bearing on the old graduates' contention that the present-day undergraduate is cruelly, painfully and unusually sophisticated, self-sufficient, rude and averse to advice and criticism. Still, the obtaining of such figures is not impossible; for one of the most popular diversions among old graduates, since the beginning of time, has been the emission of protracted outcries concerning the younger generation's extreme cynicism and sophistication.

It was back in 1850 that three distinguished statesmen—Rufus Choate, Daniel Webster and Thomas Hart Benton, author of Thirty Years' View—found themselves together at a party in Washington and promptly began to place the younger generation on the griddle.

They agreed heartily that the younger generation was in a state of advanced decay, not to say putrefaction, and that as a result the United States of America would, in the course of a couple of generations, go to the dogs with tremendous enthusiasm and overwhelming success.

Mr. Choate, who was ever ready with an apt quotation, pessimistically compared the youth of America with the gilded youth of corrupt and declining Rome. "Our lads," said he, "would seem to have sat for the picture which has been drawn of the Roman youths, by the hand of one who seldom colored too highly"; and with that he burst into a flood of Latin.

Seeing that Webster and Benton were dazed by the quotation, he translated it for them in the following words: "From their cradles they know all things, they understand all things, they have no regard for any person whatsoever, high or low, rich or poor, religious or otherwise, and are themselves the only examples which they are disposed to follow."

Being from Missouri, Benton protested bitterly that Choate was making up the quotation; that it couldn't possibly have been said by anyone at any other period in history, and that Choate was merely trying to make himself look wiser than he was. At this Choate wearily summoned a boy and sent for a book; and when the book came, the quotation was in it—Pliny, eighth book, twenty-third letter.

As I understand it, the old graduates of today feel exactly toward undergraduates as did Choate and Pliny and every other old graduate who has been twenty years out of college.

When Good Alumni Get Together

As to the alumni who raise grave and protracted protests because too many undergraduates go to college to have a good time and fail to give enough thought to serious things, it is a little difficult to say, offhand, whether they should be handled with statistics or a club.

I have heard a number of prominent university graduates who now occupy secure positions in the world of science, literature, politics, architecture and business discuss, when slightly mellowed by the juice of the forbidden hop, a few of the topics which they considered worthy of consideration in their own undergraduate days; and if they had failed to apprise me of their respective Alma Maters, I might have suspected them of matriculating in a school for the feeble-minded.

Two representative topics, for example, were: *A.* If you could have a third eye, what would be the most advantageous location for it? *B.* It is supposed that a person standing on the North Pole can look only in one direction—south—but if one stands on the North Pole and sees a polar bear in the immediate foreground moving to the east, doesn't one, in following the bear's movements, look east as well as south?

The arguments advanced on both sides of these questions would cause any educator to realize the utter futility of human endeavor and the hopelessness of the human race; yet those who seriously advanced the arguments are now functioning mentally in such wise as to win the respect and even the admiration of large bodies of normal citizens.

Incidentally, in most places where old alumni are gathered together there always has been and always will be ten times the discussion given to a contemplated change in the football rules that there will be to the discovery of a new ray or a highly important molecule by one of the world's greatest scientists.

It is generally believed among modern undergraduates that alumni who graduated twenty or more years ago invariably went to college for a serious purpose. This belief has been created and fostered by the alumni themselves; and it is highly important, in order to avert unnecessary morbidity among undergraduates, that statisticians should get out a few figures on this subject.

Spoiled Darlings of the Campus

My investigations among the alumni of twenty-three universities and colleges showed that the alumni themselves are laboring under some slight misapprehension on this particular phase of their college life, just as they seem to be laboring under misapprehensions on all subjects that have to do with their own university experiences. The following statistics, though not complete, may give to ambitious statisticians an idea of the possibilities that exist:

Per cent of old graduates examined, all of them having graduated prior to 1909	100
Per cent who claimed, when first questioned, that they went to college for serious purposes	100
Per cent who were unable to remember what the purposes were	96
Per cent who, after sober second thought, remembered that they went to a particular college because a relative went there, or because a friend was going there, or because it had a good football team	67
Per cent who devoted themselves exclusively to serious pursuits while in college	0
Per cent who regretted their undergraduate frivolities in the light of mature knowledge	0
Per cent who knew, on entering college, what they wanted to do after graduation	12
Per cent who took the first job they could get after graduation, regardless of their desires	97
Per cent who argue that beer is nonintoxicating	98
Per cent whose undergraduate buns or packages were invariably acquired on beer	100
Per cent who remember their undergraduate days with any degree of accuracy	6
Per cent entitled to express opinions on the manners and morals of present-day undergraduates	2
Per cent who consider themselves entitled to express opinions on manners and morals of present-day undergraduates	100

Skipping all minor alumni complaints, such as that there are not enough good tenors among modern undergraduate bodies, and taking up the last serious alumni protest—that which contends that undergraduates are unfitted for after-college life by living in luxurious dormitories and fraternity houses—I am at a loss to know how the statistician should approach this problem. If there is anything in this contention—which there readily may be—it is more than possible that other features of undergraduate life may cause distress to undergraduates when they are thrown out into a cold world on their own resources.

Statistics should possibly be provided for alumni on the number of elm trees on college campuses and their effect on undergraduates. After being surrounded by elm trees for four years, will not the undergraduate be restless and unhappy if he is forced to toil in surroundings where there are no elm trees, and possibly not even a rubber plant?

How about the effect on the undergraduate of walking quietly to his recitations with a group of congenial friends? Will he, after this, be happy when he finds himself obliged to ride to work in a Subway with two whiskered clothing workers riding on his left foot and a stylish stout poking an elbow into the small of his back? Here is another problem for the statistician to run to earth and feed to the restless older set.

Doubtless I am wrong, but my recent travels among alumni and undergraduates have given me the notion that the older set in general and the flaming old alumni in particular would benefit themselves and the world to a much greater degree if they fretted less about undergraduate problems and worried more about a few problems of their own.



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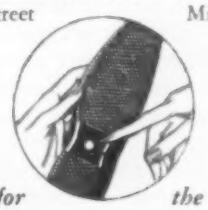
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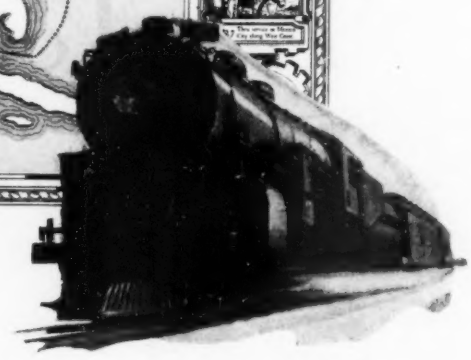
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A TINTYPE OF THE FLASH AGE

(Continued from Page 35)

was restored and the lights came on again four men were found dead.

"From that moment," he solemnly assured the newspapermen, "I have warred unceasingly on gambling and gamblers."

At noon of December first Judge Wyatt, of the Court of Special Sessions, acting on Jacobs' affidavit that he had gambled in Canfield's, made out a warrant permitting entry and search of the Canfield house at Number 5 East Forty-fourth Street. On similar grounds he also issued warrants against the premises at Number 33 West Thirty-third Street, said to be owned by Frank Farrell and Gottfried Walbaum, the latter of whom had been the owner of the old Guttenberg race track in New Jersey, and against the establishment of Lou Ludlum in Fortieth Street opposite the Metropolitan Opera House.

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Twelve numbers (dozen or column)	3000 " ($600)	2 "	$1,250
Even chances (black or red, odd or even, 1–18 or 19–36)	6000 " ($1,200)	1 time	$5,000

Jacobs, on the afternoon of December 1, 1902, a detective with a salary of twenty-five dollars a week and an expense account, went into a public telephone booth, consulted a notebook which gave the number of the private telephone at Number 5 East Forty-fourth Street and talked with Bucklin. He told Canfield's manager of the impending raid and asked him to convey to William Burbridge, manager of the house at Number 33 West Thirty-third Street, and to Ludlum the same tidings.

Bucklin at once got Canfield on the long-distance wire at Providence, and Canfield took a train which landed him at Grand Central Station before ten o'clock. In the meantime Bucklin had got in touch with John Delahunty, who was Canfield's attorney, and both went to the house and conferred with Bucklin and a couple of Canfield's friends who had never gambled in his place.

When Police Inspector Brooks, county detectives and assistant district attorneys climbed through the window which Brooks had smashed, without waiting for the formality of having the door opened, shortly after eleven o'clock that night, Canfield and Delahunty met them.

The newspapermen had no difficulty in getting into Canfield's once the door had been opened from the inside, and the second wave of police entered that way. The reporters roamed to and fro, making notes of the furnishings, asking questions, now of Canfield, now of Jerome, and even of the colored servants. They followed the detectives from floor to floor as the search for gambling paraphernalia was prosecuted. It was the first time Jerome had ever seen Canfield, who was in evening clothes, as were Bucklin and his guests. Jacobs, brought face to face with Canfield, said he had not seen him when he played in the house six days before, but identified Bucklin as the man who had dealt him faro. So Bucklin was placed under arrest.

A superficial search of the house had disclosed no gambling apparatus. But closer investigation of the top-floor rooms showed that one of them, the second from the rear, was not so deep as the others. The room was filled with trunks and hampers, and articles of clothing hung on the east wall. Inspector Brooks tapped this wall with a hammer. It sounded hollow. Once again he swung an ax. Two or three blows opened up a hole, and with the help of a candle they were looking into a small room in which the first glance brought to view what they were looking for.

"At last we've got the stuff!" said Jerome, as he looked into it.

Ten minutes later enough of the wall was down to enable the detectives and police, who had now arrived, to take out five long roulette tables, three wheels, a faro layout, several packs of playing cards and thousands of ivory chips, most of them plain, but some of them initialed M. S. C.—Madison Square Club—and D. & C.—Duff & Canfield. No entrance to the room could be found. There was no entrance. The stuff was dead storage.

Jerome refused Canfield's offer to have his servants carry out the valuable roulette wheels and tables. As the officers removed the equipment from the house, a crowd of 5000, milling in the street trying to get as near as possible to "the house that couldn't be raided," was held in check by police reserves. The reporters tarried for a few moments—first editions didn't come out so early then as now—to hear what Canfield had to say. He was ready to talk:

"There has not been a card turned in my house in months. The police and the district attorney examined the place tonight from top to bottom and found nothing.

"They sounded the walls and floors, looking for mysterious hiding places, and finally on the top floor they found in a place I have reserved for storage gambling equipment which does not belong here. It is used in my Newport establishment, which is closed, and it was simply sent here for storage.

"I wish to say that Mr. Jerome was very courteous and gentlemanly. He was very nice to me and I was willing to assist him. They have arrested my manager, but they have not done anything to me yet."

The next day Jerome gleefully announced:

"It cost less than fifty dollars to get Canfield, and a wild and woolly Westerner with no social connections did the job. Therefore I conclude that Canfield is like all the other gamblers—willing to take every cent every man has got, no matter what his station."

And Canfield: "I have learned that a man's house is his castle everywhere except in New York."

Jacobs was strutting about telling how easy it had been to get the evidence against the Forty-fourth Street place. A millionaire whom he did not identify had taken him there.

"I posed as a Java prince and wore a black curly wig and a black beard. I had my face colored to complete the disguise. It was a great success. I first played roulette and lost. Then I tackled the faro game and won. I made money at Canfield's, but not very much."

Later he changed this story, saying that he had paid ten dollars to a former dealer in Canfield's who had got him by the doorman. On that occasion there had been no gambling in the place, but the next time he went there he was one of several that played roulette.

He lost his money quickly and got out. It was all lies, but only Canfield and a few of the gamblers realized it.

When Canfield and Farrell complained that Jerome had used illegal methods in entering their places, the Times declared it had faith in the district attorney and that if the gamblers felt they had cause for action, why didn't they proceed against him? "Perhaps Jerome knows some law himself," the paper remarked. As for the police: "Whatever assurances of immunity they may give to powerful gamblers, they cannot keep the pact so long as this terrible district attorney is in office."

Just two weeks after the raid Canfield sought the arrest of Jerome, Brooks and Piper on charges of illegal entry. Farrell also brought suit against Jerome and a group of police officers. Of course this action was a mere gesture, for, as the Times pointed out, the indictments which Canfield and Farrell sought must pass through Jerome's hands. Furthermore, said the newspaper, Canfield would have difficulty in proving that he himself had been "in the peace of the people of New York."

Jerome quoted Tennyson in answering through the newspapers the Canfield and Farrell actions:

It amazes me that a gang like this should be so stupid as to play into my hands as they have done. . . . The best thing for a lawbreaker to do is to engage in just as few legal contests as possible. He has troubles enough of his own to keep out of jail without making any attempt to fight back. The wise ones, or those who are well advised, go 'way back and sit down and keep as quiet as possible. A felon like Canfield has got an intolerable cheek to go blowing around about his constitutional rights. But the animus and purpose of his proceedings are quite plain and they don't disturb me a particle. This man's actions remind me of what Lord Tennyson once wrote when he had a fight on with Lord Lytton and wanted to get back at him. It was in one of Tennyson's earlier poems, and referring to Lytton, he said:

"But men of long enduring hopes,
And careless what the hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be popes
And Brummells when they try to sting."

Canfield answered with a renewal of his search-and-seizure stand and matched Tennyson with Whittier:

It is absolutely impossible for an unlettered felon to cope with the intellect, culture and refinement of a person like the district attorney, therefore I would make a most pitiable spectacle of myself in attempting to reply. Besides, I have employed lawyers to do the talking for me, and what's the use of having lawyers unless you use them? Then, too, I have always supposed that the proper place to try legal actions, criminal or civil, was in a court of law. The district attorney evidently thinks that the place to try his causes is in the newspapers. Maybe he is right and I must bow to such a superior intellect.

I am just about to start on a little trip to a western city to look at a few paintings and porcelains that are about to be sold by a Western collector. I would much rather look at art collections than to engage in a wordy controversy with Mr. Jerome. If I am found guilty of any crime, I must take the consequences of it like any other criminal. In the meantime I hope to establish the fact that a citizen of New York has certain rights in any house where he may be abiding which the police and even the district attorney must respect. The actions I have begun are on principle and I shall fight them to the end. As Whittier wrote in the Watchers:

". . . I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun
When human rights are staked and won."

While Jerome and the police department showed they were in earnest in their fight against gambling by smashing in pool rooms, Jacobs was testifying in court on cross-examination by Canfield's special lawyer, former State Supreme Court Justice Edgar L. Fursman. He said that he had been born in Boston, had run away to sea at fourteen, been miner, waiter, ranchman, deputy sheriff and marshal in the West, and had come to New York nine years before. He told the court that one day he ran into a man named Willard, whom he described as a professional tout, and that Willard had offered to get him into Canfield's for twenty dollars and actually did it for ten.

The day before Christmas, Canfield sailed for England, to sit for his portrait to Whistler, without taking the trouble to communicate with Jerome. Though Bucklin had been arrested and several of his patrons were squirming to keep from telling what they knew about Number 5 East Forty-fourth Street, no charge had as yet been made against Canfield himself.



Why I can't imitate 4 Hawaiians

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THE STORY of the 4 Hawaiians has made Joe Cook—the famous comedian of vaudeville and Broadway musical comedy—even more famous. Here he gives a new—and a very good—reason why he cannot imitate the 4 Hawaiians.

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"Coughers in the audience can kill the funniest lines. So, until everybody in the theatre has a box of Smith Brothers' Cough Drops ready for emergency use, I can't imitate 4 Hawaiians."

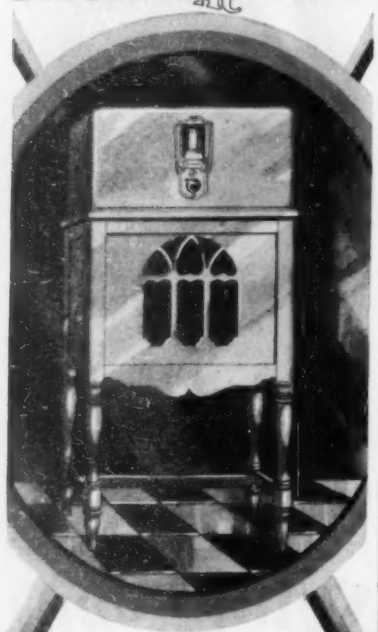
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Unpleasant and dangerous coughs are so frequent at this time of year. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops will bring you relief—quickly, surely, pleasantly. They soothe irritation, clear away hoarseness, relieve cigarette-dryness and—*they stop coughs.*

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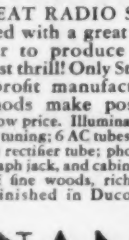
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When Jerome learned on January fifth that the master gambler was out of the jurisdiction of any court in the United States, he was surprised. Just a few days before he had been talking about prosecuting Canfield to the fullest extent of the law, and here Canfield was gone.

The English art dealers, hearing that the gambler-connoisseur was staying at Claridge's, swarmed about the corridors of his suite "the way they did with J. Pierpont Morgan," as one New York newspaper's correspondent put it. They had no qualms about taking tainted money, it appeared.

James Abbott McNeill Whistler was now in his sixty-ninth year, and Canfield, whom he had met through Charles A. Freer, the Detroit art connoisseur whose famous collection of Whistlers now reposes in the Freer Gallery in Washington, had introduced Canfield to the artist two years before. Whistler, having lost none of the idiosyncrasies that almost daily precipitated fights with those thrown in contact with him, was charmed by Canfield's manner, liked to have him about the studio, and according to Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, who certainly were not partial to the gambler, once called Canfield a perfect gentleman and on another occasion said that he was the only man who had never made a mistake in the studio.

The story of the four and a half months Canfield spent in London on this occasion is recorded in some detail in the Life of Whistler by the Pennells and in the Whistler Journal compiled by Mrs. Pennell. Almost every day he was in the Whistler studio. Sometimes the artist would work for two or three hours on the painting of Canfield, sometimes only for a few minutes, and at other times not at all. Mrs. Pennell records the fact that Whistler was apparently an admirer of Canfield the man, certainly of Canfield the cocktail mixer, and assuredly of Canfield the collector who didn't haggle over prices.

The year before, Whistler had cut an English art connoisseur named Kennedy when that valiant soul tried to warn him that Canfield was a gambler and therefore an undesirable character. Kennedy had told the Pennells of the verbal lashing administered to him, and so when in January, 1903, correspondents of the New York papers kept bombarding them for information about the relations of the gambler with the artist the two Americans were in a quandary. Pennell asked one inquiring journalist why he himself didn't ask Whistler the question he wanted answered, and when the other dubiously suggested that Whistler might kick him downstairs, replied, "Well, wouldn't that be better for your story?"

Whistler's health was precarious, and the doctor had warned those who came in contact with him that he must not be excited in any way. The newspapers had a pretty good idea, it seemed, of what Canfield was doing in the Cheyne Walk studio. The Pennells, whom Whistler had some time before named as his literary executors, felt that Whistler ought to be warned that his relations with the gambler were making him look ridiculous in England and America. But look at what had happened to Kennedy, and what the doctor had said! They compromised by telling another artist about it. He said he would try to speak to Whistler. If he did, it affected Whistler's relations with Canfield not at all.

Mrs. Pennell speaks of Canfield as "a Harvard graduate who spends his time between quoting Horace, cleaning out young millionaires and patronizing painters with the proceeds." Whistler himself introduced Mr. Pennell to Canfield in his studio, in the presence of Sir John Lavery, the noted British artist who came to this country last year to paint the portrait of Cardinal Hayes of New York.

"I want to introduce Mr. Canfield of New York," were Whistler's words presenting the "big fat man with clean-shaven face." Canfield rushed forward with both hands outstretched. "Oh, Mr. Pennell, I am so delighted to meet you! I have so long known your work."

Pennell continues:

"In Whistler's studio there was nothing to do but to shake hands. But with the best will in the world it is not easy to imagine this Canfield any but the notorious gambler Canfield about whom Kennedy warned Whistler."

Mrs. Pennell herself met Canfield, the Journal reveals, when Whistler invited her to come to the studio to see the Rosa Corder, which had been bought for America. The gambler was in the studio when she arrived, and he and Whistler let her know that he had bought the picture from Graham Robertson. Whistler was cleaning it, but because of a hard cold, made little progress, and soon fell asleep, resting his forehead on the tea table.

"I am left to Canfield who plays showman and host too. Seems to be running the whole place—thinks I had better not wake up W. to say good-by; he will make all my excuses."

This outlander running the show! No wonder the Pennells felt Whistler was making a mistake!

Canfield had made Robertson an offer of £1000 for the Rosa Corder and the dealer had refused, but had accepted a second offer of £2000.

"Fool!" was Canfield's comment later. "I would have offered £5000 and jumped at the chance of getting it for that."

The picture of Canfield by Whistler which the artist in satiric mood named His Reverence was never finished. Whistler died in July of that year. Canfield took the picture to New York, and when he died in 1914 it was willed to his son. The son disposed of it to the Knoedler Galleries. It is now in the Cincinnati Museum.

Canfield's interest in the Pennells ceased when their Life of Whistler appeared, as did that of Freer, the Journal records. "It is not safe to tell the truth about some American collectors," Mrs. Pennell concludes. "The last time J. [Mr. Pennell] saw Canfield was at a show in New York where there was furniture said to be decorated by Whistler. Canfield was loudly explaining the evident fact that the paintings on the furniture were not by Whistler when he saw J. He left the room so rapidly that he forgot his hat and stick and they had to be sent for. This was our last encounter with him, though later he tried to prevent J. from even consulting his published catalogue, while, writing to a man who is our friend and who showed us the letter, he declared us monumental ingrates, which has amused and puzzled us ever since, as with the exception of seeing him at Whistler's and endeavoring to get a contribution from him for the Whistler Memorial we never had anything to do with him."

Canfield sailed for America the middle of May, intending to return the following autumn so that Whistler might put the finishing touches on His Reverence. Their last meeting is recorded in an interview Canfield gave a correspondent of the New York Sun in Saratoga when the artist died. Whistler, in Canfield's version of this scene, speaks not unlike the last-phase Philip Nolan in Edward Everett Hale's Man Without a Country.

"After I had my first sitting on New Year's Day, 1903," said Canfield, "I saw Whistler every day until the day I sailed for New York, which was on May sixteenth. He was not able to work, however, on all those days. In fact there were days at a time when he could do nothing but lie on a couch and talk, as only Whistler could talk, about those things which interested him. It was mostly of art and artists that he conversed, but now and again he would revert to his younger days at home, to the greatness to which the republic had attained and to his years at West Point.

"In spite of all that has been said about him, I know that James McNeill Whistler was one of the intensest Americans that ever lived. He was not what you call an enthusiastic man, but when he reverted to the old days at the military academy his enthusiasm was infectious. I think he was really prouder of the years he spent there—three, I think they were—than any other years of his life. He never tired of telling of the splendid men and soldiers his classmates turned out to be, and he has often said to me that the American army officer trained at West Point was the finest specimen of manhood and of honor in the world.

"It was in this way that I spent every afternoon with Whistler from New Year's until May fifteenth, the day before I sailed. When he was able to work I would sit as I was told, and then he would paint, sometimes an hour, sometimes three. At other times he would lie on the couch and ask me to sit by and talk to him. On the morning of the day of the last sitting he sent me a note asking me to take luncheon with him, and adding that he felt quite himself and up to plenty of work.

"So I went around to his studio and he painted until well into the late afternoon. When he was done he said that with a touch or two here and there the picture might be considered finished. Then he added:

"'You are going home tomorrow, to my home as well as yours, and you won't be coming back till the autumn. I've just been thinking that maybe you had better take the picture along with you. His Reverence will do very well as he is, and maybe there won't be any work in me when you come back. I believe I would rather think of you as having this clerical gentleman in your collection, for I've a notion it's the best work I've done.'

"Whistler had never talked that way before, and I have since thought that he was thinking the end was not far away. I told him, more to get the notion, if he had it, out of his mind, that I would not think of taking the picture and that if he didn't put on one of those finishing touches until I got back, so much the better, for then I could see him work. That seemed to bring him back to himself and he said:

"'So be it, Your Reverence. Now we'll say au revoir in a couple of mint juleps.' He sent for the materials, made the cups, and just as the sun was setting, we drank to each other and the homeland and I was off to catch a train for Liverpool and the steamer. So it was that Whistler and his last subject parted."

It is a pretty picture, and who shall say it is overdrawn?

It happened that with the aid of the artist, Canfield had acquired a collection of Whistler oils, water colors, engravings, pastels and drawings second only to that of Freer.

Most of the collection was sold for $300,000 to the Knoedler Galleries nine months before Canfield's death, and three of the most valuable oils, Rosa Corder, Count Robert and the Nocturne, were in turn bought by Henry C. Frick at a price said to be above $200,000 and are in the Frick Gallery in New York.

XXXIII

DURING Canfield's absence, which continued until near the end of May, Jerome was busy seeking to make certain the conviction of Canfield and other gamblers. To prevent this, the newspapers said, the gamblers had raised $1,000,000 which would be placed at the disposal of lawyers representing patrons of their establishments who would refuse to help the authorities. The gamblers took heart when Supreme Court Justice William J. Gaynor, writing in the North American Review, condemned the action of Jerome and the police in breaking into Canfield's and decried the tendency of the district attorney generally to resort to extra-legal and illegal methods to get his men.

By the time the newspapers awoke to the fact that Canfield was in London his lawyer had filed suits for damage against Jerome, Deputy Commissioner Piper and Inspector Brooks and had sought to have Brooks arrested on a charge of breaking and entering. Jerome was calling Canfield a felon and a crook almost daily. Now he produced the record of the Cranston jail term in Rhode Island to confound Delahunty, who had

(Continued on Page 149)

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PHILLIPS-JONES NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 146)

told newspapermen that the story of Canfield's having served a term in jail was untrue.

When Jerome learned that his man was sitting to Whistler, he said: "It is too bad that Mr. Canfield has gone so far and at so great expense to have his portrait painted. If he had remained here a while longer he might have had his picture taken at the expense of the public."

Gen. Francis V. Greene, on January 1, 1903, had succeeded to the police commissionership when Col. John N. Partridge, well-meaning but easy-going, resigned after a stormy year's service. The new commissioner, deciding that the 306 wardmen who served as graft collectors for the captains were the key to protected vice, sent every one of these men to patrol duty in precincts far from those in which they had served, and ordered that for at least ninety days no one of them should be given any other type of police work. At the end of ninety days they might apply for transfer, but under no circumstances were they to serve under their old captains or in the precincts they had formerly worked.

So salutary did this prove that at the end of March the Sun was quoting "a prominent gambler" as saying:

Up to the present time the gambling houses were never so tightly closed as during the time the President of the United States was in Mulberry Street. And yet, during the two years of Roosevelt, there were some houses open, for at least a few nights, every week. Today, however, there is not a gambling house of any account, from the Battery north on Manhattan Island, which is doing business. New York was never so free from gambling houses, as going concerns, as it is now.

There are just about fourteen so-called reputable gambling houses in New York. They are: Canfield's, Dave Johnson's, Billy Coe's, Hallenbeck's, Maynard's, John Daly's, John Kelly's, Betts', Maher's, Shang Draper's, Charlie Reed's, Sol Lichtenstein's, the houses of the Burbridge-Walbaum confederacy in Thirty-third Street, and Deacon Jim Westcott's.

Every one of those houses is closed, and you may take my word for it that they will be closed for a long and indefinite period. The gamblers are making arrangements to go back to the West, where many of them came from, and they will not undertake to do business in New York until the atmosphere here becomes much more thoroughly cleared than it is at present.

Three days later the same paper, under the headline Frank Farrell's New Fort, described a place that well-known gambler and baseball *entrepreneur* was fitting up in Forty-fifth Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues. It was designed to be impregnable to police axes, the newspaper said. That little story was more potent than axes and warrants. The place was never opened, and Farrell gave up trying to be a gambling-house keeper and stuck to baseball and real estate.

Since the trend of the sporting world was still definitely northward, Bucklin took it upon himself at about this time to buy two houses on the south side of Forty-seventh Street near Fifth Avenue, to take the place of the Forty-fourth Street house. Bucklin moved into one of the houses and made plans to have an opening cut into the other, which was to be the gambling place, even more gorgeous than the old one. If the police should raid it, the evidence could be moved into Bucklin's home before the raiders got hold of it. Canfield didn't think much of the idea when Bucklin told him what he had done, and the two places were sold the following year.

Delahunty, Forbes J. Hennessey, his associate, and Bucklin were at the pier to greet Canfield when he returned from England on May twenty-third. Canfield had had a rather uneventful voyage, nobody aboard the ship dreaming that the paunchy gentleman down on the passenger list as A. Campbell, who kept very much to himself, was the gambler about whom two continents were talking. In the smoking room he had seen a sign which must have caused him to smile ironically:

It is believed that there are professional gamblers aboard. All passengers are warned against playing cards with strangers.

At the head of his customs declaration, which made mention of the many Whistlers he was bringing home, was: "Richard A. Canfield; business, gentleman."

The town was in a fever of speculation about what was going to happen. Here was the prince of gamblers returning to brave Jerome, who was credited with having something in reserve to back up all he had been saying about Canfield.

Canfield told the ship-news reporters: "I may not even go near Saratoga this year. I may say that I am about tired of the gambling business, anyway, and I have half made up my mind to give my entire future to my family. Nothing that I could do would so greatly please those who are most dear to me as to quit the business which I have followed."

His lawyers took him before a supreme-court justice, but despite all the talk of indictments which had raged for four months, the district attorney's office would press no charge against him and he was allowed to go.

The American, recounting this, embellished its story with a box in which it quoted Jerome on two occasions:

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME IN DECEMBER:

We have a complete case against Richard Canfield. We have everything we want from Bucklin in the way of evidence. Others have added their testimony to that given by Bucklin, so I do not hesitate to say that when the time comes both he and Richard Canfield will be indicted. I could go so far as to say that I believe we could indict and I believe convict Richard Canfield without the testimony of County Detective Jacobs, who obtained the evidence which resulted in the raid of December 1.

Richard Canfield will never return to New York while I am district attorney.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME YESTERDAY:

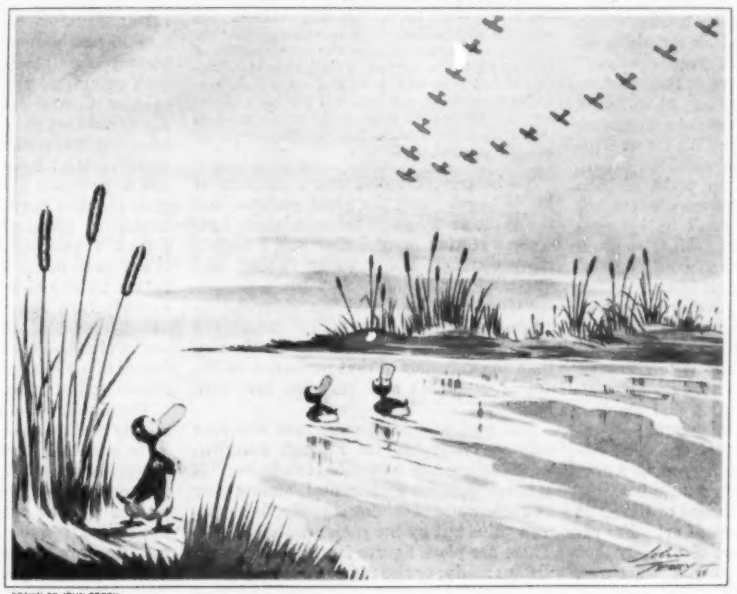
It would be manifestly improper for me to say anything about Mr. Canfield's return. It is true that I said I believed he would never return. I am not at liberty to say whether he is under indictment or not. Anyhow, I think the game is pretty well burst up in New York now. In other words, there is very little doing in the gambling line.

Canfield hastened to Providence, where, at his modest home in the unfashionable West Side, a reporter for the Providence Journal found him. Canfield himself answered the reporter's ring of the bell. He was very democratic in his greeting, had his coat, collar and tie off, slippers on his feet. He "might have been a business man in a small way, keeping a little grocery on the corner." The Journal man asked him about his plans for fighting Jerome and about Saratoga. Canfield wouldn't talk about them, but he threatened to sue the Journal, which had been talking about him in a rather slurring way which it was to repeat the day after the story of its reporter's visit was published.

On June first, when Canfield was arraigned in court on the charge of being a common gambler, Delahunty sought a change of venue on the ground that Jerome's statements that his client was a felon and that his gambling implements were crooked had so inflamed the public mind that he could not get a fair trial in New York City. On July twentieth the petition was granted, Binghamton, county seat of Broome County, being designated.

On the advice of Delahunty he had now secured the services of Lafayette B. Gleason, an upstate lawyer active in Republican circles. Gleason helped him hire John B. Stanchfield of Elmira and Harvey D. Hinman of Binghamton to defend the actions which Jerome was bringing against Bucklin and his employer. The Bucklin case was transferred to Cortland, seat of the county of the same name. From time to time the cases were postponed toward the close of 1903, while Jerome sought to secure witnesses who would testify about play in the Forty-fourth Street house. The district attorney was doing his best to delay the trials of Canfield and Bucklin until the spring of 1904, when he hoped to win from the legislature amendments to the penal code which would prevent legalistic dodgings and squirmings. Stanchfield and Hinman, of course, urged early trials. They succeeded. Canfield's case was dismissed on January 11, 1904. When Bucklin's was similarly disposed of four months later, Jerome had a new weapon to confound the gamblers—the Dowling Law.

Tammany had come back into control of New York City in the fall of 1903, its candidate, George B. McClellan, son of the Civil War general of the same name, defeating Seth Low. The Fusion forces were badly disorganized in their battle with the Wigwam. Low's comptroller and president of the Board of Aldermen, having been renominated, were dropped by the Fusionists when they accepted Tammany's indorsement and thus became out-and-out Tammany candidates. Jerome had attacked Low as unfit for renomination, and as a result of these factional fights it was seen that Fusion would have no chance. McClellan, once in office, proved no facile plaything of Murphy's, and his police commissioner, William McAdoo, though complaining that the force was not coöperating with him, worked with Jerome to the gamblers' frequent discomfiture.



DRAWN BY JOHN TERRY

"My Word, are Those Canvasbacks Migrating at This Time of the Year?"

Editor's Note—The fifth and last installment will appear in the issue of The Saturday Evening Post for January 5, 1929.

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ART IS LONG

(Continued from Page 25)

the Neroni were scattered. Messer Giovanni di Nerone, the archbishop of Florence, chose a voluntary exile to avoid a greater trouble. Many other citizens fled suddenly or were banished. To complete the matter a procession was inaugurated in order that God might be thanked for having preserved the government and reunited the people. During the solemnization of this, many citizens were seized and thrown into prison, some of whom were tortured, others put to death and the rest sent into exile."

A few years later Piero's son, brother of Lorenzo the Magnificent, was murdered in church; but Lorenzo himself gained the upper hand, and "most of the rebels were either killed or taken prisoner. Already the streets were reëchoing with the name of Medici and the limbs of the dead were being borne aloft on pikes or dragged along the ground, and all who bore the name of Pazzi were persecuted with rage and cruelty. Francesco, all naked, was dragged from his bed and led to the palace, where he was hanged by the side of the archbishop and others. . . . Among the many persons who were put to death at this time—and they were so many that the streets were strewn with their limbs—none excited any compassion but Rinato dei Pazzi, for he was considered a wise and honest man."

But Lorenzo was, perhaps, the most famous patron of art in modern times, and after his death things grew much worse.

Benvenuto Cellini was an unusually turbulent person even for those turbulent times, but his celebrated autobiography, where he describes several murders by his hand, leaves us in no doubt about the general state of society in respect of civilized personal relationships. The Louvre contains a much-admired bronze relief with the figure of a nymph that Benvenuto made in Paris for King Francis I of France.

Cellini's Artistic Temperament

The young lady who posed for this figure had an unruly tongue. "And she kept saying so much that she led me beyond the bounds of reason; and giving myself a prey to fury, I took her by the hair and dragged her about the room, administering to her so many kicks and blows that I was tired out." He presently repented, because he did not know where to find another model so well suited to his purpose. "Seeing her so torn, bruised and swollen, I thought that even if she did return to me, she must of necessity be treated for fifteen days before I could make any use of her. . . . I sent a woman servant of mine to help her dress, which servant was an old woman called Ruberta, a most kindly creature. She anointed with cooked bacon fat those severe bruises which I had given Caterina, and the remainder of the fat that was left over they ate together." So peace, of a sort, was reëstablished.

Concerning the offspring of another young lady model, Benvenuto observes, with beautiful casualness, "As far as I remember, this was my first child."

Cellini was not only an artist of high merit himself but he appreciated to the full the great works of art made by his contemporaries. His writings seldom mention Michelangelo or Raphael without superlative adjectives. So he well illustrates the point that a man may have the very best taste in art along with the very worst taste in such matters as homicide and assault. But the literature of that epoch bristles with examples of men who were art connoisseurs of the finest taste and greatest enthusiasm, and also blackguards, scoundrels and cutthroats. Decidedly, appreciation of art does not necessarily make a man a desirable citizen or a good neighbor.

Evidently plenty of Italians of the great period had their suspicions of art. For example, Michelangelo came of a family that took itself quite seriously. His father was, for one thing, podesta of Caprese—equal in rank, say, to mayor of Buffalo. Condivi, the sculptor's contemporary biographer, tells us that young Michelangelo's infatuation with art "greatly irritated his father and his uncles, and they often beat him cruelly, for they hated the profession of an artist, and in their ignorance of the nobility of art considered it a disgrace to have one in the house." Which sounds like any low-brow American father who wants his son to keep on with the family dry-goods store instead of messing himself up with wet clay.

And in later life "that divine and wondrous Michelangiolo," as Cellini calls him, seems to have had no overweening respect for anybody's art but his own. Perugino, Raphael's teacher, is now one of the most worshiped of old masters. Any scrap of his is reverently treasured, and there is no telling what price some dollar-mad American would pay for a good example of his art. But Michelangelo said that Perugino was a mere blockhead and cheerfully painted out his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel.

When Debaters Agreed

Michelangelo's bronze statue of Pope Julius II, on which he labored assiduously for fifteen months, was erected in Bologna in February, 1508; but in December, 1511, those art-loving Italians smashed it up in one of their innumerable rows and cast cannon from the fragments. The great sculptor undertook that statue against his will, pleading in vain that he did not wish to work in bronze. He was always being bullied into doing things he didn't wish to do; and those old masters generally were bossed around by their princely bosses in a manner quite shocking to our notions of the dignity of art. Nor was our crass American regard for the bank account unknown to them. In the fullness of his powers and reputation, Michelangelo writes that he has been giving much thought to a colossal statue which he had been commissioned to make.

It would take up too much room in the street. A better place, I think, would be where the barber shop is. As for the expenses of expropriation, I think to reduce them by making the figure seated, and as it would be hollow, the shop could be placed inside it so the rent would not be lost. It seems to me a good idea to put in the hand of the Colossus a horn of abundance, and this could be hollow and serve as a chimney. The head could also be made use of for the poultry man. It would make a wonderful dovecote.

Regarding another revered old master, Condivi wrote:

For Bramante, as everyone knows, was much given to pleasure and very dissipated. The salary he received from the pope, though very great, was not enough for him, so he made more out of his work by constructing walls of bad material and neither solid nor strong enough. Anyone can prove this by the construction of St. Peter's or the Belvedere Gallery or the cloisters of S. Pietro in Vincoli and other buildings which he erected, and which it has been necessary to support all over again either because they have fallen down or because they very soon would have done so.

To be sure, Condivi was a partisan of Michelangelo, and the great sculptor and the great architect hated each other furiously. Hating one another was a regrettably common old-masterly failing, and disparaging one another's work.

"Good painting," said Michelangelo, "is noble and devout in itself, for among the wise nothing tends more to elevate the soul than the difficulty of that perfection which approaches God and becomes one with Him."

But good painting, he also said, was done only in Italy. As for Flemish painting, which we are now instructed to admire: "It is anecdotal and sentimental, aiming only at success and obtaining it easily, not by its own value but by the choice of its subjects. These are pious figures for which tears are always ready, or else rags, ruins, very green fields shaded by trees, rivers and bridges—what they call landscapes. That sort of thing is always popular. Although it makes a good effect in the eyes of some people, in truth there is neither reason nor art in it."

We may pass over the point that if good painting elevates the soul, it is a wonder that a good painter should spend so much energy quarreling with his rivals. The more important point is that there's really no telling what painting is good and what is bad, for those who speak with authority do not agree, and what looks like the majority opinion shifts from time to time. It is a game in which an innocent bystander stands no more show than a stiff-legged interloper in a football scrimmage.

No matter what you admire, you are liable to be bowled over with the opinion of some eminent critic that it's mere rubbish. You may think you are perfectly safe in admiring, say, a Rembrandt, for nobody is more old-masterful than Rembrandt. But at the third adjective you are stunned by the assertion of a learned critic that this isn't Rembrandt at all, but only a poor copy. Perhaps the most celebrated painting in the world is Leonardo's Mona Lisa, in the Louvre, but critics have proved to their own satisfaction that it is only a copy.

You can't even, for the life of you, tell what art is. About thirty years ago an English translation of Tolstoy's book, What Is Art? was published in the United States. In the judgment of many critics Tolstoy was the greatest literary artist of his time, and that book of his attempts to answer the question propounded in the title by proving that art is mainly apple sauce. Soon after the book's publication, I was flattered by an invitation to attend a debate on it by Chicago intellectuals. My only distinct remembrance of the debate is that though all speakers agreed that Tolstoy didn't know what he was talking about, they could not agree on anything else. From which I deduce that art is not apple sauce; but as to what it is, I know no more than I did thirty years ago. Nor does anybody else.

Hardships of Æsthetic Pleasure

If we turn to the encyclopedia for light on the subject, we learn that the fine arts are æsthetic, and that æsthetics is "the pleasurable activities of pure contemplation." Also, "Æsthetic pleasure is pure enjoyment, detached, disinterested, free from the painful elements of craving, fatigue, conflict, anxiety and disappointment." It is the pleasure of just looking at something without wanting to eat it or wear it or marry it or hit an enemy on the head with it—just looking.

But if you are a generous soul and have found great pleasure in something, and it costs you nothing to share that pleasure with others, you will call the neighbors in to enjoy it. And if you are a candid soul, you will admit that the pleasure you derive from admiring it is enhanced if somebody else is admiring it with you. Hence a natural desire to persuade others to admire it. Also your pleasure is quickly submerged in irritation if somebody is saying "Pooh! Pooh!" at your elbow. Hence a natural inclination to punch the pooh-pooher's head. So the history of æsthetics is by no means exclusively a record of man's calm, elevated, detached delight in contemplating works of art. To a deplorable extent it is a record of acrimonious quarrels between admirers and detractors.

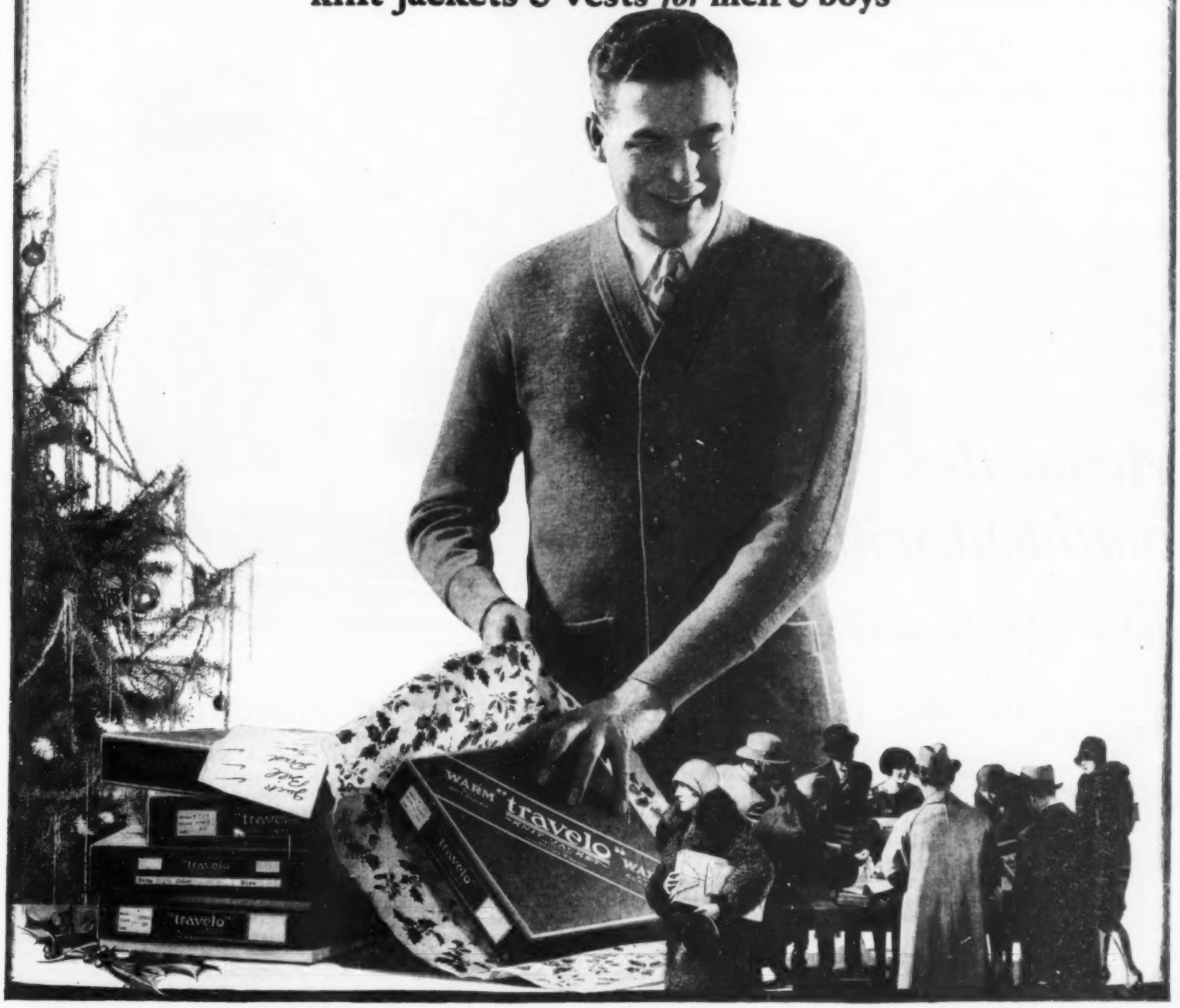
The fine arts, as distinguished from the merely useful ones, go far back. Paleolithic man had hardly learned to fashion a symmetrical arrowhead out of flint and a fishhook out of bone until he took to scratching rude outlines of animals on his implements; and, somewhat later on, to making drawings of them on the walls of his cave, such as can still be seen in Spain. Probably, however, his motive was not

(Continued on Page 153)

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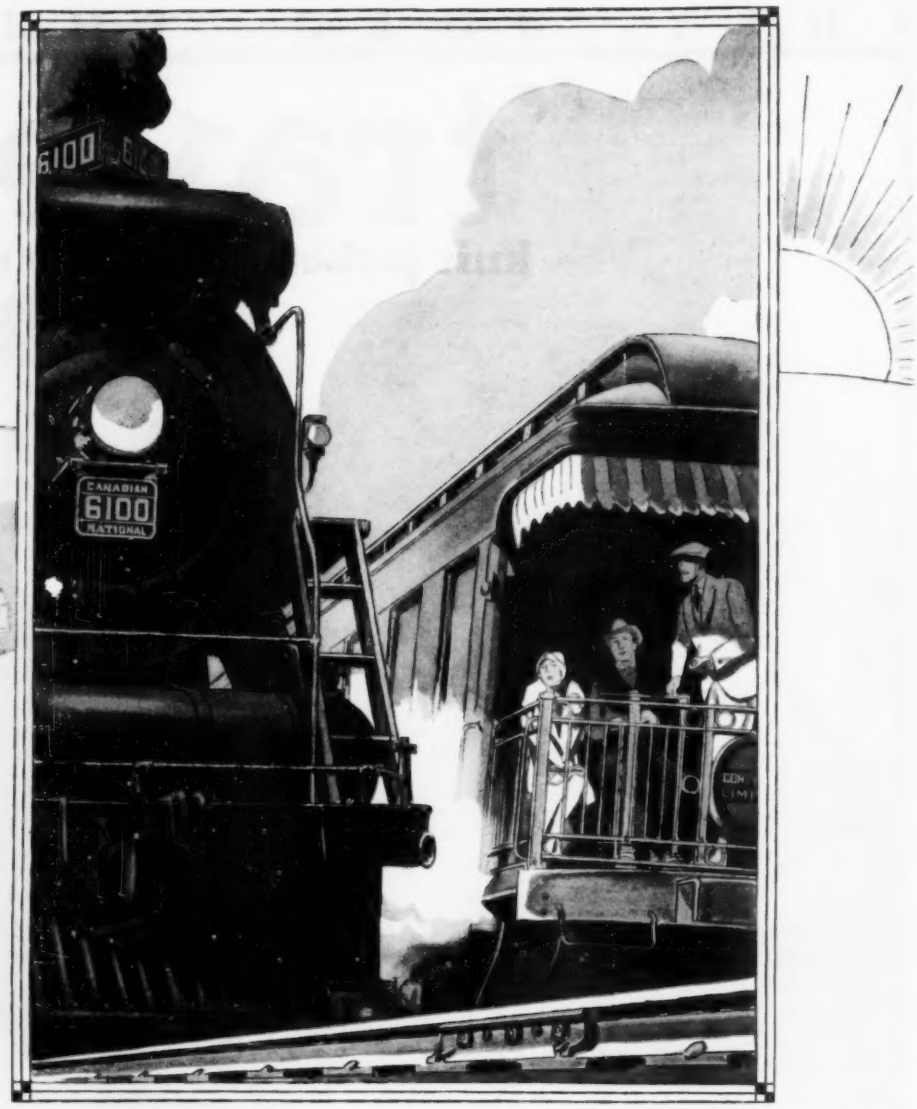
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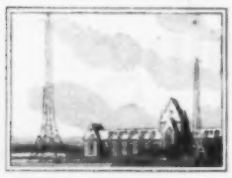
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(Continued from Page 150)

æsthetic, but strictly utilitarian—not art for art's sake but art for magic. He believed that possessing the likeness of a deer or a bear gave him some mysterious power over the actual beast.

We may surmise that in time a chief grew so wealthy that he no longer need worry over the daily supply of deer meat, and so well protected by his adherents that he did not fear bears; so he took to looking upon drawings of deer and bears purely as sources of amusement and became the first æsthete. Then he commissioned tribesmen who were skillful in that line to make drawings for him. Thus, possessing superfluous drawings of animals became the perquisite and hall-mark of a chief. Since it is desirable to be a chief, whatever pertains distinctively to chieftainship becomes desirable also; therefore the commonalty looked with awe and admiration on the chief's drawings, whether they were so constituted as to appreciate a drawing for its own sake or not.

This idea that looking at pictures is largely mere imitation of the upper crust is strengthened by our encyclopædia article, which says: "Æsthetic experience in all but its cruder and simpler forms has been, and still is, confined to a small number of persons"—often, naturally enough, persons with the leisure and the means to cultivate their tastes.

Almost all the celebrated works of the old masters were executed to the order of noble patrons—emperors, kings, popes, cardinals, dukes, princes, the Medici. Usually the immediate motive was glorification of the patron, as the memoirs of the time very frankly disclose. Julius II commissioned Michelangelo to build him, for his glory, a tomb that would knock all other tombs into a cocked hat. But the sculptor's jealous rivals persuaded the pope that he could get more glory out of rebuilding St. Peter's, so the tomb project was dished.

Botticelli, like a sensible, thrifty man who knows which side his bread is buttered on, put portraits of the Medici family in his paintings of holy subjects. The walls of the Doge's Palace at Venice are covered with frescoes picturing doges in intimate relationships with heavenly personages. It was aristocratic self-advertising.

Just One Gallery After the Other

Thackeray said that everybody really loves a lord, or something to that effect. Loving a lord implies respect for his appurtenances, including art. But nowadays it isn't so much a matter of loving a lord. The small number of persons who are endowed with capacity for æsthetic experience—in all but its cruder and simpler forms—naturally value themselves highly on that account. Everybody who can do anything whatever that the common run of people cannot do values himself on the accomplishment. A sword swallower must feel some superiority to ordinary persons whose mouths have never accommodated anything more formidable than a fork. But if, time out of mind, sword swallowing had been the peculiar accomplishment of kings, popes and dukes, how puffed up he would be!

Æsthetic appreciation is an intellectual quality, and while we may cheerfully acknowledge that a sword is beyond our gullets, we hate to admit a deficiency in intellectual qualities; so, instead of confessing that we are not of the æsthetic elect, we trot off humbly to look at the pictures and statues, and pretend to admire them whether in fact we get anything out of them or not.

Now I have no wish to write an essay on the fine arts, being of that vast majority who are inaccessible to æsthetic experience except in its cruder and simpler forms. I write solely for the material benefit and moral consolation of a great number of fellow citizens—a number that increases every year. It is impossible for an ordinary American to spend much time in Europe, meeting other ordinary Americans, as he is bound to do, without becoming aware of how many worthy citizens of the Republic are made miserable every summer by art over there.

They feel bound—or their womenfolk feel bound for them—to go through all the principal galleries whether they get anything but boredom out of it or not. In Florence I met a tired business man from the Middle West who calculated that, beginning with the National Gallery and Wallace's in London and proceeding to Paris, Brussels, The Hague, Amsterdam, Berlin, Dresden, Munich and Venice, he had seen at least a square mile of painting and statuary. In Florence, having already done the Duomo, Baptistery, Or San Michele, Palazzo Vecchio, Uffizi and Pitti—in one day!—there remained only the Accademia di Belle Arti, Bargello, San Lorenzo, San Marco, San Croce, San Miniato and a couple of dozen lesser attractions. And after that Rome! He admitted being so tired of it that he would enjoy sitting down on the railroad track at home and looking at the gaunt, yellow coöperative grain elevator for a change. But he rejected my suggestion that he take the rest of the art of Europe for granted. No, he said sadly, looking at art was what they had come over there for—as far as he could make out.

Progress in Art and in Science

He is a man with plenty of good common sense, except when hypnotized by a tribal taboo or its opposite. After an experimental hour in the first gallery, he must have known well enough in his heart that he was not one of the few to whom æsthetic experience is confined. If it had been almost anything else—a book in a language he did not understand, a dish that he got no savor or nourishment from, a garment that only made him uncomfortable—one experiment would have been enough. He would then have said "Not for me," and have turned to something else. But he was coerced by a tradition that it's very important to look at the great works of art. Probably he would have been ashamed to go back to Iowa and confess that he had spent a month in Italy without looking at a solitary Raphael or Titian—or his wife wouldn't have let him.

This matter is of growing importance, for going to Europe is by way of becoming our premier national pastime, at least on the economic side. Dr. Julius Klein, chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in the Department of Commerce, calculates that in 1927 Americans spent not less than $650,000,000 on that diversion. The number of tourists and the total expenditure have been rising year by year ever since the war. This amusement will soon be in the billion-dollar class, rivaling the movies and far ahead of baseball. It is obviously important that, as far as possible, we get our money's worth.

The only rational object in looking at paintings and sculpture is to induce æsthetic pleasure, which, you remember, consists of "pure enjoyment, detached, disinterested, free from the painful elements of craving, fatigue, conflict, anxiety and disappointment." But if you are so constituted that looking at miles of painting induces only fatigue, disappointment and a craving to sit down and watch a dog fight instead—why, then you are very foolish to do it. It is like paying a high price for a dish that only makes you sick at your stomach.

You are entitled to take the high ground that art is unmoral and undemocratic, the concern of a small number of upstage persons who have often set the worst possible examples, or you may take the practical ground that it gets nowhere, being quite unprogressive—in contrast to science.

Galileo made a telescope that greatly facilitated the study of astronomy. His successors, although men of much less ability, began where he left off and went on and on, constantly improving the telescope, until now any city high school has a better instrument than Galileo possessed.

Artists who may be compared with Galileo, such as Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo, carried painting and sculpture to new heights. Their successors, however, did not begin where they left off, making still better paintings and sculpture. On the contrary, they fell back, making decidedly worse paintings and sculpture. We have left the science of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries immeasurably far behind, but the art of those centuries has not been equaled since. Science is cumulative; whatever ground one generation gains is the next generation's starting point. But art notoriously goes uphill, only to fall down again. As to what it essentially is, no definition is any more satisfactory than the well-known one that "Art is long." We unartistic people who are fleeting, especially fleeting through Europe, may give it up without just reproach.

There remains antiquity, the feeling for which, except in its cruder and simpler forms, is not confined to a small number of persons. It seems, on the contrary, to be a universal feeling, although it is not possible to deduce any very satisfactory reason for it. For instance, we know well enough, without going to Italy, that emperors lived in Rome and built large palaces there. Yet to behold the remnants of the ruins of the palaces brings a thrill. There is nothing beautiful about them. They look, on the contrary, about like the place where the brickyard used to be; but they seem to confirm our mere book knowledge that imperial palaces once stood there. We thought we had never doubted the statement in our high-school histories that an emperor named Hadrian built an enormous villa near Tivoli, but to behold some crumbled walls there, uninspiring enough of themselves, is a satisfaction, because, after all, only seeing is believing.

Two thousand years isn't much. Anthropologists confidently measure man's existence in hundreds of thousands of years. Nobody, at any rate, doubts that man has been here many thousand years; yet to see anything whatever that man wrought 2000 years ago brings a satisfaction that I can account for only on the ground that printed words are still not deeply convincing. We only sort of believe them; but seeing is believing. To look at the Colosseum makes 2000 years ago nearer and more real, as no printed words can do. But that isn't much credit to our intelligence. It only shows to how limited an extent, after all, we trust in print. But print is worthy of more confidence than a great many of us give it.

Somewhere in Europe

For example, in the cathedral at Cologne we noticed especially two ladies whom we assumed to be a mother and daughter, and Americans. Presumably the men of the party noticed them especially because they were very pretty ladies and the women of the party because they were very becomingly dressed. Some repairs to the cathedral were going forward and a big clumsy scaffolding had been built up one pillar to the high roof.

The elder of the ladies approached us and inquired, very prettily indeed, "Pardon me, but did the Germans shell this town during the war?" Now traveling 4000 or 5000 miles to Cologne without having ascertained from a map or travel book that it is a German town was carrying distrust of print altogether too far. Yet one is constantly running into similar cases abroad.

To be sure, a great lot of propaganda came out of Europe during the war, and since; but Americans who are thinking of visiting that continent may rest assured that printed statements on the main points are perfectly trustworthy—such points as that Munich is south of Frankfort, which an irritated American tourist on the railroad station platform at Berlin confessed he had just discovered, to the confusion of his plans. Tourists might save much trouble and many superfluous guides' fees by a little reading before they start. About antiquities in particular, printed statements in standard reference books may be followed without misgiving, and surely having read



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Puzzling over what to give the younger members of the family? Old toys losing their appeal? And only a week or so till the Great Day!

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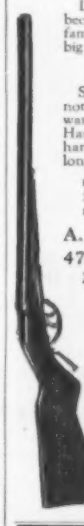
Looks for all the world like a real gun, because it's a true-to-life miniature of the famous Fox Gun. Loads and works like a big gun, too, but it's

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Shoots small wooden balls, so light they will not injure anyone; won't even break glassware. Realistic shells are spring-powered. Has double barrels of steel, double triggers, hardwood stock — fascinating, well-made, long-lasting.

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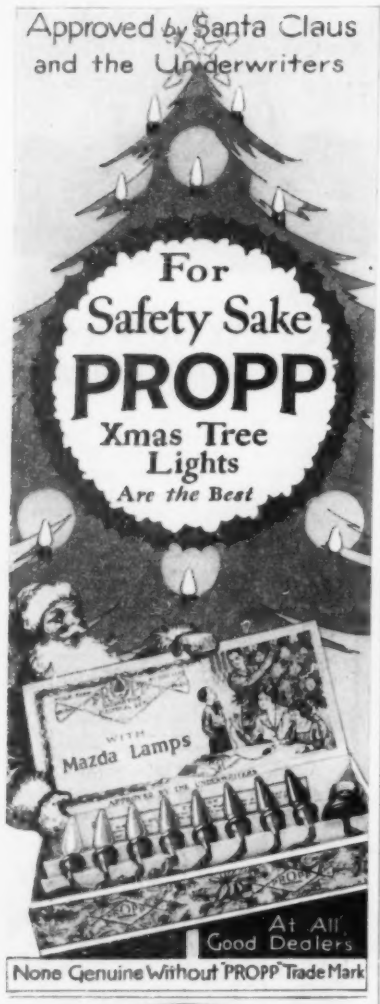
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something about them will increase the pleasure of viewing them.

Generally tourists may enjoy them undisturbed by the local population, but not always. For instance, there was the Roman amphitheater at Verona. Everyone has been told that to view the Colosseum at Rome by moonlight is one of the rarest experiences that may fall to the lot of a truly sensitive tourist. The amphitheater at Verona isn't quite so big as the famous Roman relic, nor quite as old; but it is in an excellent state of preservation, as preservation goes in such cases. When we were in Verona there was a nearly full moon in a cloudless sky, and we proposed to indulge in a touristic thrill of at least the second chop. Proceeding from the hotel, whose halls and bedrooms seemed not far behind the amphitheater in antiquity, we crossed the Piazza delle Erbe and struck into the principal street leading toward our destination, immediately noting with surprise that the street was thronged with people tramping in our direction. Apparently half Verona was going to view the old Roman circus by moonlight; and native indifference to such sights did not apply in this ancient city of Romeo and Juliet. But all the entrances to the amphitheater were boarded up save one, at which, for a very reasonable price, you were admitted to the chair-filled interior, where an American motion picture was exhibited. That was what the natives were going to see.

An Ad for America

They do it everywhere. In little mountain-circled Oberammergau our medieval and mystical reflections on the passion play were disturbed by a strangely familiar name in large letters on large posters announcing the exhibition of an American movie that evening. And Europeans are beginning, decidedly, to travel in the manner that Americans are derided for—that is, in galloping, herded, through-routed parties. German agencies, to judge by their advertising, do a brisk trade in ten-day tours of France, a week in Switzerland, and the like.

In the show window of a Paris tourist agency I noticed a striking poster—a pale-blue river and dark-blue mountain with a large yellow castle on its side. Wondering which castle on the Rhine it impudently misrepresented, I read the legend beneath, which alleged that it was a picture of famous West Point, on the Hudson River in the United States. It looked as much like West Point as any travel-poster picture ever looks like its subject, but I hoped it would inspire many worthy French families with a yearning to see the original. The original, in fact, is handsomer than any castle on the Rhine, most of which bear a family likeness to what is left of the brewery now that they are taking it down to build a car barn on the site.

The places never look like their pictures, or only as much like them as the Sunday-supplement photograph of an actress of ripe experience looks like the original. One knows that before starting. One knows also that much travel literature, even when it is not done to order, is written in a rhapsodical strain that nothing this side the pearly gates could reasonably be expected to come up to. Yet there is the primeval urge to see something new and different, especially if it has been advertised to us from childhood.

Keeping the Atmosphere Naïve

To see something different is what we go for. I have heard a good many Americans declare that Berlin is hardly worth looking at because it is only a cleaner German Chicago—new buildings, wide streets laid out in rectangles after our materialistic American manner, very convenient for traffic but quite unpicturesque; in short, substantially just what one sees at home. The same Americans are delighted with the very narrow, dark, squalid streets of the water front at Genoa, for example. They are entirely different, and difference is the attraction.

In the elevator of an Austrian hotel, which the guidebook optimistically describes as of the highest class, hangs a set of printed rules and regulations in three languages. The English version contains the following:

Adhesion for stolen articles from rooms by closed doors cannot be accepted but to the legal amount. For money and objects of value only by giving them in depot in our hotel office as safes are disponible free of charge. It is not allowed to make use of electrical apparats, as smothering, etc., in rooms.

I have no doubt that an astute management did that on purpose, for I noticed that English-speaking guests were always calling one another's attention to the placard and chuckling over it—pleased with having found something entirely different and subconsciously crediting that pleasure up to the hotel.

Yet many Americans commit the error of complaining about things that are different, such as inconveniently arranged day trains with nobody to tell you when to get off, impossible sleeping cars, monotonous diet, screenless doors and windows in mosquito-infested places, and so on. They are thoughtlessly trying to queer their own game. Not conformity to American things but difference is what they should insist on; all the more because powerful forces are working steadily for conformity. It isn't only that profitable hordes of American tourists are bringing the English language into use everywhere, so that nowadays one who knows no other tongue may travel all the main trails of Western Europe without inconvenience, nor that catering to tourists brings in everywhere American goods and attempts at American customs—as, for one small thing, the very common sign, American Bar, pathetically testifies. Everywhere on the tourist map one can find a daily newspaper in English, a day old if the place is more than a night's run from Paris, and the current week's SATURDAY EVENING POST will be on sale not later than Saturday. And American movies are daily advertising American ways to hundreds of thousands of Europeans.

While Europe Lasts

But the more important thing is that Western Europe is striving might and main to Americanize itself industrially. The economic ground that has been gained over there since the war is pretty much due to the adoption of American ideas. From the North Sea to the Mediterranean, they now talk coördination, standardization and mass production as eagerly as Detroit does. It has long since been pointed out that life is chiefly conditioned by the state of the industrial arts.

It is not impossible that the successful industrial example of the United States—a wide free-trade market for standardized machine products—will do more to bring about the important thing in Napoleon's old dream of a United States of Europe than anything else has done.

Of course, there would be less object in crossing the Atlantic merely to pass from one United States to another. Therefore hurry over next spring, while Europe is still Europe; read something about it first; consult a map; and if you are not of the æsthetic few, remember that art is long and can wait.

HOOKS

By WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

OF ALL that's necessary in the cowboy's outfit, his hooks, or spurs, are amongst that, and not far from being what he needs the most. They're not on his heels as an ornament, even though some of them steels might be decorated a whole lot, and they sure take a big share of the credit for the way the work is done on the range.

The big share for that credit is in the way they're handled, and the cowboy is the feller that knows how to handle 'em. He's raised with them on his heels, and by the time he's half grown they're as much part of him as his two hands, and near as useful, for it's with them that the hand and eye work.

Like with the throw of a rope, for instance, most good rope horses are apt to check up too soon when they see the whale line sail towards a critter's horns, they want to brace themselves for a jerk, and stopping too soon that way has spoiled many a good catch by an inch. That's on account of some horses not heeding the spur, but as a rule a little touch of it at such a time always does the work, and there's no checking up till the loop is drawed around both horns.

Even the wisest and freest of horses need the spur as a reminder that way once in a while; they know their work so well that they're apt to get careless, specially when a little tired, and it's up to the cowboy to remind 'em of what's to be done; it's him who knows that one step short in roping or cutting out will mean more work.

Then again, even with the most willing horse, there's many places in the range country that he don't care to drop into or go over the top of, and it takes a little persuading from the spur to get him to go on. If the cowboy was riding for pleasure he might go around such places, but there's work to be done when he rides, and often a short cut acrost rough country is mighty necessary to head off a bunch that's needed.

But with the good willing horse, it's seldom that the spur ever touches his hide. The cowboy, knowing how to handle the steel, threatens with 'em a heap more than he touches, and a motion of the leg is about all such a horse ever feels. But even with the horse that needs the spur, there's never no gouging or cutting done. That's against cowboy principle, and any man that's caught using too much spur on a horse is not thought much of around any cow camp. Things'll most likely get so hot for him around there that he'll soon think of other places.

I know of a few such instances, one where some overgrown would-be cowboy cut a little gash in a gentle horse's side one time. The wagon boss had hired him because he was short-handed, but when he seen the spur mark on the horse he figgered he'd a heap rather get along without him, but he teached him a lesson first; he gave him a brand-new string of ponies, all rough ones, and after he got through pointing 'em out to him, he says:

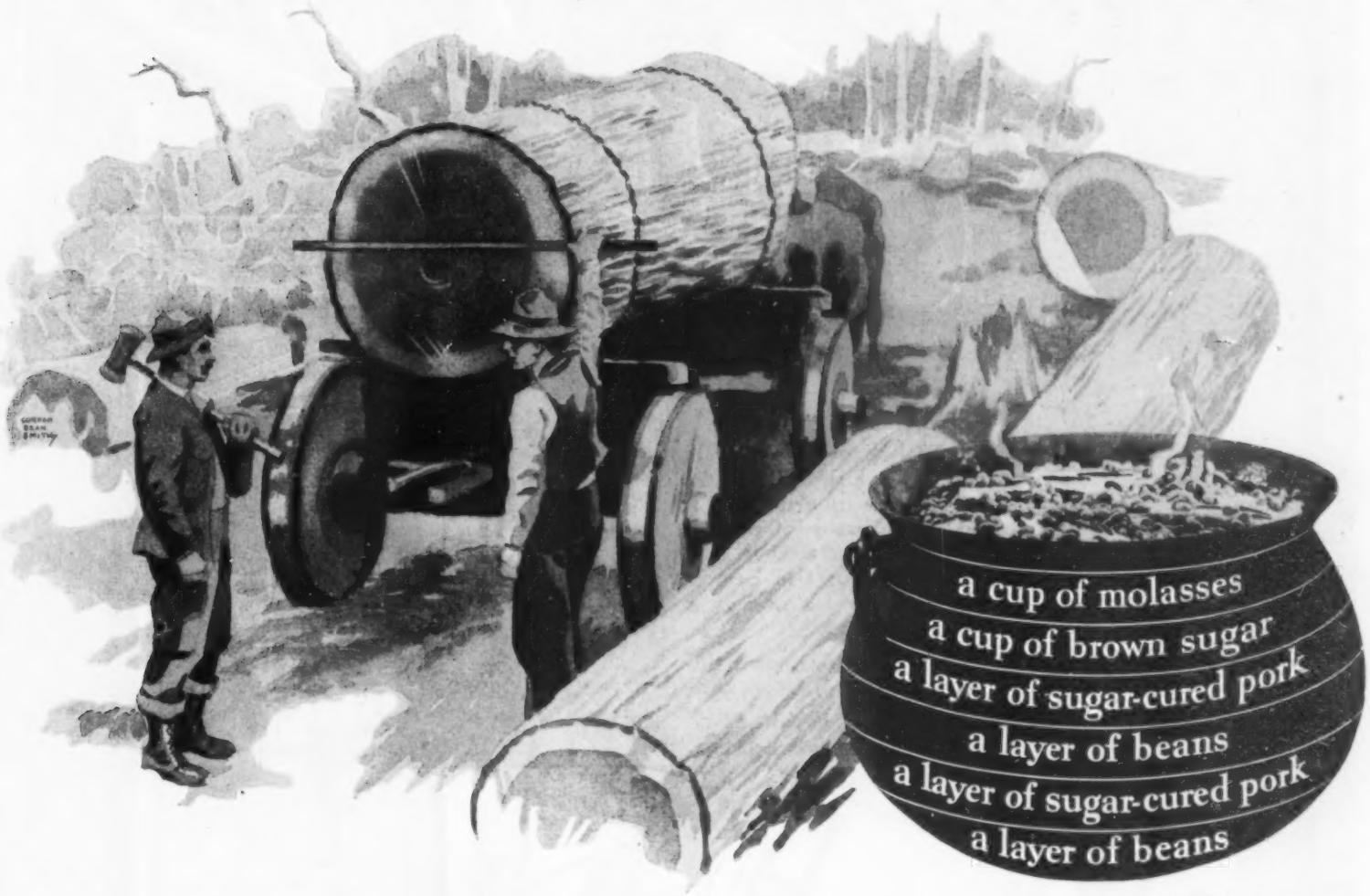
"Now, young feller, let's see you put spur marks on them horses."

The "young feller" didn't get to put no spur marks on them horses; he was too busy finding something to hang onto, and the few he tried to ride left their marks on him instead. The next morning he caught his own horse, asked for the few days' wages he had coming, and hit out, and I think he was careful never to cut a gentle horse after that. Fact is, I know he was, because it wasn't over three months later when I seen him driving a storage-house truck in town.

(Continued on Page 157)

Bean Hole Beans!

Just like those baked in the outdoor oven called the "bean hole" in the Maine woods



See what goes into the outdoor bean pot! The very same ingredients are used in Bean Hole Beans.

You've heard of them, of course—those beans baked in the old "bean hole" in the logging camps of the Maine woods. The recipe used and the way of baking are unique.

The great round-bellied iron bean pot is filled to the brim—with a layer of beans, a layer of sugar-cured prime pork, a cup of molasses and one of brown sugar. Repeated again and again.

Then the pot, the cover sealed on air-tight with clay, is buried in the oven in the ground called the "bean hole." There, in a bed of glowing pine embers, it slowly cooks all night.

And in the morning when the bean pot is lifted out and opened—*such deliciousness!* Flavor-rich ingredients blended by long slow cooking . . . the fragrance of the forest . . . seasoning of pungent wood smoke . . . *Indescribable!*

And now you can have that same wonderful baked-in-the-ground flavor. For a way to reproduce it has really been found at last.

So like the originals baked in the "bean hole" in the Maine woods are these new beans that they are called Bean Hole Beans.

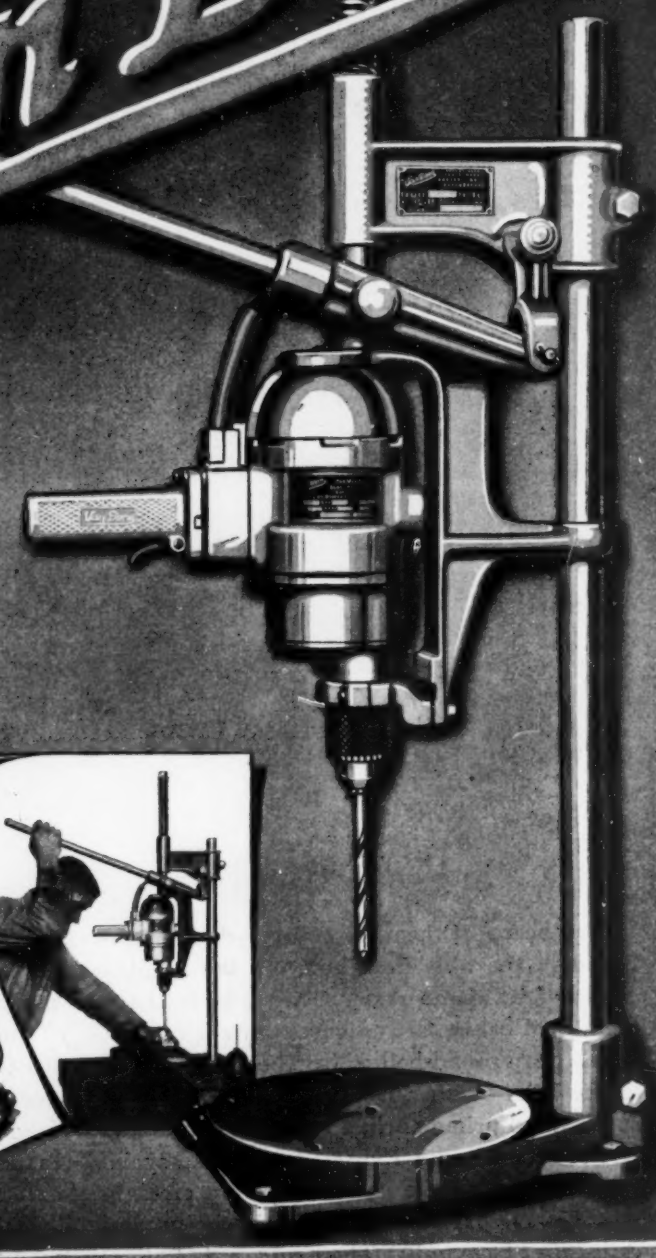
Think of having this up-to-now unattainable woods flavor for your own table! Don't put off experiencing this new pleasure. Get your order in now; your grocer will send them. Two sizes, medium 15¢; large 25¢.

Now you can have that wonderful "baked-in-the-ground" flavor!



The first real reproduction of the famous Maine woods beans

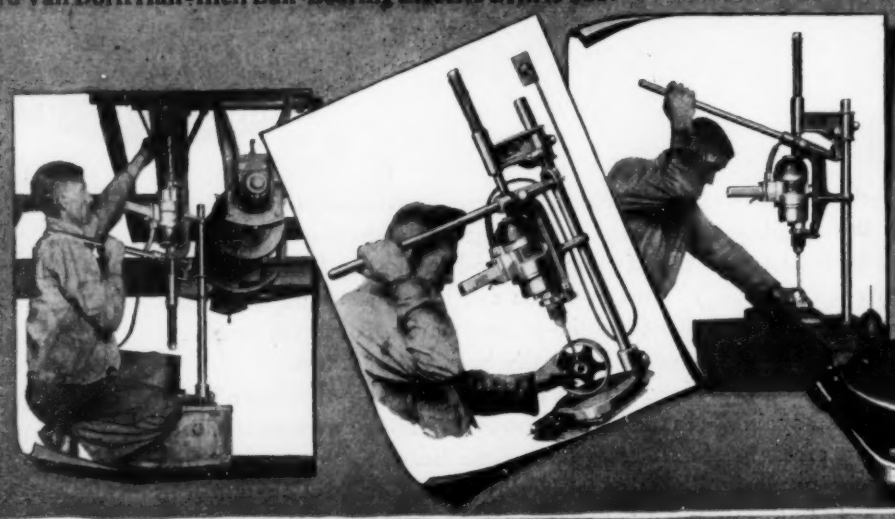
For POWER specify "Van Dorn"



With this outfit you can drill through a 2 inch steel plate in one minute, with practically no exertion. The five to one leverage means that a 30 pound pull on the handle supplies a 150 pound drilling pressure. The Portable Electric Drill can be quickly and easily removed from the Bench Drill Stand when occasion requires its use as a portable tool.

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The Van Dorn Bench Drill Stand, complete with Standard Van Dorn Half-Inch Ball-Bearing Electric Drill is $83.



The "Van Dorn" Electric Tool Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.

(Continued from Page 154)

I never seen a real cowboy cut a horse with his spurs. If he ever does, it's sure by accident, and the horse wouldn't feel half as hurt about it as he would. Even with the bad horse—the kind that needs lots of persuading to straighten up and get any work out of—the spur is brought to work mostly as a nerve tickler, like the tip of the finger against any live human's ribs, and the steel is never used as a cutting machine, for there wouldn't be no advantage to that.

Just the other day the Antler round-up wagon camped on the creek to within a couple of miles of my corrals. My "spread" is in the heart of the Antler range, and when the outfit comes close that way I always throw in with 'em for the day or two to sort of unlimber my rope arm. They had a remuda of a hundred and thirty head; them horses had been rode hard since early spring, and even though I never looked for such signs, I'll bet there wasn't a spur mark on any one of them. I know that without looking, because, at one time, I've worked for many such outfits, and I know that a spur mark don't go well there.

The true cowboy takes great pride in being good to a horse, and if the spurs was unnecessary and cruel he'd never wear 'em. They can be used cruelly, of course, but any man that knows how to use them and what their purpose is will never be cruel with 'em. It's usually the feller that's rode but little who does the damage with the spurs.

Part of the Boots

When the cowboy buys a pair of spurs, the first thing he generally does is go to work on the rowels with a file. He'll file all the sharp edges off every point of them rowels and till all are smooth and dull; but to the folks who don't know spurs and how they're used, the long points of a two-inch rowel still looks mighty wicked. I know, for a fact, of many persons who thought that whenever a cowboy hit a horse with the spur the rowel was sunk in the flesh plum to the shank. According to that, it was no wonder to me why they thought our spurs was cruel. There's many who thinks that the bigger rowel a spur has the more cruel it is. That's again from the idea that the whole rowel is sunk in every time. If that was done a horse would keel over at the first sinking.

The bigger and thicker the rowel is and the more points there is to it, the less harm it'll do. It's the small thin rowel with the few points that does the damage. A rowel



of few points lets loose hide wrinkle in between, and that gives a chance for the points to cut, more so with the small rowel, because there's not so much play as there is with the big one; they won't turn so easy, and a jab with 'em is more steady and solid. Any rider could take a five-point, three-quarter rowel and cut a horse to pieces, if he had a mind to, where with a two-inch "sunset" rowel, which has many points close together, he could just ruffle the hair and no more. The old-time nickel-plated army spur, with the small sharp rowel about the size of a dime, was the most cruel spur I ever seen. I'm glad to see that now'days the army spur has no rowel at all, and whoever is responsible for that ought to have a medal as big as the Statue of Liberty, all incrusted with diamonds.

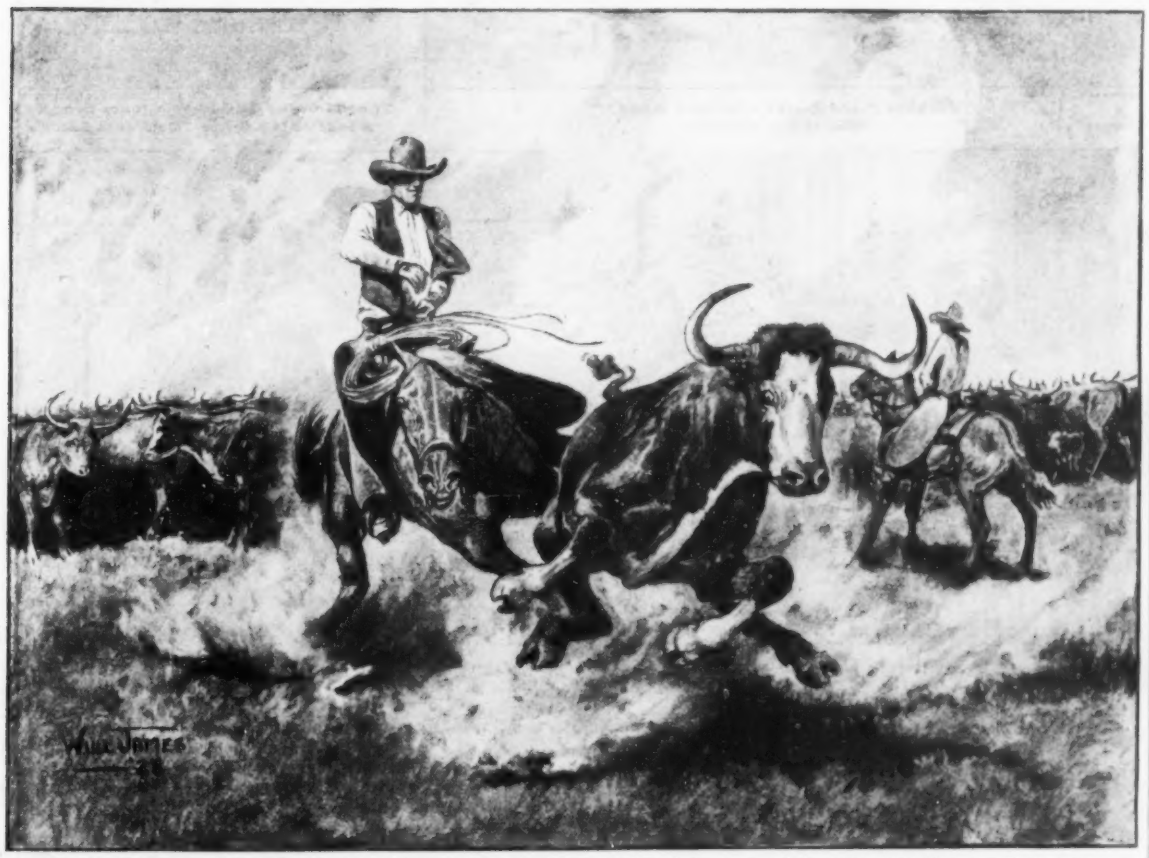
I'm talking of spurs at their worst now; but like anything else, if handled right, they sure have their qualities, too, and they're mighty necessary—so necessary that out here on the range the cowboy never takes 'em off his boots. For with him changing horses from two to four times a day during the round-ups, riding many that are strange at other times and with all kinds of dispositions, he ain't apt to wonder if he'll need his spurs on this or that horse. That's all settled by keeping them spurs on always—always, excepting when he goes to town or to some far-off shindig, and as usual the spur never comes off the boot till that boot is wore out; then it goes on to stay on another pair till it's wore out, and so on. At night them boots are pulled off with the help of the spurs, like with a bootjack, and when the boots are slipped on of early morning the spur is part of 'em.

Signs of Harmony

Whatever the cowboy does—wrassling calves, branding, roping or riding—whether he's afoot or on horseback, the spurs are always jingling at his heels. He'll never stumble over 'em; they been there too long. And they come into his work as natural-like as the crook that comes into his elbow while he's eating.

He uses 'em unthinking, whether he's riding a bad horse or a good one. On the bad horse them spurs will act as a sort of feeler as to where the horse might be at every jump, sometimes reaching for a holt when the sitting is uncertain, and then, by the tattoo that's played with 'em, the horse will soon be convinced that this tearing things up ain't getting him nothing but an uncomfortable feeling from both sides. But the hide will seldom be marred by any scratches, for the cowboy knows his spurs; he knows that a little jab with 'em will do all he wants 'em to.

While riding a gentle horse and all is going well, them spurs will just set there on the cowboy's heels and jingle. They're music to his ears always, the heartbeats of the life he's living; he'd rather hear 'em jingle than to jab with 'em, for while they're just jingling everything is okay and in harmony.



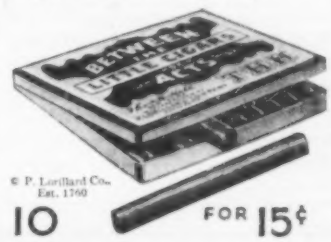
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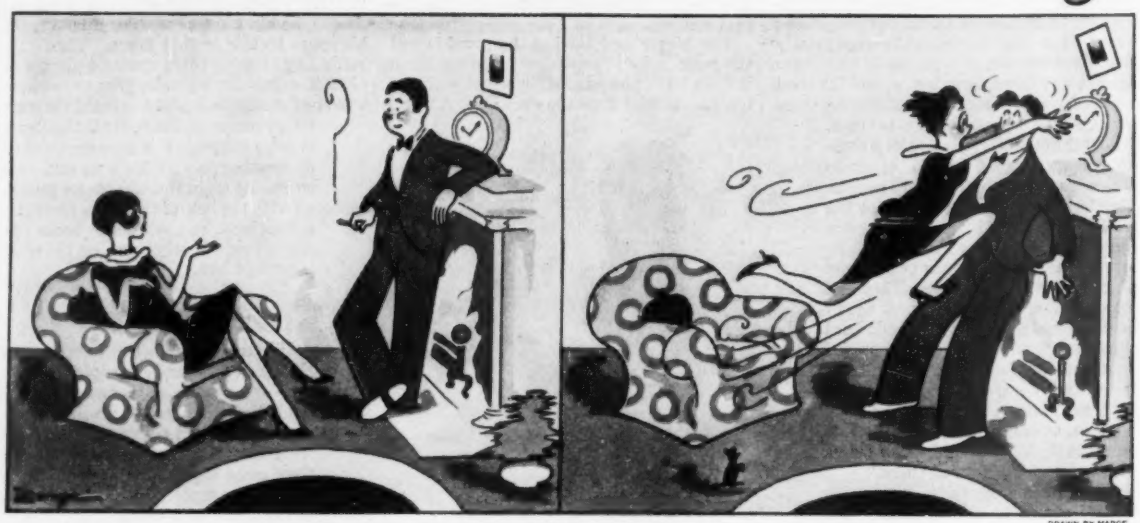
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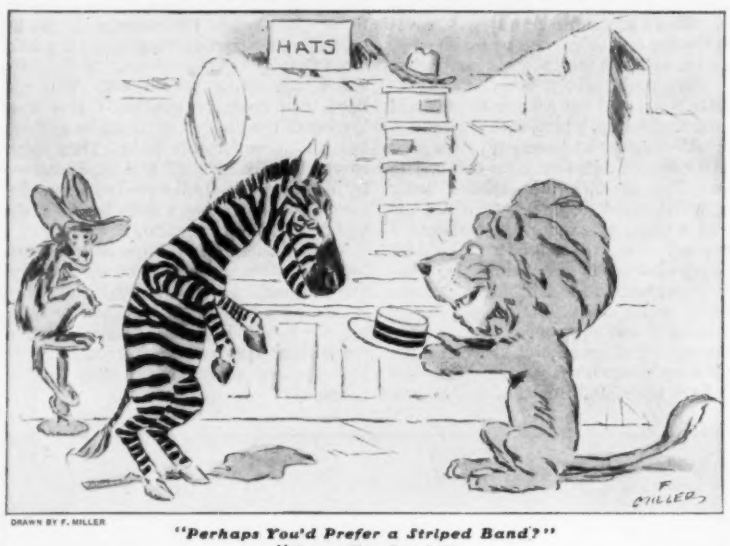
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The Flexible Flyer holds the speed, long distance and long service records in every snow-clad part of America! It is the pride of every owner—the envy of every other. The Flexible Flyer will be the hit of Christmas for any child. In no other way can you give so much joy—at so little cost.

What a wonderful gift! It gives the youngsters outdoor healthy life. It is a gift to last for years—long, long after the other presents are broken—forgotten. The Flexible Flyer is not a toy. It is wonderfully made—perfectly safe. Made of finest steel . . . of selected seasoned second-growth ash . . . with perfect steering mechanism . . . with scientific concave runners that grip the snow—aiding in steering and adding distance. There is no substitute for the Flexible Flyer. Every youngster wants "the champion of the hill". Nothing else will satisfy.

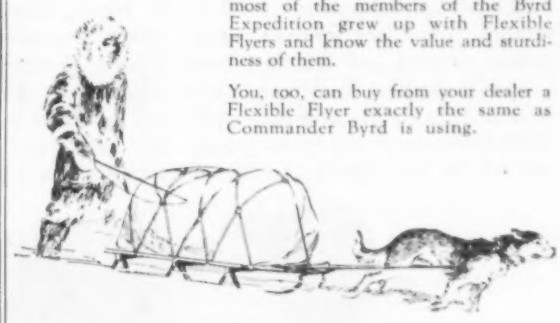


With Byrd at the South Pole

Commander Byrd's equipment is the most carefully selected of any expedition ever made. On his boats for his transportation over snow are picked, trained husky dogs, specially constructed sledges—*and six No. 5 Flexible Flyers.*

There could be no finer sled than the Flexible Flyer—so the Byrd Expedition chose the standard Flexible Flyer on which to pack their lighter loads. This choosing was done entirely without our knowledge—on merit alone. They write us that most of the members of the Byrd Expedition grew up with Flexible Flyers and know the value and sturdiness of them.

You, too, can buy from your dealer a Flexible Flyer exactly the same as Commander Byrd is using.



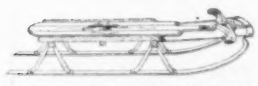
Commander Byrd, in two ships, is pushing into the frozen South as far as possible. When his ships stick in the ice he plans to establish outposts every 25 miles, with dog team communication. After these are established several hundred miles beyond his ships, he will fly for the South Pole.

LOOK FOR THIS EAGLE TRADEMARK FLEXIBLE FLYER ON EVERY GENUINE FLEXIBLE FLYER

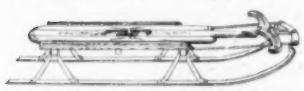
Flexible Flyer

The sled that *really* steers

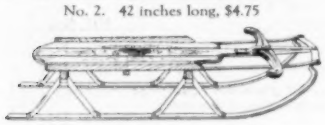
From $3.75 to $8.75 (prices slightly higher in the West)
S. L. Allen & Co., Inc., Dept. 15, Philadelphia



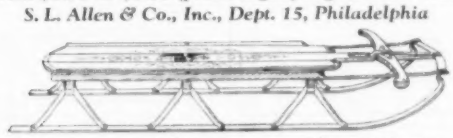
No. 1. 38 inches long, $3.75



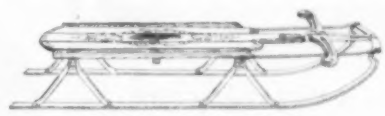
No. 2. 42 inches long, $4.75



No. 3. 47 inches long, $6.00



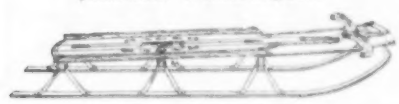
No. 5. 63 inches long, $8.75. The same model that Byrd is using.



No. 4. 52 inches long, $6.50



Junior Racer. 49 inches long, $5.25



Racer. 57 inches long, $6.50



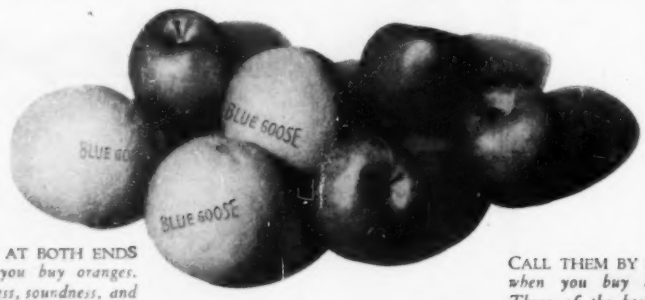
What fruit for CHRISTMAS?

Holiday marketing simplified if you know how to buy

"OH, yes—some apples and oranges." That's one way to order. But not if you know your shopping . . . if you want the very best for your holiday table.

Then signs of quality will guide your choice. You'll know just what *kind* of apples to buy for eating, for cooking, for baking. You'll know exactly how to pick the juiciest, sweetest oranges. You'll look for the signs of quality pictured and described here—and for the Blue Goose name. It's right in sight on the skin or wrapper of the best oranges and apples grown, and on the box, barrel, or crate of almost all kinds of high quality fruits and vegetables.

As a further assurance that you always get Blue Goose quality, no matter when or where you buy, American Fruit Growers offer you a unique book of shopping secrets—"Blue Goose Buying Guide." Compiled by a noted authority, Colonel L. Brown, formerly of the United States Department of Agriculture. Ninety photographic illustrations. Also contains a simple table that tells the best way to keep various fruits and vegetables. The coupon below brings you a copy of this book free.



LOOK AT BOTH ENDS *when you buy oranges. Firmness, soundness, and uniform color are sure signs of juicy goodness. These and other shopping secrets are yours if you send for the "Blue Goose Buying Guide." Use them*

CALL THEM BY NAME *when you buy apples. Three of the best right now are (left) Delicious, (center) Stayman, both rosy red and excellent for eating raw — (right) Spitzenburg, red, juicy, good for cooking or baking.*

. . or simply ask for

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Index of Advertisers

December 15, 1928

	PAGE
Agfa Ansco Corporation	74
Allen Air-Turbine Ventilator Co.	157
Allen & Co., Inc., S. L.	159
American Fruit Growers Inc.	160
American Gas Machine Co., Inc.	64
American Telephone and Telegraph Company	49
Armstrong Cork Company	36
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, The Great	131
Auburn Automobile Company	116, 117
Automatic Electric Inc.	86
Baker & Co., Inc., Walter	108
Barney & Berry, Inc.	120
Bell & Howell Co.	69
Bond Electric Corporation	79
Boott Mills	158
Brown & Son, John I.	153
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation	58
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., The	50
Bulova Watch Co.	133
Bunting Brass & Bronze Co., The	115
Burgess Battery Company	97, 153
Burroughs Adding Machine Company	163
Cadillac Motor Car Company	34
Campbell Soup Company	27
Canadian National Railways	152
Carter's Ink Company, The	147
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	119
Chevrolet Motor Company	44, 45
Chrysler Sales Corporation	39
Coca-Cola Company, The	85
Colonial Manufacturing Co.	68
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	32
Continental Baking Co.	75
Cook Co., The H. C.	157
Crofut & Knapp Company, The	73
Cudahy Packing Co., The	IV Cover
Cunningham, Inc E. T.	104
E. A. Laboratories, Inc.	142
Enna Jettick Shoes	154
Ethyl Gasoline Corporation	76
Evans & Co., Victor J.	150
Farber, Inc., S. W.	94
Fox Gun Company, A. H.	153
French Company, The R. T.	132
Frigidaire Corporation	96
General Electric Company	136
General Tire and Rubber Co.	77
Gilbert Chocolate Company, John O.	128
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	41, 71
Graham Bros.	60
Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation	106
Graybar Electric Co.	129
Guth Company, Edwin F.	139
Hawaiian Pineapple Co.	138
Heinz Company, H. J.	113
Hewes & Potter, Inc.	90
Hohner, Inc., M.	89
Holmes Products, Inc.	123
Hood Rubber Company	100
Hoover Company, The	82, 83
Hudson Motor Car Company	54, 55
India Tea Bureau	158
Industrial Alcohol Institute, Inc., The	135
Ingersoll Watch Co., Inc.	95
Johnston Company, Robert A.	164
Klein & Sons, Mathias	107
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company	52
Kroehler Mfg. Co.	72
Lacey & Lacey	158
Lederer & Bro., Inc., Henry	141
Libbey-Owens Sheet Glass Company, The	140
Locktite Co., Inc., The	154
Lorillard Co., Inc., P.	157
Louisville & Nashville R. R.	134
Magazine Repeating Razor Company	124
Mennen Company, The	51
Midwest Radio Corp'n	150
Miller Rubber Company, The	88
Minnesota Valley Canning Co.	137
Mishawaka Rubber & Woolen Mfg. Co.	143
Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc., The	161
Moorhead Knitting Co., Inc.	92
National Fiberstok Envelope Co.	150
National Kei-Lac Co.	158
New Haven Clock Company, The	70
Noma Electric Corporation	57
North American Accident Insurance Co.	158
North East Electric Co.	130
Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation	59
Parker Pen Co., The	II Cover
Pathfinder	153
Peckham-Foreman, Inc.	151
Pennsylvania Railroad	43
Phillips-Jones	148
Photographers Association of America	162
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Propp, M.	154
Protectahood Corp.	125
Radio Corporation of America	66
Rastetter & Sons, Louis	157
Reading Iron Company	121
Reo Motor Car Company	62, 63
Roach & Company, W. R.	99
Sanitarium Equipment Co.	114
Servel Sales, Inc.	87
Sheaffer Pen Company, W. A.	III Cover
Simoniz Company, The	78
Sinclair Refining Company, Inc.	46
Smith Brothers'	145
Society of American Florists	105
Southern Pacific	144
Stearns & Company, Frederick	115
Steinite Radio Co.	146
Stokes Co., Frederick A.	158
Swift & Company	29
Switzerland Cheese Association	93
Timken Roller Bearing Company, The	65
Toastmaster, The	150
United States Tobacco Company	122
Universal Pictures	67
U. S. Playing Card Co., The	127
Vacuum Oil Company	31
Van Camp Packing Co.	155
Van Dorn Electric Tool Co., The	156
Wahl Company, The	110, 111
Western Clock Company	1
Whitman & Son, Inc., Stephen F.	102, 103
Willard Storage Battery Company	80

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index



Sitting on top of the World

The gentleman in the figurative—though enviable—position pictured above has conquered his figuring problem with the Monroe.

He knows now from day to day just where his business stands—his books are always up to date. He has every item of costs that he desires. Inventories are no longer 24-hour-a-day jobs—overtime is a thing of the past. No longer is his business thrown into turmoil at income-tax time. When he wants special figures he gets them immediately—without interference with routine work.

He's "sitting on top of the world" because all the old uncertainties, actual errors and worries caused by using figuring methods of a generation ago, have been eliminated by simple Monroe methods of rapid, accurate, mechanical calculations.

The Simple Machine That Handles All The Figures

The new Series 3 Monroe is the machine for all the figuring in every office—the adding-calculator of universal use.

It divides, multiplies, subtracts—as easily as it adds.

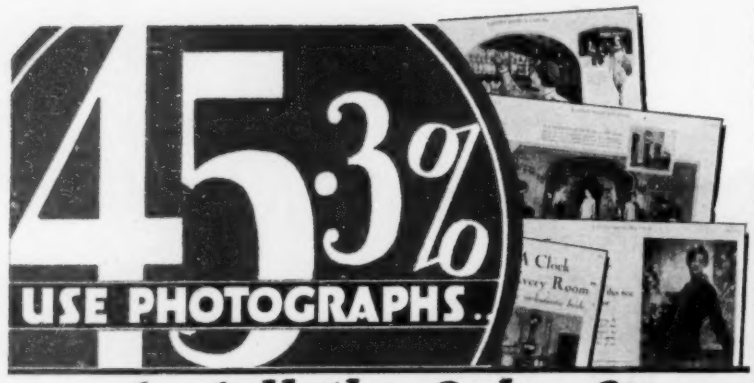
It will figure inventories, costs, commissions, percentages, invoices, discounts, payrolls, estimates, interest charges, ratios of turnover or depreciation, without the necessity of setting levers to change from one mathematical operation to another.

Automatic visible proof, step by step, eliminates tiresome re-checking.

Try a Monroe on Your Own Work

This is the best test. We shall be glad to have our local representative arrange to have you test a Monroe on your own figures—whether closing your books, getting tax returns or handling an inventory. He will gladly show your clerks time-saving figuring methods. There will be no obligation whatsoever to buy until you are convinced the Monroe is a profitable investment for you. Telephone the office of The Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc., in your city or write our home office at Orange, New Jersey.

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HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR



.....to tell the Sales Story



THIS book "How to Use Photographs in Your Business" is chock full of helpful suggestions; ideas that you can put right to work in your business. Ask your local commercial photographer for a free copy; or address National Advertising Headquarters, Photographers Association of America, 136 East Market Street, Indianapolis, Ind.



YOU'VE noticed of course that more and more able advertisers are turning to photographs to tell the sales story. Out of 108 display advertisements in a recent issue of a prominent woman's publication it was found that 49 (or 45.3%) were illustrated with photographs. In other words nearly half of the advertisers chose this one medium. And no wonder! For people have faith in photography. They *believe* the evidence of the camera. Your local photographer makes photographs that make sales. Call on him.

PHOTOGRAPHS *Sell the Truth*

Your Local Commercial Photographer Can Get That Distant Photograph *Quickly*

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 120)

been applied. But the work and the morale picked up right away, and continued to hold its own. I can tell you of thousands of dollars saved by letting out a score of efficient workers; a paradox, but true.

"All this led to a change in our employment-system routine. Now, the hiring of a man is a long way from completed permanently after I decide he will do, his references are found satisfactory, and he actually goes to work. Our work has just begun. We have found that an unconscious malcontent rarely begins his destructive work during his first six months with us. Up to that time he is too busy learning his job. So we watch new men only in a general way during the initial months. Then the department manager begins to watch the new employe, not only for his work but for his attitude toward his associates. His psychological effect on them is most closely studied. If the man is an unconscious malcontent the manager detects it nine times out of ten.

"We do not depend on this alone, however. Like most large organizations, we had a sort of human-audit system for the operating divisions, and we extended this to the offices. We have three or four observers who work continuously in the offices, three months in this one, two in that, and so on. These men look out for signs of general inefficiency, and they keep their eyes open for signs of the unconscious malcontent. I really feel it is practically a certainty that they will find out any who have escaped the department managers.

"Once discovered, it does not now follow that we discharge these persons summarily. As I said before, the greater percentage of them are excellent workers and have no intention of doing harm. When apprehended, I call the man in for a talk. I tell him frankly what we think he is doing and I urge him to overcome the habit, not forgetting a few suggestions on how to do it. Then I send him back to work—in another department.

"I think you can see, now, why I will not let any man into this organization whom I suspect of malcontent tendencies. That is why I will not employ Robinson. But they are difficult to pick out, in many instances, and we were obliged to adopt our follow-up observation system."

—W. J. AVERY.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

December 15, 1928

Cover Design from a Medal by Julio Kilenyi

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

Love—*Thomas Beer* . . . . . *Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers* 8
Sandy Inlet—*William Hazlett Upson* . . . . *Illustrated by Tony Sarg* 10
The Punk Boss—*Courtney Ryley Cooper* *Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull* 14
Violent Ray—*Octavus Roy Cohen* . . . . . *Illustrated by J. J. Gould* 16
The Twelfth Gentleman—*Charles Wertenbaker* *Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd* 37
Escapade—*Elsie Singmaster* . . *Illustrated by Henrietta McCaig Starrett* 42

ARTICLES

Flaming Alumni—*Kenneth L. Roberts* . . . . . *Photographs* 6
Comics, New Style and Old—*Rube Goldberg* . . *Cartoons by the Author* 12
Waiters—*Isaac F. Marcosson* . . . . . *Decoration by Wyncie King* 18
Art is Long—*Will Payne* . . . . . *Cartoon by F. M. Follett* 25
A Tintype of the Flash Age—*Alexander Gardiner* . . . . . *Photographs* 33
Hook—*Will James* . . . . . *Illustrated by the Author* 154

SERIALS

They Still Fall in Love (In seven parts)—*Jesse Lynch Williams* *Illustrated by Henry Raleigh* 3
Bull Tavern (Third part)—*George Agnew Chamberlain* *Illustrated by Arthur William Brown* 20
There is No Conversation (Conclusion)—*Rebecca West* *Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers* 22
The Middleman (Fifth part)—*Jesse Rainsford Sprague* *Illustrated by Raeburn Van Buren* 28

MISCELLANY

Editorials 24
Short Turns and Encores 26
The Poets' Corner 97
Getting On in the World 120
Cartoon and Comedy 158

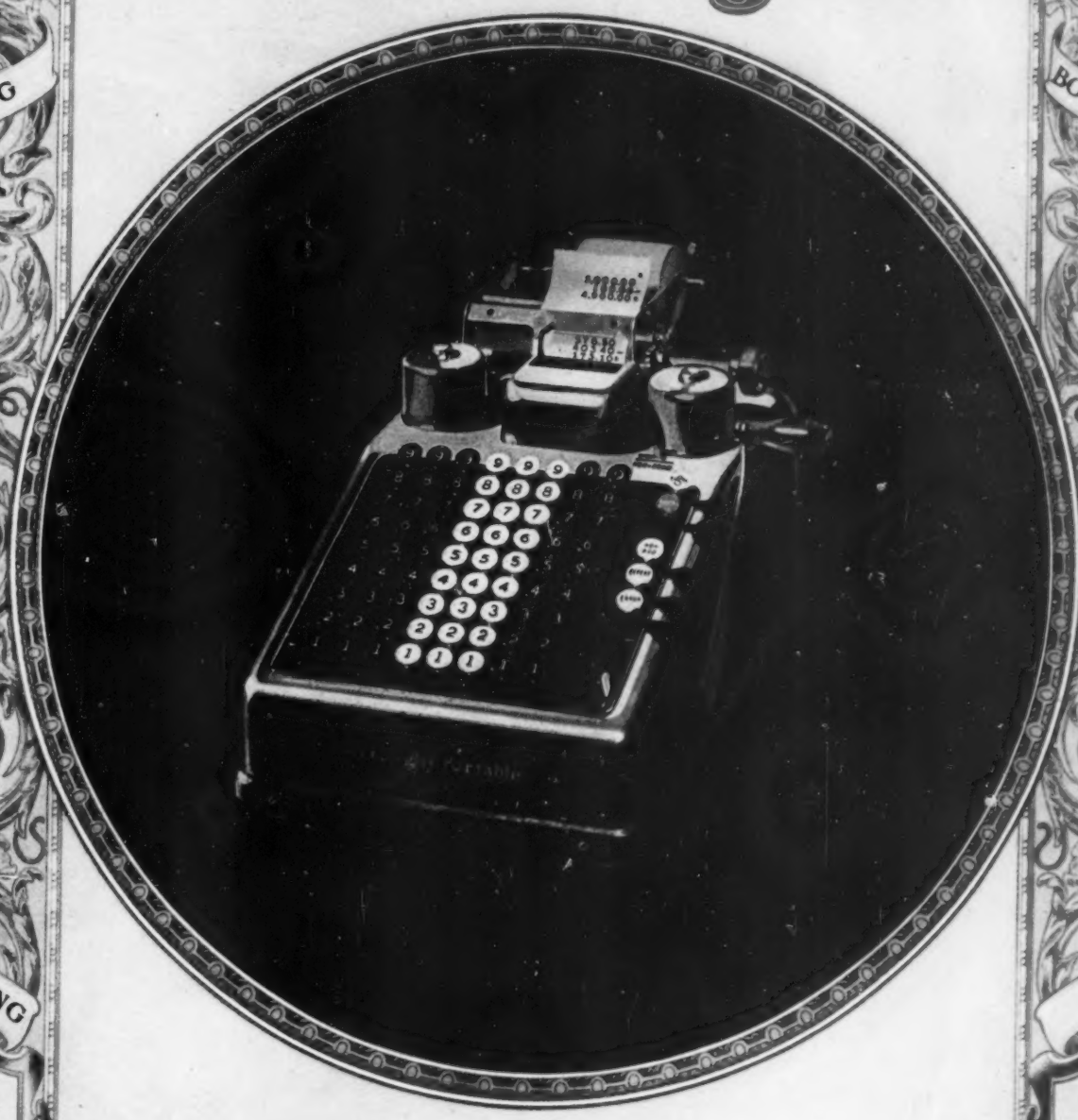
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Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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"Lifetime" pen in green or black, $8.75, Ladies', $7.50—pencil, $4.25

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successor to ink
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Bring Happiness Throughout the Year



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Old Dutch saves you time and effort. It is the modern up-to-date way to safe, speedy, economical cleaning and *Healthful Cleanliness*. There's nothing else like Old Dutch. Its remarkable efficiency is due to the extraordinary cleaning properties of its flaky, flat-shaped particles. These particles with their keen feathery edges lie flat on the surface and erase all dirt without scratching. There is no wasteful, harsh grit which touches the surface only with its hard scratchy points and damages surfaces. Old Dutch doesn't scratch—doesn't harm the hands.

Old Dutch is perfect for cleaning and retaining the "like new" beauty of your modern, colorful cooking utensils, aluminum, fine porcelain and enamel, etc. For all general cleaning it erases dirt quickly, removes grease, stains and discolorations. *Important*—in addition to removing all visible dirt, Old Dutch removes the invisible impurities as well by a process, which is scientifically described as similar to "adsorption." Therefore, it leaves every surface not only spick and span but thoroughly sanitary and wholesome—protecting you with *Healthful Cleanliness*.



No cleaning preparation does so much as Old Dutch and none can do it so well

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